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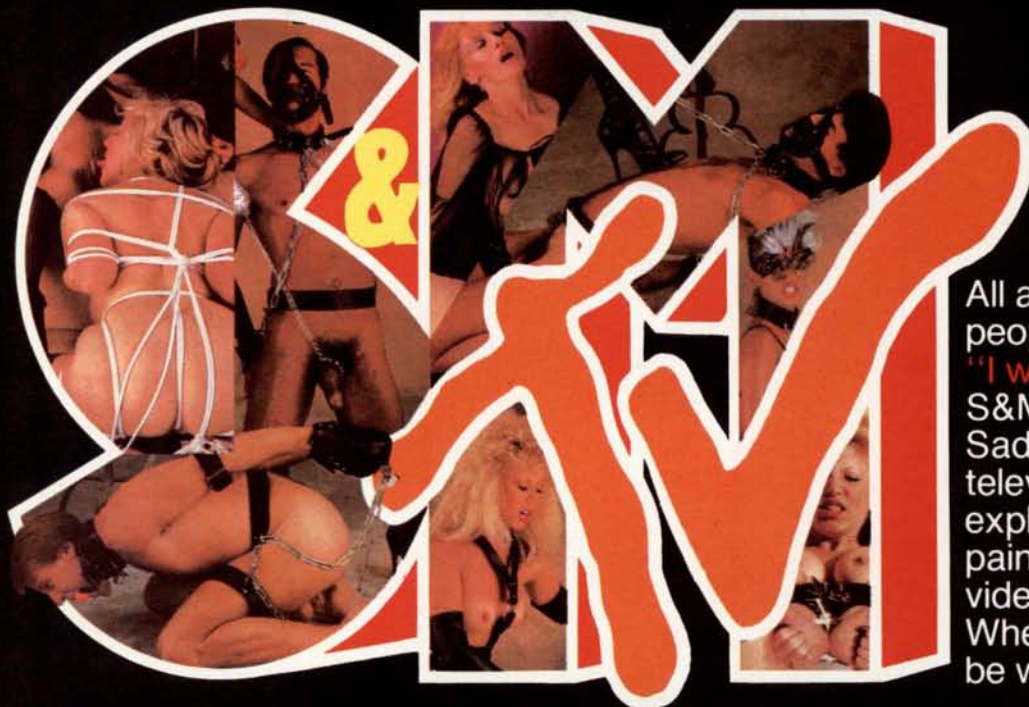
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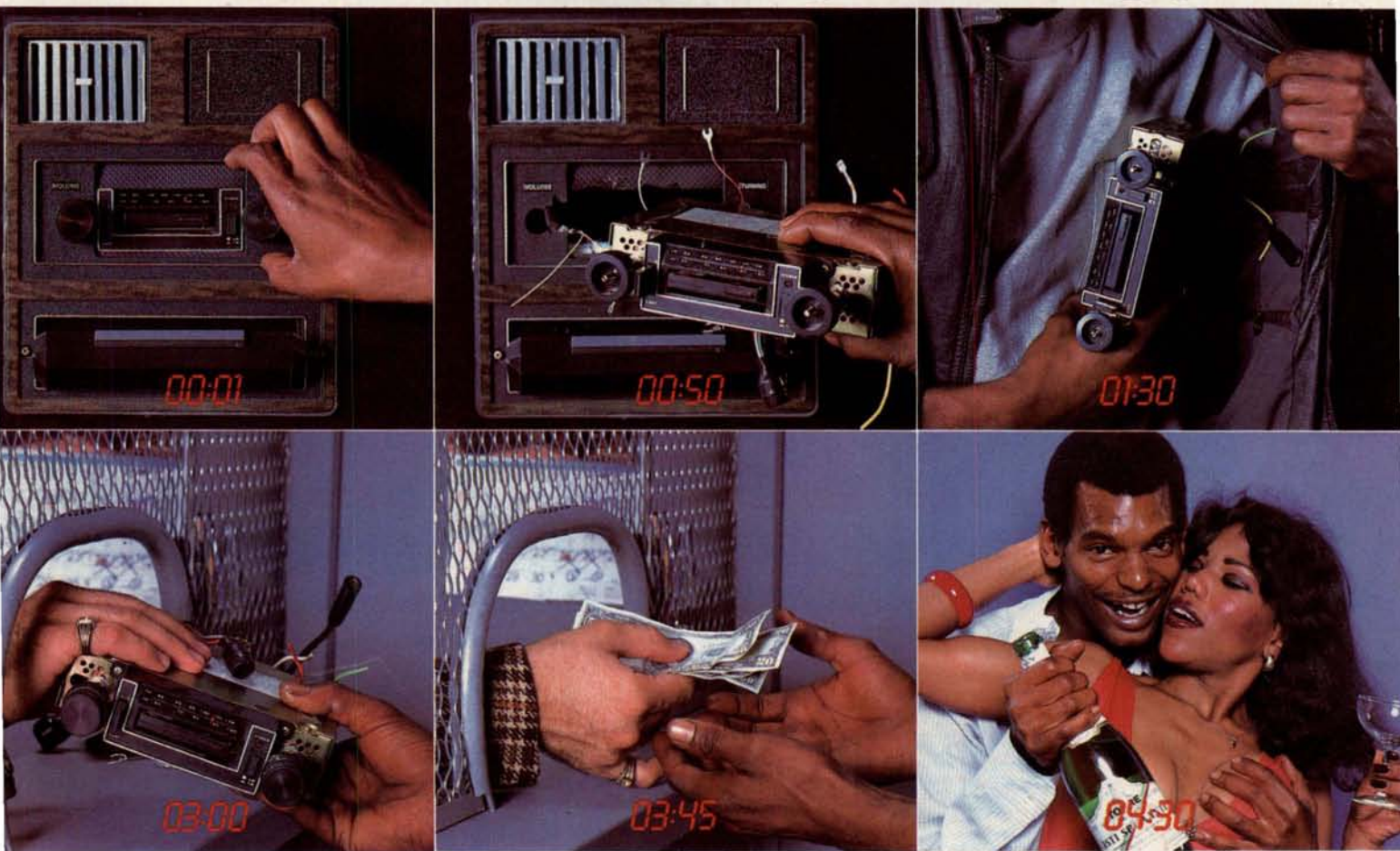
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### On the Cover . . .

James Baes, Director of Photography, LOVES women with beautiful long legs, but HATES it when they won't stand still while he readies a shot. Voila! He found one way to make sure the lady held her pose long enough to tie down this spellbinding cover photo.



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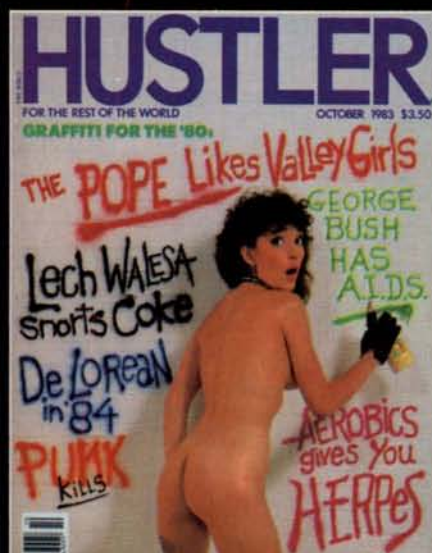
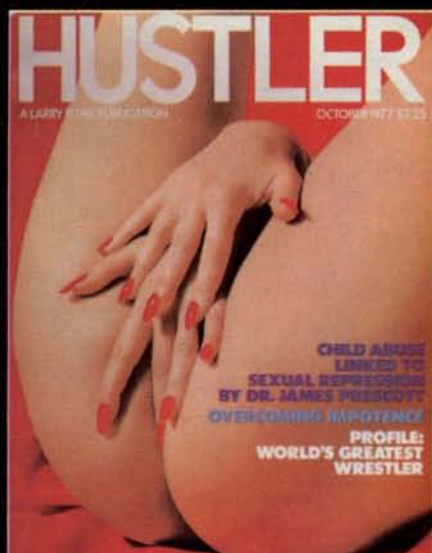
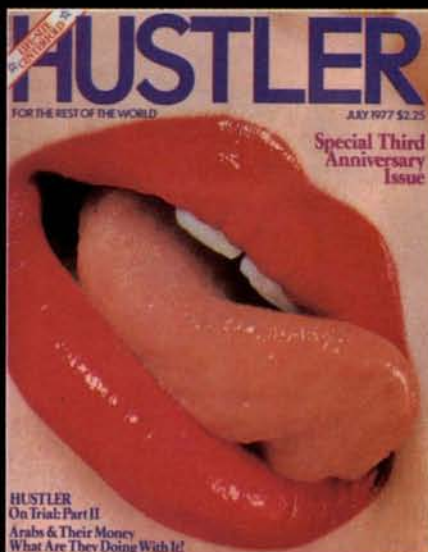


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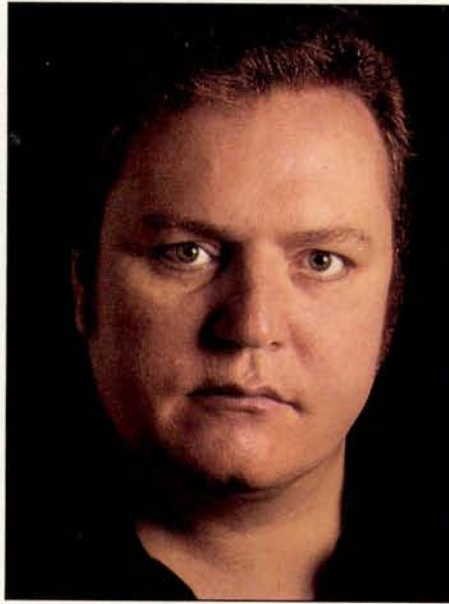
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## THE DESECRATION OF AMERICA

**H**enry David Thoreau once said that in an unfree society the only place for an honorable man to be is in prison. Last December I was locked up in California and Illinois federal penitentiaries for a very simple reason: I still believe in the First Amendment and in a free press. I was put in jail because I refused to reveal my confidential sources as an editor and publisher. That alone is why courts from Los Angeles to Chicago to Washington, D.C., continue to persecute me.

They claimed that I was in contempt of court. Well, in a philosophical way they were right. I have always thought this nation's courts were deserving of contempt.

We cannot take them seriously until they take our First Amendment rights seriously. What else but contempt can we have for judges cloaked in black robes who cloak the crimes of white-collar gangsters? What besides contempt can we feel for judges who conspire with multimillion-dollar criminals and then jail the hungry and unemployed who have stolen a loaf of bread for their families? Can anything be more contemptible than courts that permit our environment to be destroyed by giant corporate polluters? Are judges who permit the FBI and the CIA to tap the phones of honest Americans, and spy on their every move, worthy of anything but contempt? And what better word can describe courts that for almost 200 years allowed citizens of a darker color to be forced to sit, work and study apart from others of lighter skin?

As I sat behind Ronald Reagan's prison bars, I reluctantly concluded that I could no longer run for the Presidency of this country. I could not see myself presiding over the organized filth and corruption that calls itself the U.S. government. This does not mean, however, that HUSTLER or I will let up in our campaign to expose and do away with the hypocrisy, lying and madness that have become commonplace in the halls of financial and political power.

Many of you may have read about my being charged with desecrating the American flag last November when I wore what appeared to be such a flag during an appearance in court.

The meaning of the word *desecrate*, according to *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, is "to treat irreverently or contemptuously often in a way that provokes outrage on the part of others."

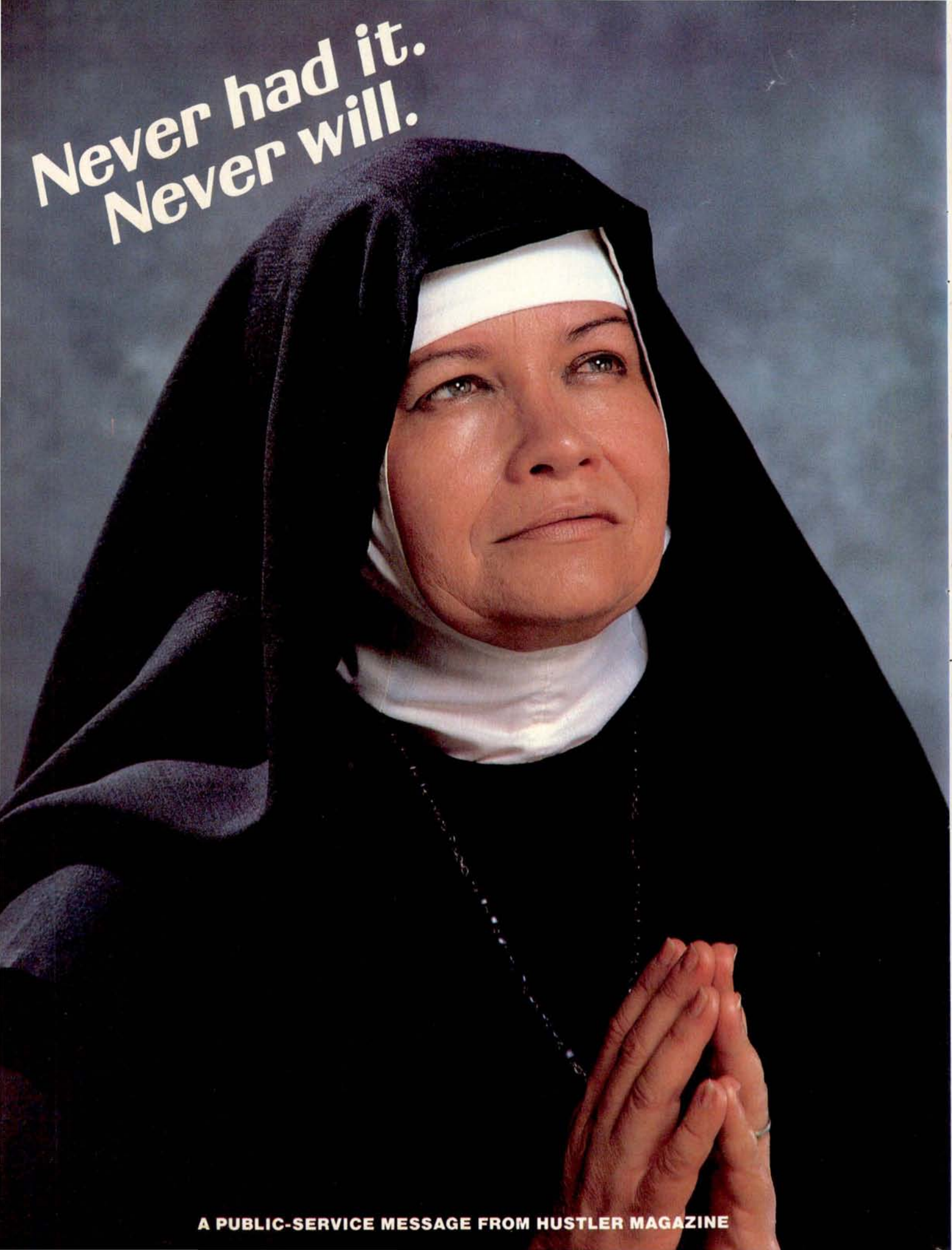
Treating sacred cows irreverently and contemptuously—in order to make a point—is exactly what HUSTLER has always done throughout its 8½ years of publishing and will continue to do as long as the First Amendment is upheld. And outrage could well be my middle name. I'm outraged, for example, about how the American flag was desecrated when it marked airplanes that carpet-bombed Vietnam and Cambodia back into the Stone Age. I'm outraged about how the flag was desecrated when U.S. Marines were sent to invade and bully Grenada, a backward island the size of a golf course, just because the senile actor in the White House and his gung-ho cronies no longer approved of that nation's government. The greatest outrage is how our flag is desecrated as it stands next to Ronald Reagan when that warmonger appears on television spewing forth his usual coverups and deceptions.

Our flag should symbolize peace, not a suicidal nuclear-arms race. It should stand for honesty and integrity, rather than information gaps and Presidential lies. It should represent equal rights for all, instead of discrimination against the minorities and ethnic groups that compose much of America. Our flag should stand for defense of individual rights, not the blatant trampling of such rights by the courts, the Congress and the White House.

I was jailed because I still speak out against those who violate those rights. Throughout history, jailings, arrests and persecution have never been able to stifle the truth. I fully expect that those who seek to subvert the truth will imprison me again. If you ask me what I'm doing in jail when that happens, I'll answer the same way Thoreau did: "What are you doing out of jail?"

*Larry Flynt*  
Editor





Never had it.  
Never will.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE





Marie Moneysmith

**T**his month's **HUSTLER** once again brings you the kind of provocative articles that the rest of the media is afraid to print. While mainstream publications steer clear of controversy, **LARRY FLYNT** boldly explores explosive issues and allows readers to take their stand either in support or opposition.

One issue on which people are widely divided—and which Pope John Paul II has declared the moral issue of the 1980s—is the right to die. In **THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY: COMPASSIONATE SUICIDE FOR THE TERMINALLY ILL** you'll read about the death-with-dignity movement headed by Derek Humphry (author of *Let Me Die Before I Wake*), who gave his wife Jean a lethal potion as a means to end her suffering from terminal cancer. Journalist **MARIE MONEYSMITH**, who wrote this thought-provoking article, is a former **CHIC** associate editor who has also written for *New West*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and other publications.

Recently, certain members of the homosexual community have been requesting membership in the Hemlock Society: gays suffering from AIDS who feel they too have the right to choose when and how they will die. But a startling new development may offer a vital clue to the cause of this mysterious and terrible disorder. In this month's *Sex Play*, **ARE LUBRICANTS KILLING GAYS?**, author **BILL BARRY** presents shocking evidence that AIDS may be caused by synthetic lubricants such as K-Y Jelly and Vaseline. Barry's journalistic career spans over 25 years in newspaper, magazine and television writing. For the companion illustration we called on **HUSTLER** regular **PAT DUNN**.

**DR. TIMOTHY LEARY**, one of the most controversial figures of our time, authored this month's *Guest Editorial*. In **THE JOY OF PORNOGRAPHY** Leary glorifies sex and berates those who would suppress it. Drawing from history, he recalls the cultures that celebrated erotic love and those that preferred to make war instead. He also explores the unholy crusade of modern-day moralists to censor the bluntly graphic portrayal of life and sexuality championed by **HUSTLER** Magazine. Leary has written more than 100 books and articles on psychological diagnosis, personal evolution, generational politics and space migration.

In the past decade rock music has been fragmented into a dozen substyles including reggae, punk, funk and heavy metal. Due to a weak economy and decreasing sales, record companies are battling more fiercely than ever to get your music dollar. In **ROCK WARS** author **GREG PTACEK** retraces rock history from its roots in black rhythm-and-blues to Elvis to the Beatles and beyond—and he explains how the rock videos of the '80s are drastically altering the evolution of rock 'n' roll. Ptacek, a newcomer to **HUSTLER**, is managing editor of *Rock* magazine and has written for *Gallery*, the *Hollywood Reporter* and a number of national publications. The accompanying painting was provided by **MICHAEL BACKUS**, who illustrated *Baseball's Billy Martin: The Mouth That Roars* in the October '83 **HUSTLER**. Photographs for *Rock Wars* were contributed by **RICHARD AARON**, whose resumé covers 12 years and 800 musical groups and includes album photography for such stars as Peter Frampton and Mick Fleetwood. Aaron is currently photo editor at *Rock*.



Greg Ptacek

Among our many eye-filling photo-features for March three pictorials deserve special mention. First, *Screw* magazine publisher **AL GOLDSTEIN** directs this month's celebrity photo-fantasy, **TOO MANY DYKES... TOO LITTLE TIME**, which features feminist Gloria Steinem being eaten out to death and... well, you've gotta be there; so turn to page 62 and check it out for yourself. Next, you'll be stunned by compromising photos of the late Congressman Larry McDonald in a cheap hotel room with some incredibly ugly women. We can't tell you where we got these pictures, but we *can* tell you that they're absolutely authentic. Don't miss **LARRY McDONALD: FASCIST IN HEAT**. Finally, **HUSTLER** scared up photographs of **ELVIRA: MISTRESS OF THE DARK, NUDE!** TV's femme-fatale hostess of horror-film reruns gets a lot more exposure here than she ever has on the tube.

But that's not all... beginning this month Italian artist **GAETANO LIBERATORE** brings a provocative new look to *Honey Hooker*. Liberatore, who now resides in Paris, is one of a new wave of fantasy illustrators coming out of Europe. He is best known in America for his work in *Heavy Metal* magazine.

So leaf through the pages of the March issue and feast on our outrageous banquet of goodies—but only if you have a taste for controversy! 🍴



Bill Barry



Michael Backus



# THE WORLD OF HUSTLER



Leaving his mansion, Larry Flynt enthusiastically offers a few choice words to the waiting press.



The media stand patiently outside the mansion gates while Larry flashes his shirt to the cameras.



Girls at the courthouse with money bags in hand.



A bevy of beautiful young ladies assists Larry in the delivery of his \$10,000 fine.



Outside the downtown L.A. courthouse picketers gather to proclaim their support of Flynt's plight.



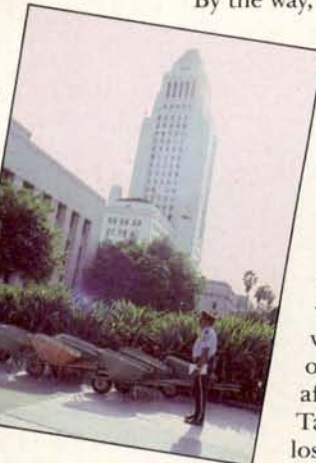
If you're not yet aware of Editor Larry Flynt's recent knockdown, drag-out dealings with our country's federal justice system, you must be either dead or residing in a Siberian igloo. It all started last November, when the irrepressible pornographer refused to divulge the source of an audiotape he had acquired pertaining to the John Z. DeLorean drug case. On the tape was a purported conversation between DeLorean and government informer James Timothy Hoffman in which Hoffman threatened the automaker and his daughter with death if DeLorean refused to take part in a drug deal. When U.S. District Court Judge Robert M. Takasugi demanded that Larry reveal his source, Mr. Sleaze said, "No way. Larry Flynt had one opportunity to be a martyr, and I don't want a second chance. If someone wants to put a bullet in me, I want the whole world watching." He steadfastly refused to leave his heavily guarded Bel-Air, California, mansion to appear in court personally until four carloads of federal marshals showed up, rifles in hand. The clever Larry then decided that taking a ride to court with that much protection wouldn't be such a bad idea. In the pouring rain, fronted by more than 100 members of the media, Flynt told the throng, "Yes, this is a publicity gimmick. And I thank Gawd you all fell for it." He then departed for what was to become a series of eventful court appearances.

Takasugi fined Larry \$10,000 per day for every day he refused to reveal the source of the audiotape (the bounty was later raised to \$20,000 per day). Resting on his First Amendment right as a journalist to protect his sources, Flynt stood firm and began kissing mucho bucks goodbye.

On several occasions The Hustler delivered the cash in grandstand fashion—like the afternoon he was accompanied by what the local press tactfully referred to as "a spry group of scantily clad young ladies." The girls carried trash bags filled with crumpled \$1 bills into the courthouse and sat near Larry, who had attired himself for the occasion in an American-flag diaper and combat helmet.

By the way, the little ladies

were supposed to have wheelbarrowed in the cash, but federal marshals confiscated all the "dangerous" carriers. And while it was obvious throughout the entire affair that Judge Takasugi had lost a few slanted eyebrow hairs, fun-lovin' Larry sure had a barrel of laughs.



A federal marshal keeps watch on confiscated wheelbarrows.



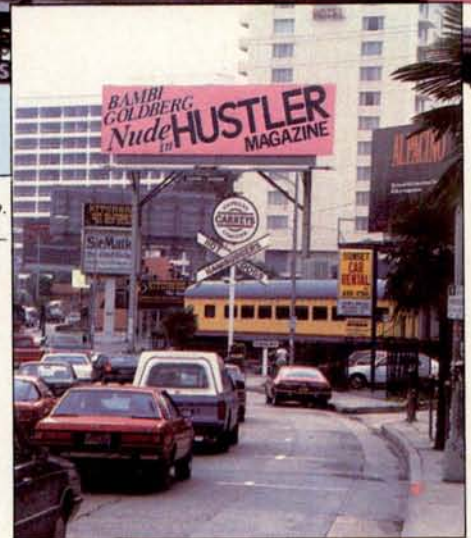
# BAMBI GOLDBERG Nude in HUSTLER MAGAZINE

While we couldn't get a billboard to advertise Pat Boone's withered white cock (see February *World of HUSTLER*), it was no problem at all procuring space on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard to proclaim the appearance of Bambi Goldberg Nude in *HUSTLER*. Last month's smashing layout of Menachem Begin's goddaughter has turned almost as many heads as the extravagant billboard, but good taste prohibited us from showing pink along that extremely busy thoroughfare. The giant advertisement, by the way, provided a needed cosmetic lift to the street—long cluttered with oversize artwork of humdrum LP covers and blown-up posters publicizing lackluster Hollywood motion pictures.

It was party time again at the Flynt mansion when new-born socialite Larry decided to hold a benefit bash for Russell Means, who at the time was his Vice Presidential running mate. Several days later Means regretfully informed Larry that,

unfortunately, the campaign was taking too much time from his efforts on behalf of the Indian community. The \$250-a-plate affair attracted a cavalcade of celebrities who were eager to donate to the American Indian leader's fund for starving orphans. Among those in attendance were actor Tom "Billy Jack" Laughlin, British rock journalist Iain Blair, pop vocalists Ava Cherry and Terri Nunn (of Berlin), as well as actor Marjoe Gortner, "Valley Girl" Moon Zappa and drug philosopher/futurist Dr. Timothy Leary. Would somebody pass the peace pipe?

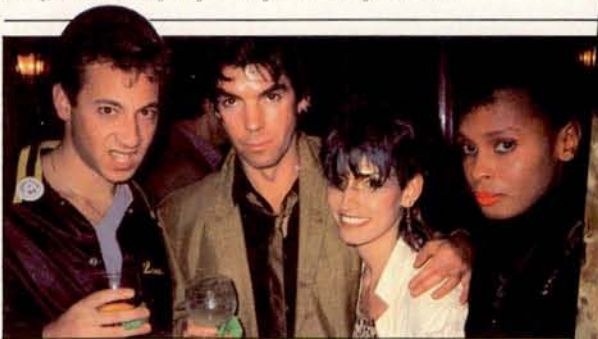
*The Bambi Goldberg billboard rises high above the famous Sunset Strip.*



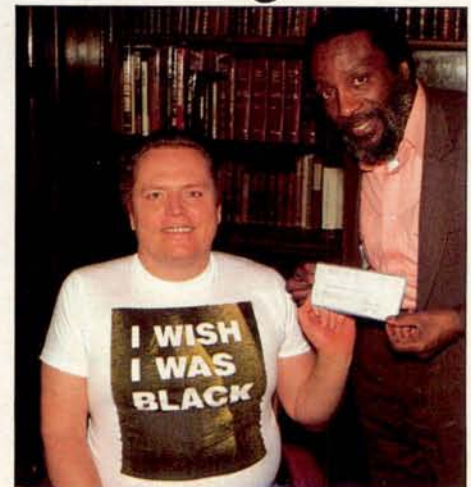
To celebrate the passage of legislation that makes the late Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday a national holiday, Larry Flynt recently donated \$100,000 to assist grass-roots civil-rights and black-assistance organizations. Comedian/activist Dick Gregory, who has long been known for his efforts in this area, accepted the check on behalf of 20 groups that have been earmarked as beneficiaries of Larry's generosity. As you can see from the message on his shirt, our infamous Mr. Sleaze has really gotten behind the push for black pride.



*Indian leader Russell Means addresses partygoers. Larry Flynt and actor-producer-director Tom Laughlin (center) join friends for the benefit dinner.*



*HUSTLER's Lonn Friend, journalist Iain Blair, Althea Flynt and singer Ava Cherry join the fun. Writer David Harrison and rock singer Terri Nunn.*



*Larry Flynt presents a \$100,000 donation for black causes to his friend and adviser Dick Gregory.*



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CEPH



# Feedback

## J. C. AS PUBLISHER:

In reading through the January '84 issue of HUSTLER, I noticed that You have been promoted from satirical cartoon figure to Publisher. Congratulations! While I guess You will continue to take an occasional poke at Yourself in good, clean fun here and there, I know You must be extremely thrilled and proud to now be in charge of Flynt's fabulous creation.

Like me, I know You too must be very proud of Mr. Flynt himself. As an on-and-off HUSTLER subscriber for the past four years, I know that his recent issues have been the ballsiest, most extravagant and by far his greatest efforts yet. I fully commend Larry for pushing the First Amendment to its limits with his outrageous ad parodies, political satire and viewpoints. While not necessarily agreeing with everything he says and does, I highly respect the man for having the balls (even if they were almost shot off once) to do it. Larry Flynt is surely more American than those hypocritical tear-suckers who hibernate behind established morals without questioning our laws and who damn others' views they cannot, or choose not, to understand.

Knowing You have an undying love for others and a deep passion for what is right for the world, I hope You'll watch over Larry in all of his endeavors.

—Bill Sullivan  
Macomb, Illinois

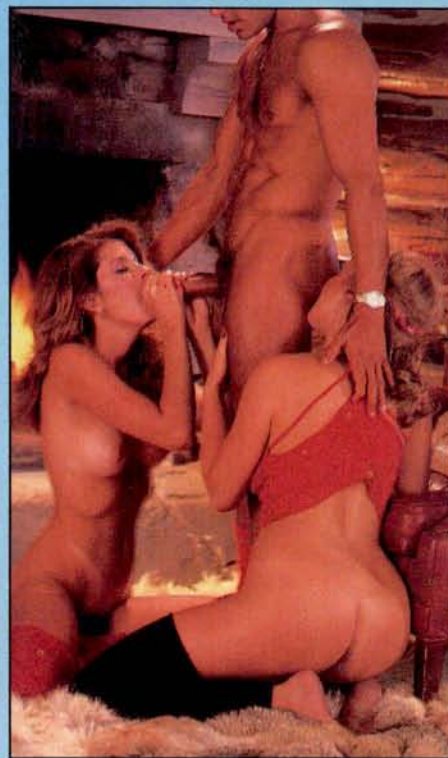
I respect everyone's right to free speech and his or her own opinion, but you are rubbing people the wrong way and running things into the ground. I'm speaking of your cartoons and jokes about Christ. You say that you're an Atheist and that you don't like people pushing "Christianity" down your throat. Well, you're pushing your attitude about Christ at your readers, who are sick of Jesus jokes.

In your January '84 issue you included HUSTLER MARCH

Jesus as the Publisher of HUSTLER in your staff list. Ha! Ha! Why are there so few jokes about hillbillies, the handicapped or rich people? (You're all three.) You've offended Christians enough. We got the message.

Although I'm not a Christian, I was for a long time an active member of the Pentecostal Church. It really sickened me to see your cartoon titled "A Born-Again Christian," which depicted Jesus having a bowel movement in the form of a man's head. Even if I had never been a Christian and felt God, I would be afraid to do something like that. Why do you have such a drive to ridicule Christ?

I do like the gutsy things you're saying about this country's politicians and our



Cabin Fever

crooked government. So go get them, but drop the Jesus jokes and cartoons.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

## CABIN FEVER:

Let me tell you that *Cabin Fever* in your January '84 issue was HOT, HOT, HOT!!! We ladies love hard cocks, like the guy had in that terrific photo-feature. I'd like to spend a weekend with him myself.

—Debra W.  
Kew Gardens, New York

My husband started buying HUSTLER a few months ago, and I've been reading it ever since. Your articles and pictorials are always interesting and provocative; yet something is missing. The cover used to present the logo "For the Rest of the World." In December '83 it says, "The World's Greatest Magazine." HUSTLER could be the greatest magazine for the rest of the world if you'd give us honeys a break. After all, we women provide the main attraction. So where are all those hot, thick rods? Where are those head-on, hard-on, full-color pictures of waiting-to-be-sucked cocks?

You've often knocked *Playboy* and *Penthouse* for their wishy-washy articles and not-so-daring photo-spreads. Well, we ladies have been shortchanged also. Even *Playgirl* must find its male models in clinics for chronically impotent men. None of them ever has an honest-to-goodness hard-on either. I'm beginning to think



I'm going to have to start a new magazine that shows just HARD cocks! I'm broke, though, so why don't you?

You might also consider a "HUSTLER Guide to Eating Out." Some men sure could use a little advice about cunnilingus. Include a pictorial how-to, and you'd have a hot spread for everyone.

I hope you take my letter and suggestions seriously. HUSTLER's the last chance for part of the world to see what the rest of the world is doing in the greatest way. Help keep the world a fair place to live in (or fuck or suck, or read about fucking and sucking).

-R. N.

Orlando, Florida

*For years HUSTLER has been printing the hottest photos of any magazine sold at newsstands. You certainly must have missed Cabin Fever in the January '84 issue.*

### STROKE OF GENIUS:

I'm not afraid to say I've been jerking off to men's magazines for many years. But not until I saw your incredible photo-fantasy directed by Dennis Hopper in the January '84 issue did I actually think before I stroked. *What Is Art?* was not just a sensational visual production of pics designed to induce a hard-on. It incorporated genuine abstract artistic creativity . . . something nonexistent in every other men's mag from *Playboy* and *Penthouse* on

down. I applaud HUSTLER for giving a wild-eyed craftsman like Dennis Hopper the opportunity to physically and mentally turn us common-guy readers on. I hope to see more celeb fantasies in HUSTLER soon.

-Name Withheld by Request

Butte, Montana

*If you thought Dennis's set was hot, wait until you see Frank Zappa's next month. And let us know what you think of Screw publisher Al Goldstein's fantasy on pages 62-71 of this issue.*

### JOINING THE "H" TEAM:

I really never liked HUSTLER until I saw your January 1984 issue. Before that I really thought you didn't like black people at all. I've seen some cartoons in your magazine that I thought were in bad taste, but now I've changed my mind. First of all, I saw a picture of Mr. Flynt in *Jet* magazine giving a donation to black charities. (See *The World of HUSTLER*, pages 10-11). And then there were *Ronnie: Ready for Picking* and *Isabella: Black & White & Pink*. If you keep giving us nude photos of models like them, I'll buy your magazine until you stop publishing.

-Anthony W. Bellamy

Venice, California

After reading *Playboy* off and on for years (and leaving the magazine half-unread

due to extreme boredom), my husband Jeff and I finally bought our first copy of HUSTLER.

Originally we did it for a laugh, as the media has always projected your publication as being not only sleazy but also sick. Well, we found the women pretty much the same as in any of the other "top" magazines, except for *Beaver Hunt* (which had us rolling with laughter). Based on this feature alone, yours would be just another magazine we'd buy every now and then.

Then we read your recent editorial comments on the political and human condition we currently live under, and we fell in love with you.

Larry, you are certainly the best part of HUSTLER. In our eyes you're a real American who is busy risking his vital statistics (I'm sure the CIA and FBI would love to terminate them) to cry out for reform in our corrupt system.

Thank you for speaking out for us and for the futures of our two little children. Jeff and I have read the December 1983 and January 1984 issues of HUSTLER from cover to cover, and we're anxiously waiting for the next issue because we find great joy in reading your spouting-and-spewing articles and columns (*Asshole of the Month* in particular).

The cartoons, which reflect things pretty much the way they are, are great. The naked ladies are last in line, but they're okay in terms of something relaxing. However, the women are not why we want to subscribe to your magazine.

You are exposing the scams the way they ought to be exposed, and you now have our full appreciation. I'm glad the media has been bringing your name up a lot lately, because that will only let more people find out about you.

Thank you for using your power and money for us all. We spend four-fifths of every month wondering if we'll break even, and HUSTLER really doesn't fit into our "poor white trash" budget. My husband works in a surfboard factory, but we'll find a way to buy a copy one way or another.

We are terribly sorry that you are being harassed and abused by the courts with respect to the John Z. DeLorean audiotapes. If it helps any, we think you are doing a decent job of making the courts look like—as you would say—big-time sphincters.

-Lenea Lemaitre

Address Withheld by Request

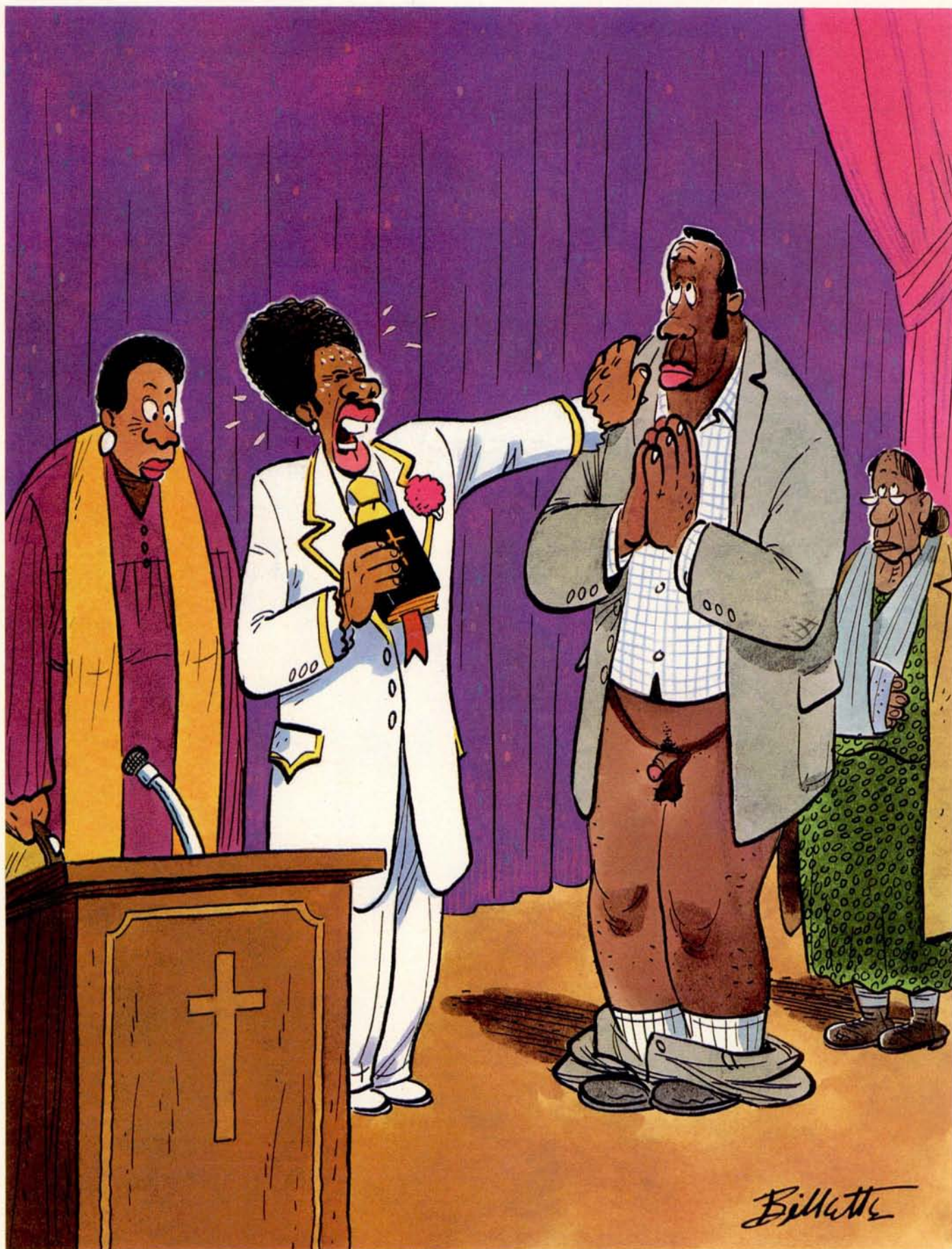
### FLYNT ON POLITICS:

Mr. Larry Flynt's analysis, *The Base Reality of American Politics* (January '84), makes him a true patriot. He is an unsung national hero, and the American people should insist he be given the Congressional Medal of Honor and have his face carved into Mount Rushmore.



"Hey, you lame fucker! Yo' momma sucks donkey dicks!"





"Sweet Jesus—heal this poor brother! Rid him of his honkie pecker."



Mr. Flynt is a man who's been shot for what he believes in, has continually been harassed by a government intent on silencing him and has had the courage to stand up and say, "Fuck you—you're bastards, and you all know it!"

What's sad is that everyone knows the government is a bunch of bastards, but no one cares. Politicians and civil servants (another great group of assholes) treat people like shit. We put them into office, and they act as if they're doing us a favor by serving. Meanwhile they reward their cronies with plush jobs and benefits, and we're unemployed and starving. And people know that's true. Ask anyone who's ever had to deal with a government agency or a politician if you want proof. I don't know anyone who has ever really been helped. They're all uncaring assholes who want to stay in office and collect their bloated paychecks.

The only flaw in Mr. Flynt's article was that he left out the news media. Newspapers and TV control what people hear, and they have a big stake in keeping things the way they are. Our politicians and media are sleeping in the shit together.

—C. F. W.  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

It's absolutely incredible that such a great magazine can be run by such a half-witted imbecile as Larry Flynt. He must have

been shot in the head, not the spine. His "explosive" analysis of American politics (January '84) doesn't reveal the double-dealing and graft used by politicians to stay in power; it only shows how naive he really is. It also proves that once an illiterate hick, always an illiterate hick.

What's truly amazing about that "analysis" is Flynt seems surprised that governments are corrupt and act to keep themselves in power. Anyone in prison can tell you there's no justice unless you're wealthy and white; anyone who's unemployed knows that Big Business controls everything; and anyone who's poor can tell you that politicians only talk to them at election time—when they want their votes.

Flynt's article is mostly history that anyone could read about in any library. It didn't reveal new information. And when he does mention current affairs, the coward refuses to name names, instead getting by with the statement that even he, the king twit of smut, has paid bribes to people. If Flynt "knows" who's corrupt, let him tell us. Why keep it a secret?

I like HUSTLER for its great-looking women, and I always will. But tell Larry Flynt to keep his fucking mouth shut about politics. For social commentary I've got William F. Buckley.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Jackson Hole, Wyoming

*Part II of The Base Reality of American Politics will be published in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER.*

#### FLIGHT 007:

I just read *Did Larry McDonald "Jim Jones" Himself to Death, or Was Andropov Trying to Impress Jodie Foster?* (January '84). Thanks for reprinting that feature "Larry Flynt on Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Flight 007," which I would have missed otherwise.

We need more minds like Larry Flynt's—with positive, revolutionary and effective ideas and opinions—so no push-button crazy-men will end civilization.

Thanks to our government, many questions about Korean Air Lines Flight 007 are still unanswered. But Larry Flynt has brought a new light to the public that the media won't touch with a ten-foot pole.

—J. L.  
Bronx, New York

#### PEARL HARBOR:

If I didn't respect HUSTLER's belief in truth, I'd seriously question your January '84 article titled *Explosive Truth About Pearl Harbor: The Story the Rest of the Media Won't Tell*. Being a veteran of the Second World War, I was numbed by the revelation that Franklin D. Roosevelt *knew* the Japs were going to attack Pearl Harbor and did nothing to prevent it.

It's sickening to realize that although the war with Japan might not have been prevented, at least the Pacific operations might have been changed to some degree had our President not remained silent. Certainly, thousands of lives would have been spared at Pearl.

This alarming negligence by a man many consider to be our greatest Chief Executive raises this question: What's been going on in Washington over the years? As depressing as this information is, I'd rather know about it, and I'm glad Joseph Leib wrote about it. I only wish my friends down at the American Legion hall felt the same way I do.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Fresno, California

#### HARVEY FIERSTEIN:

Thank you for your interview *Harvey Fierstein: Confessions of a Gay Playwright* (January '84). I too am gay, and I read your magazine once in a while. Now I may read it more often.

—Dan  
Omaha, Nebraska

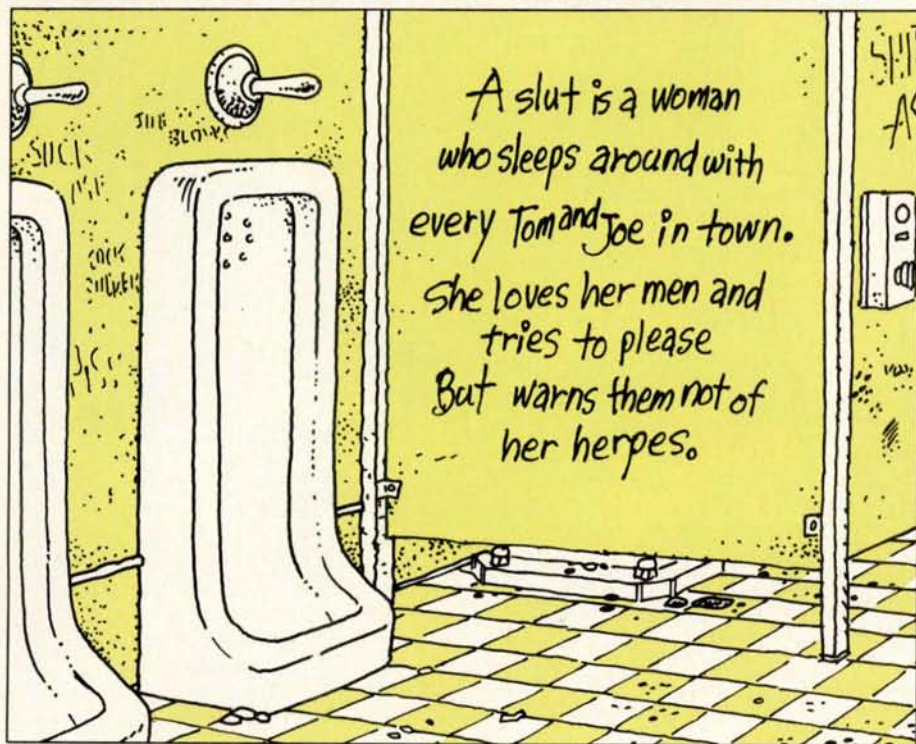
#### COME TO MOMMY!

Until I read your interview *Big Babies: The Fetish of Infantilism* (December 1983), I thought I was the only man in the world who got a sexual thrill from diapers and rattles. It also used to make me sad having

(continued on page 42)

MARCH HUSTLER

# GRAFFILTHY



Thanx and \$25 to C.W., Corpus Christi, TX



# WASHINGTON D AISKY CHAIN



D.C. Lowdown

## Rinky-Dink Weapons in Grenada, the Wimpiest Congress and Fat-Cat Bureaucrats

by Larry Flynt



Senator John Tower of Texas is Chairman of the powerful Armed Services Committee.

It may have impressed most Americans, but the cache of weapons captured by the U.S. Marines on the island of Grenada didn't raise many eyebrows among pros. While the Administration encouraged breathless reports about the booty, there was barely enough firepower to launch an invasion of Key West, Florida—let alone the entire Caribbean.

One expert who has had extensive dealings in Latin America and the Caribbean is Sam Cummings, founder and owner of Interarms, the world's largest private seller of arms. Only governments ship more weapons around the globe than Monte Carlo-based Cummings. During a recent business trip to Washington he critiqued the munitions stash that the United States found on Grenada. His brother-in-law, Senator John Tower (R-Texas), might find his appraisal interesting. Tower is Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

"A country like Grenada requires

only enough arms for a police force and a very, very modest defense establishment," said Cummings. "We're talking about 1,000 small arms all in all—rifles and pistols and perhaps a handful of light machine guns. What was captured was, of course, much more than that, although not *enormously* much more. We're talking about roughly 5,000 or 6,000 small arms, plus a lot of other material—uniforms and so on—that doesn't really concern me.

"I'm only speaking from the TV clips I've seen, [but the captured weapons] were a very, very mixed bag, including real dregs in the form of handguns and old Russian rifles from World War II, with the exception of Kalashnikovs and RPG7s [rocket-propelled grenade launchers], both of which are very modern and efficient weapons. But the bulk of it was rather tired and doggy. I'm not a specialist on arming terrorists, but we do have the impression that when terrorists want

the last word, they don't want the old bolt-action rifles. Terrorists would take a Kalashnikov or nothing, as you can see from the TV clips of the fighting in Lebanon."

So what did the presence of those weapons mean?

"Two things," says the apolitical Cummings, who once sold jet fighters to Dominican Republic dictator Rafael Trujillo and automatic rifles to Cuba's Fidel Castro. "First, somebody in Russia is overjoyed to be able to unload the old junk out of their arsenal onto anyone. We've seen similar old junk sent to Ethiopia and Angola in huge quantities. Second, the Russians probably estimate—as we do in the West—that any arms they give to an undeveloped area will give them some fallout goodwill; the country can use the bolt-action rifles for sentry duty or parades, although they're hardly effective against the modern M-16s of the American invasion forces."

\* \* \*

Speaking of Grenada, the endorsement of the invasion by Democrats—led by House Speaker Tip O'Neill—was an appropriate ending to one of the wimpiest sessions of Congress in memory. Even a well-connected Republican staffer, whose party is naturally pleased that Congress didn't try hard to buck the President on any major issues, admitted privately to HUSTLER that



Tower's brother-in-law sold jet fighters to Rafael Trujillo (l.) and automatic rifles to Fidel Castro.





The 98th Congress ended with Tip O'Neill's endorsement of the Grenada invasion.

"the entire session was a waste of time for everyone."

The two most pressing concerns before the first session of the 98th Congress were an overhaul of the nation's immigration laws and a budget that would shrink Reagan's out-of-control deficit. But members couldn't find the political courage to face either issue before their two-month holiday break. Where the legislative branch is concerned, whatever Reagan wants, Reagan gets.

\* \* \*

So you want a job in Washington? Then run—don't walk—to the government-funded U.S. Synthetic Fuels Corporation, where the livin' is easy.

After a couple of years of floundering, Synfuels finally got around to funding a couple of projects in 1983. But first there was more important business to attend to: making sure the perks for employees were more lavish than even the most generous in private industry. The agency's payroll-savings plan permits workers to set aside 6% of their salaries for the first nine months of the year, with the corporation (translated: taxpayers) matching each contribution *dollar for dollar*. The matching contribution for the final three months of each year is 50¢ for every dollar deposited.

Capitol Hill periodically discusses abolishing the Synfuels Corporation, which may explain why its well-paid execs structured a retirement program that requires no contributions by employees but promises a lump-sum payout after only a few years of service. While the rest of America tries to salt

away a few bucks a week and hopes there's a modest pension waiting after age 65, Synfuels workers can count on more financial security, thanks to a generous uncle named Sam.

\* \* \*

Quick quotes from the finest political minds of the past generation:

"I know that for many of you it took genuine courage to be here. But your courage has planted seeds—seeds that will allow your children to grow up free to be who they are."

—The late Congressman Phillip Burton (D-California) in a remark made to participants of San Francisco's Gay Olympics.

"I think the future of nuclear energy is a glowing future."

—Former Energy Secretary James B. Edwards at a Richland, Washington, news conference.

"When you get to be my age, taking care of that machinery really pays off. You can tie your shoes . . . pull on your socks without sitting down and get along doing things that are much more enjoyable than *that*."

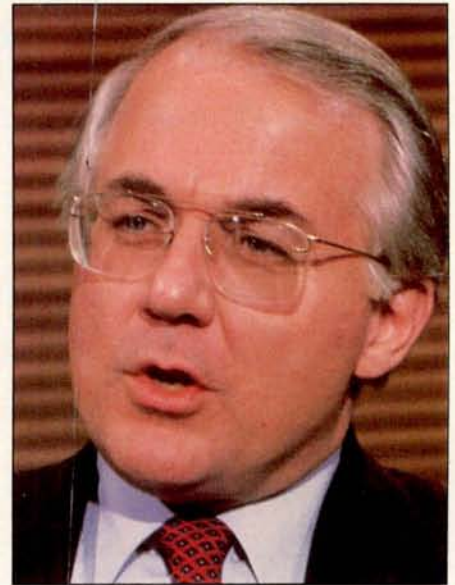
—Ronald Reagan, sidestepping a question at a Houston drug clinic on whether a 72-year-old President has an active sex life.

\* \* \*

With the nation's attention focused on the action in Grenada and Lebanon earlier this winter, hardly anyone noticed that Congress passed itself another pay raise—jumping members' annual salaries to a whopping \$72,000. That reminded us of the great idea proposed by Senator John Chafee (R-Rhode Island), who argued that a congressman was worth at least as much as a professional baseball



Former Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis's salary skyrocketed after leaving government.



Ex-national-security adviser Richard Allen has joined the Heritage Foundation.

player. He suggested that Congress avoid embarrassing votes on pay raises by simply pegging its salary scale to one-half that of the lowest-paid player for the New York Yankees. Now, there's an idea we can get behind; Yankee shortstop Andre Robertson's 1983 salary was reportedly \$45,000. On second thought, is a congressman *really* worth \$22,500 a year?

Other Washington salary notes:

You might not shed a tear for the President, who earns \$200,000 annually. But look at it this way—that figure hasn't been raised in 14 years. Of course, as a bonafide friend of the Big Business/country-club set, Reagan will be offered a host of big-money, no-work positions on corporate boards when he leaves the White House. Government service usually enhances one's earning power. Drew Lewis quit his \$80,000-a-year job as secretary of transportation to be chairman of Warner-Amex, where he picks up more than \$500,000 a year.

A little scandal doesn't necessarily hurt either. Remember Richard Allen, Reagan's national-security adviser who took one too many wristwatches while in office? When he resigned his \$69,000-a-year job, Allen rebounded nicely. He now works half the time for the conservative Heritage Foundation at \$70,673 a year while earning an additional \$500,000 per as a lobbyist.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)



# DEAR GRANNY

**G**ot a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

## DEAR GRANNY:

My husband gets off on women with milk-filled breasts. I'm 35 years old and, short of getting pregnant again, I'd like to know if there's any way I can "fool" my tits into producing milk. Are there any foods or drugs I can take? Would a doctor be able to help me out?

—Milked Dry  
Oxnard, California

*Dear Milked: The next time that your husband wants some milk, tell him to buy a quart at the market. I'm afraid the only way a doctor could help you would be if he conceived your next child. However, you and your husband can fantasize about lactation all you want; so keep that imagination of yours active, and don't be afraid to just pretend.*

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 35-year-old male, and recently I experienced some pain in my balls that seemed to start in the abdominal and lower-back areas. I don't think I strained myself by lifting something heavy, but I do masturbate quite frequently. Now that the pain is gone, I've noticed that my right testicle hangs lower than my left one and, upon examining it, I discovered that my right ball is also bigger than my left one. Could this be caused by something serious? Should I see a doctor?

—Aching Nuts  
New Haven, Connecticut

*Dear Aching: I'm afraid you've got something no doctor can cure—you're normal. The only thing that surprises me is that it took you 35 years to look between your legs. That pain you experienced sounds to me like a pulled groin muscle, perhaps caused by all that pulling on your pud. Be a little gentler with yourself, honey. It'll be easier to respect yourself in the morning.*

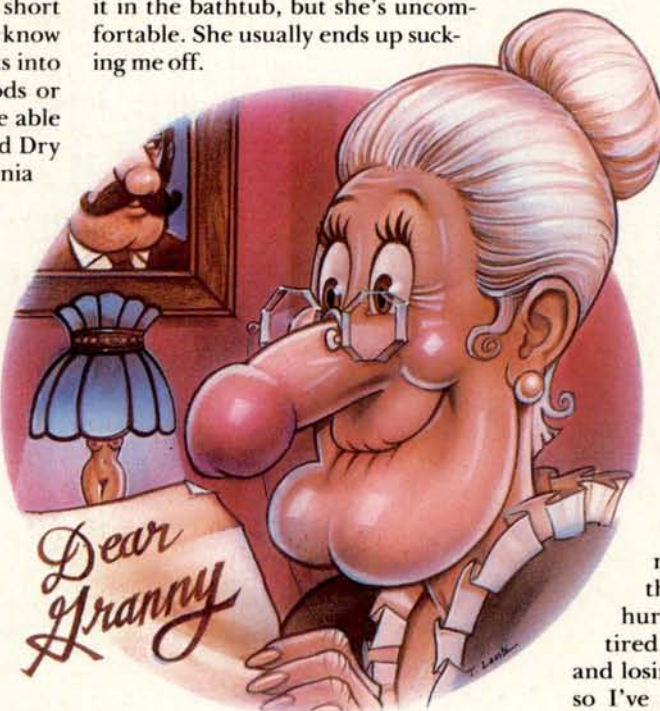
## DEAR GRANNY:

I am 18 years old, and I need your advice on a very personal matter. This is the first time I've ever written to a magazine.

Here's my problem. I'm 5-8, and my cock is 7½ inches long when erect. When

I'm soft, I hang about six to 6½ inches. I've been this length since I started high school. Basically, I feel I'm just too long for comfort. Whenever I shower with the guys at school, they look at me funny because my cock is so long compared to theirs. Most of the guys in school like to call me "Hose."

Furthermore, my girlfriend is also having problems with my length. Whenever I fuck her, she says it hurts, not because I'm penetrating her too deeply, but just as I'm starting to put it in. I've thought about the possibility that she might not be getting lubricated enough; so we've tried making it in the bathtub, but she's uncomfortable. She usually ends up sucking me off.



Granny, this long dong of mine is making me miserable. Is there some sort of operation I can get to make it shorter?

—Long-Dong Loser  
Babylon, New York

*Dear Long Dong: Sweetie, at 7½ inches I'm just getting started! Those boys in the shower room are probably jealous, and if they aren't now, they will be if they ever see it hard. As far as your girlfriend is concerned, "lubrication" doesn't refer to bathwater. A little saliva ought to do the trick. After you slip it in right, I doubt she'll complain again.*

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm an open-minded and attractive female, but I'm very concerned about something. You see, I have this intense attraction to gay men. I wouldn't be bothered if my mate were attracted to other men, as long as we both loved one another and felt secure with our relationship. In fact, the idea kind of turns me on. I don't see why homosexuals wouldn't make ex-

cellent husbands and fathers if one didn't let something as minor as sex interfere with the relationship. For some reason, I find I can relate better to gay men—they're easier to talk to. Granny, do you think I should see a psychiatrist about this problem?

—Fag Hag  
Fort Riley, Kansas

*Dear Fag Hag: Honey, if all gay men felt the same way about women as you do about them, San Francisco would be wiped off the map. Your problem sounds to me like a case of the fox and the grapes—we always want what we just can't have. The reason you can talk to gay men more easily is probably because there's no sexual tension between you. Things are always harder to handle between two people who might end up in bed together. As I see it, straight men make the best fathers and husbands—they've been doing it for thousands of years. Take it from me—sex is very important to a relationship, or I wouldn't be writing this column. Go out and find someone who wants your body as much as you want his.*

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm uncircumcised, and that hasn't been a problem for me until lately—I'm in my mid-20s. Whenever I get ready to come, my foreskin won't retract from the swollen head of my dick, and it hurts like hell. I'm getting sick and tired of combining pain with pleasure and losing out at the moment of orgasm; so I've decided to have myself circumcised. Furthermore, I'm tired of hiding my pain from my wife when we make love.

My main problem is that I don't know what kind of doctor to turn to for this operation. Is circumcision a major surgical procedure? Are there any risks involved with adult circumcisions?

—Foreskinned  
Asheville, North Carolina

*Dear Foreskinned: Let me give you a tip before you lose your own. A doctor friend of mine tells me getting circumcised is about as major and risky as getting your tonsils out, and only Linda Lovelace fucks with her tonsils. Adult circumcision is practically risk free, and the operation itself is painless because you'll be under anesthesia while they're cutting away at your foreskin. The only thing to worry about is that you'll be kind of sore for about a week. After that, your wife can kiss it and make it well.*

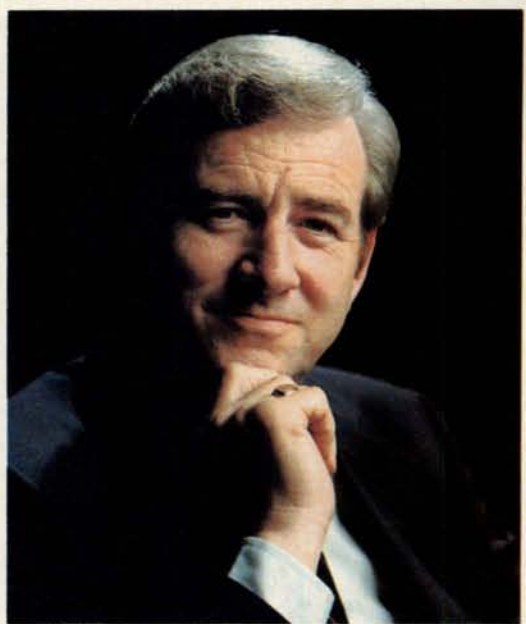
## DEAR GRANNY:

I've seen a lot of advertisements in other magazines for Spanish fly. Does this

(continued on page 30)



# Jerry Falwell talks about his first time.\*



FALWELL: My first time was in an outhouse outside Lynchburg, Virginia.

INTERVIEWER: Wasn't it a little cramped?

FALWELL: Not after I kicked the goat out.

INTERVIEWER: I see. You must tell me all about it.

FALWELL: I never really expected to make it with Mom, but then after she showed all the other guys in town such a good time, I figured, "What the hell!"

Campari, like all liquor, was made to mix you up. It's a light, 48-proof, refreshing spirit, just mild enough to make you drink too much before you know you're schnockered. For your first time, mix it with orange juice. Or maybe some white wine. Then you won't remember anything the next morning. **Campari. The mixable that smarts.**

INTERVIEWER: But your mom? Isn't that a bit odd?

FALWELL: I don't think so. Looks don't mean that much to me in a woman.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

FALWELL: Well, we were drunk off our God-fearing asses on Campari, ginger ale and soda—that's called a Fire and Brimstone—at the time. And Mom looked better than a Baptist whore with a

\$100 donation.

INTERVIEWER: Campari in the crapper with Mom... how interesting. Well, how was it?

FALWELL: The Campari was great, but Mom passed out before I could come.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever try it again?

FALWELL: Sure...

lots of times. But not in the outhouse. Between Mom and the shit, the flies were too much to bear.

INTERVIEWER: We meant the Campari.

FALWELL: Oh, yeah. I always get sloshed before I go out to the pulpit. You don't think I could lay down all that bullshit sober, do you?

© 1983—Imported by Campari U.S.A., New York, NY  
48°proof Spirit  
Aperitif (Liqueur)



**CAMPARI** You'll never forget your first time.

\*AD PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

HUSTLER MARCH

## A photograph of a person from behind, with a man's head superimposed on the buttocks area. The person's arms are spread out to the sides, and their hands are resting on their thighs. The man's head, which has dark hair and a beard, is positioned in the center of the buttocks, appearing as if it is part of the body. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

Because Goldstein is such a disgrace to the Jewish people (who steadfastly fight for their rights) and because he is an even worse disgrace to porn and the First

So, Al, here's what we're going to do: (1) We're sending those photos of your wife to Jesse Helms along with an offer to fuck her because she needs a "real mensch" (Larry's fucked her, and she's not much, but Helms will take what he can get); (2) we're running your disgusting fantasy (pages 62-71) so all the world will know what a sick and perverted shit dispenser you really are; and (3) we're printing *your* phone number on page 71 so HUSTLER readers can redress their grievances with the man who's giving smut a bad name. In *Screw* you are constantly touting the "Goldstein Curse" as the *baddest* around. Move over, feces-breath; be advised that the Wrath of Flynt is here—and woe be unto those who side with the forces of censorship against the forces of free expression . . . especially fascists in pornographers' clothing.





## Free Beaver Hunt Caps!

Now every submission to Beaver Hunt is a winner! Starting with this issue, every person who submits nude photos (girls must show pink, guys have to show their cocks) to Bea-

ver Hunt will receive a free Beaver Hunter's cap! That's in addition to the \$100 payment if the photos are selected to run and the chance at the \$10,000 Grand Prize. But remember, being a HUSTLER Beaver Hunter is a serious responsibility. Don't take it lightly, like the guys below. Be nice to your Beaver, and it'll be nice to you.



Ken Bianchi says, "I was a real eager Beaver Hunter, but with this cap I could have caught more."



Angelo Buono says, "These caps are neat! I'll bet if I wore one, the girls would be dying to meet me."

## Pucker Up

Swollen love hills of panting passion! These grade-D skin mags sure know how to torture the English language. But that doesn't mean that you won't find an occasionally entertaining book. Here's one that bounced off our desks recently—*Poppin Mamas*. HUSTLER was the first major, national publication to print an erotic pictorial of a woman in the full bloom of pregnancy, but for those who want a book devoted *entirely* to knocked-up nudes, *Poppin Mamas* (Parliament News Inc., 12011 Sherman Road, North Hollywood, California 91605) will deliver 64 pages of full-color ecstasy. Sold wherever adult-magazine racks can bear the weight.



# Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER



Longtime HUSTLER fans will recognize this page right away—it's the first page of *Honey Hooker* ever to appear in HUSTLER. She made her debut nine years ago in the January 1975 issue. But there's a much more important reason to run this page than just for nostalgia. If you turn to page 137, you'll find a major new development in the life of Honey—a new artist. In keeping with the total "new look" of HUSTLER that began in the February issue, we've snagged one of Eu-

rope's most popular artists, Gaetano Liberatore, to continue the adventures of the world's most outrageous hooker. Honey has come a long way since January 1975, particularly under the able hand of her most recent illustrator, Tom Garst. Tom's work defined Honey in a way that no other artist had. But all things must eventually change, and Honey is on her way to higher climaxes than ever before. This early Honey page reminded us that the best step forward begins with a quick look back.



## Sex News Bits

FINAL

■ **PEKING, CHINA**—More than 100 workers at the Academy of Science were arrested for operating a porn network that sold sexually explicit videotapes and staged nude dance parties. The accused were factory workers at the prestigious academy and "unemployed youths" whose parents worked there. It's the first known major case of its kind in China.

■ **NEW YORK, NY**—Secret office love affairs are among the main sources of stress that lead to heart attacks among management personnel, especially if they're already married. "Executives are trained to cope with work stress and to re-


gard it as something positive, but nobody trains them to have secret love affairs with their secretaries," according to New York University psychologists Donald Fraser and Janet Walsh. The solution, they say, is for companies to either enact a strict "hands off" policy or teach employees how to handle affairs without trauma.

■ **EDINA, MN**—A Sexaholics Anonymous program has been started to help those who find themselves addicted to sex. The group, patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous, helps people break the habit and fight any symptoms of withdrawal. "Addicts" who find themselves de-

prived of their daily sex fix may be driven to violent antisocial behavior, says psychologist Patrick Carnes of the Family Renewal Center.

■ **BERKELEY, CA**—A coffee-making robot with "large iron breasts" has been removed from a University of California science exhibit because of protests from feminists. "I had heard some sort of feminist-radical group had signed petitions demanding that it not be shown," said Clayton Bailey, the robot's creator. "It's just my idea of what a pretty female robot should look like," he said. "But I was told that it was deemed inappropriate, grotesque and sexist."





**WHICH FEMALE  
CELEBRITY  
DO YOU WANT  
TO SEE POSE  
FOR HUSTLER?**

Now that HUSTLER has wrangled a nude photo-session out of the likes of Bambi Goldberg (see our last issue), there's no name too big to appear in our pages. So this year HUSTLER is going to get a major female celebrity to show pink. But we don't want just any star's muff—we want the celebrity's snatch that *you* most want to see. And this is your chance to let us know who that is. All you've got to do is fill out the coupon below and send in your selection for Celebrity Muff of the Year. Then HUSTLER will offer \$1 million to the first of the top ten vote-getters who'll agree to pose HUSTLER-style (showing pink) for a photo-layout to be published in a future issue. The deadline for all nominations is April 1984, and the results will be announced in the September 1984 HUSTLER. The publication of this offer voids and terminates all previous offers of \$1 million to winners of previous years' contests. Furthermore, this year the winner will not only have to show pink, but also perform in HUSTLER Video Magazine. Sorry, girls, if you want that million, you're going to have to do the ol' one-two for it now.

This may be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to help HUSTLER spend a million big ones; so get your votes in now! Somewhere, a celeb is puckering her labia and waiting for the call. Don't disappoint her.

**10 MOST  
WANTED  
WOMEN**

I nominate \_\_\_\_\_ as Celebrity Muff of the Year. I'd trade her pink for HUSTLER's green any time!

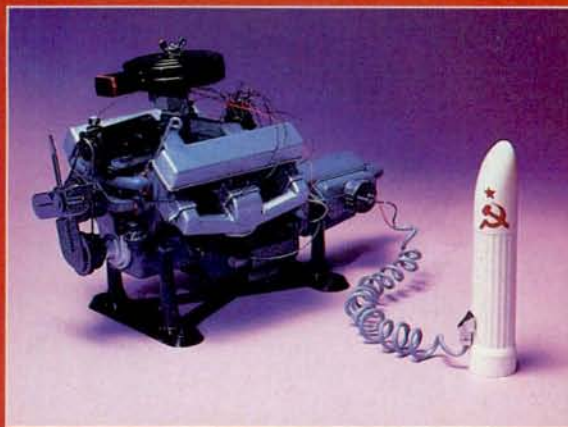
Mail to: Celebrity Muffs  
Bits and Pieces  
c/o HUSTLER Magazine  
2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800  
Los Angeles, California 90067-3054





Soviet Foreign Minister  
**ANDREI GROMYKO**  
sez:

*Hey, gangski! You'll have so much sex with these Russian **MARITAL AIDS**, your cock will get worn out "Andropou"!*



#### THE MOTHER RUSSIA VIBRATOR

Finally, a vibrator with enough thrust to launch those heavy Soviet payloads. It takes a lot of horsepower to warm up your 200-pound peasant sweetheart on a cold Siberian night—and this Bolshevik baby could jumpstart a truckload of them! (Compact purse-size model shown.)



#### MISTRESS KHRUSHCHEV'S RUBBERWEAR

Domination and submission were big in Moscow when the Marquis de Sade was still in diapers. Unfortunately, we didn't get around to using them in our sex lives until just recently. Still, Soviet S&M fetishists are among the best-dressed in the world. This "peekaboo" outfit from Frederick's of Leningrad is a fine example of how a Communist "Party" animal wraps herself in rubber but still manages to show "pinko."

#### THE GENERAL JARUZELSKI PENIS ENLARGER

The world thinks that Jaruzelski is a big man in Poland, but at the Kremlin we know better. You can make people think you're big too—even if they're not Polish—with this amazing high-technology device that *actually bends light* to enlarge your penis. As every Russian bachelor is aware, it's not how big your missile is that counts—it's how big everyone else *thinks* it is.



#### THE DO-IT- "YURI"SELF MONGOLIAN LOVE DOLL

Have you ever seen a Mongolian woman? Even a yak would be a more pleasurable sperm depository. But since yaks are scarce and too expensive for the average Mongolian, this lifelike, real-flesh love doll was invented. You've got to hand it to those Mongols—because that's the only way they know how to do it!





## Staff Infection

**T**he last time we ran a group photograph of the HUSTLER staff several years ago, the magazine almost sold out on the strength of CIA and FBI sales alone!

So we thought we'd take this space to update the files. Left to right, the HUSTLERites in this photo are: Bobby Kennedy Jr., Alfred Bloomingdale Morgan, Nunzio Guccione, Christopher Hefner, Jesus Goldstein... well, we don't want to bore you with all of the names.

We just hope that you readers appreciate all the trouble we had to go through to put this shot together. It isn't easy to find people who'll put on T-shirts like these and pretend to be us.



## Here She Be, Miss America

**L**983 turned out to be a *sho' nuff* good year for black folk, no matter what all those troublemakers said about Ronald Reagan not understanding the needs and problems of black Americans.

To begin with, NASA blasted its first black man into space. That was Reagan's idea. He thinks *all* black people should be sent into space.

And if that wasn't a big enough leap for black-kind, Vanessa Williams of New York was crowned Miss America... in spite of the fact that she wasn't the usual Miss America color. HUSTLER applauds her unprecedented victory. Not only is that pretty young thing just as American as someone else's momma and sweet-potatoe pie, but maybe this will help change the country's luck.



## Not Just Another Pretty Face

**W**hen we announced our "Beat Butch" contest in the October '83 issue of HUSTLER, we didn't expect the number of entries that came pouring in. We must have forgotten how many big pricks there are out there.

In any event, here's one of the

finalists: Mr. D., a foreign-policy adviser from Washington, D.C. We thought he looked like an ass. Remember, you could win the \$5,000 prize and a chance to appear in a photo-pictorial with a gorgeous HUSTLER Honey if you've got the stuff to beat Butch.

Send us a color picture of your pork today. But be careful—we think Mr. D. will kick if you try to beat *his* meat.



# SEX IN MEDIA

**A DOG'S LIFE**—Remember the photo we recently ran in *Bits and Pieces* of Linda Lovelace and her canine partner? Well, that particular shot—which was meant to point out Lovelace's hypocrisy,



not to arouse—got HUSTLER pulled off the newsstands in a variety of cities across the U.S. Now take a close look at this photo of film star Debra Winger (*Urban Cowboy*, *An Officer and a Gentleman*) French-kissing a German shepherd while he cops a feel. Is this from some X-rated magazine hidden on the back racks of a sleazy adult-book store? No, it's from the October 1983 issue of *Life* magazine. Do you think one of Time Inc.'s "respectable" rags was pulled off the newsstands for a photo like this? Does HUSTLER have to run boring photo-stories like *Life* to slip by the censors' highly selective eyes?

**SAY IT, DON'T SPRAY IT**—The right half of the ad below says it

all. But the left half tells us a lot more. C'mon, Chanel. Ejaculating skin-conditioner bottles are about as subtle as cum-shots in a porn flick. And the words on the second half—"created by Chanel to attend to the needs of modern man"—turn this supposedly low-key sexual innuendo into a real "hard" sell.

Of course there's nothing wrong with using sex to sell products, but why not just come out and say what you mean? How about "Your skin will be so soft that women won't be able to resist jerking you off"?

If nothing else, it should at least make sense. Moisturizing lotion is not exactly an aphrodisiac. Women and HUSTLER attend to the needs of modern man... skin conditioner attends to the needs of modern dry skin.



**HAMSTER-STYLE**—Thanks to this portion of an ad from the Union Hall Discount Stores in Rockford, Illinois, the kids there will have an idea exactly where the "healthy stock" comes from. And it could make playing "doctor" obsolete. Rockford parents: Start listening for the phrase, "Wanna play hamster?"

ANTAEUS POUR HOMME  
CHANEL

...the right half of the ad below says it

...the right half of the ad below says it

## "Mommy, Connie's Bleeding!"

What's the best way to prepare little girls for the trauma of that first bloody day? Connie Cramps, HUSTLER's newest idea for a doll that helps children understand what puberty is all about.

Connie comes with tampons, a year's supply of Midol and maxi-pads (for those days of heavy playing). And she's anatomically correct as well. That's to straighten out those deluded prepubescents who think they're deformed because they have a hole in a place where Barbie doesn't. Connie talks too. Just pull the tampon string and she exclaims, "Not tonight, honey. I'm on the rag!"



## Porn From the Past

She's terribly bright, she smokes like a fiend, she's completely liberated... and she likes to wear her shoes when she takes a leak in the middle of the dining room. This is not exactly the Virginia Slims image of yesterday's woman, is it?

If you're so poor that you

don't even have a pot to piss in (unlike this lucky young lass), but you do have some antique porn photos lying around in the attic gathering dust or hiding out in your underwear drawer, send them to *Bits and Pieces*. We'll pay you \$150 for each of the vintage erotica prints that we publish.





# HUSTLER INTERVIEW: JOHN F. KENNEDY'S

*A candid interview with another member of the* **COCK\***  
*conspiracy that the Warren Commission never fucked with. . .*

**HUSTLER:** Is it hard being dead?

**COCK:** It's anything *but* hard. Still, I conquered so many New Frontiers in the White House, I really can't complain.

**HUSTLER:** We understand John was quite a womanizer.

**COCK:** He fucked anything that could vote. He even fucked Castro's mom and sister. And believe me, it's not called the Bay of Pigs for nothing.

**HUSTLER:** Castro's mother?

**COCK:** He knew he'd need to fuck a Cuban to pull the Miami vote in 1964. He was thinking ahead.

**HUSTLER:** Is that why Castro had him assassinated?

**COCK:** Castro? He was too busy personally sucking off Hoover's monthly quota of Havana cigars. It was a riot. He'd call up Hoover and describe how he'd give him a blowjob while performing on a cigar. It was an agreement they had to keep Hoover off the Mob in Cuba. John had Hoover wiretapped; so I know all this is true. Sometimes Hoover would even put the cigars in his ass before he'd smoke them . . . just because they'd touched Fidel's lips.

**HUSTLER:** That's unbelievable. So who *did* have John shot?

**COCK:** The CIA—with the help of Marilyn Monroe.

**HUSTLER:** But Marilyn Monroe was dead in 1963.

**COCK:** No, I beg to differ. John had the CIA commit her to an institution in 1962. The body found in her apartment was a double.

**HUSTLER:** What?

**COCK:** John used to fuck Marilyn when Jackie was giving tours of the White House. Marilyn liked to take a lot of sleeping pills and then fuck until she fell asleep. Sometimes it was like fucking a corpse, which reminded me of what happened on PT 109 . . . but anyway, she loved Irish Catholic cock, she loved power, and most of all—she hated Jackie. One time she took a leak in one of Jackie's pillbox hats. Jackie always thought that Bobby did it because Bobby didn't like her. But it was Marilyn. I can still see her squatting over the hat and saying, "What the fuck good is a pillbox hat with no *pills* in it?"

**HUSTLER:** But you said that Marilyn had the CIA assassinate John.

**COCK:** Well, the CIA wanted his ass anyhow. Director McCone would pass John-John in the White House and say, "Be nice to your daddy . . . someday his head might be blown off into your mommy's lap." But John needed McCone's help when he realized that he had leaked too much information to Marilyn about Cuba. He was also trying to get rid of her because she was getting drunk all the time, and he was more interested in Julie Nixon's tight lit-

tle behind. So he had the CIA give Marilyn some really strong hallucinogens and dump her into an institution somewhere in Canada.

**HUSTLER:** How did she ever get straight enough to have the CIA hit him?

**COCK:** She didn't. But she kept rambling on and on about John fucking Castro's mother, the Bay of Pigs, and how John was going to turn the CIA into a branch agency of the Boy Scouts of America. She knew so much, they figured she was telling the truth. So they got together with Earl Warren and LBJ and planned the assassination.

**HUSTLER:** And that was your end?

**COCK:** Not really. While John was lying in state, Jackie brought all of her friends over to the rotunda to sit on me. Rigor mortis had set in, and I must have gorged about 20 of the Hyannis Port bitches, and who knows how many other strangers—including some old Greek asshole—by the time the night was over. The only one that really bothered me, though, was Mamie Eisenhower. After she took her shriveled twat off me, she said, "I guess I fucked John's brains out, didn't I?" and began to cackle like the old Republican whore she was.

**HUSTLER:** Thanks for helping HUSTLER dig up all the facts.

*(continued on page 143)*



*"He fucked anything that could vote. He even fucked Castro's mom and sister. And believe me, it's not called the Bay of Pigs for nothing."*



*"John used to fuck Marilyn when Jackie was giving tours of the White House. Marilyn liked to take a lot of sleeping pills and then fuck until she fell asleep."*

**\*PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.**



*"While John was lying in state, Jackie brought all of her friends over to the rotunda to sit on me. Rigor mortis had set in."*



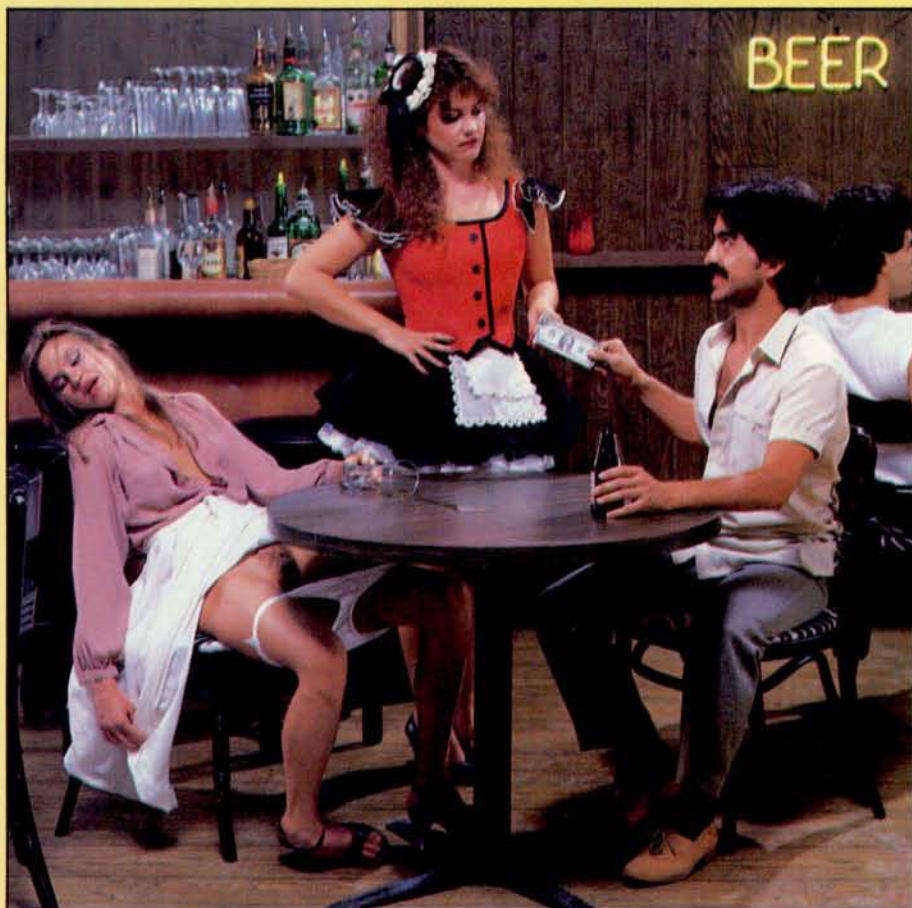


## Love Can't Weight

**T**he era of sexual experimentation is just beginning. In progressive areas of the country like Los Angeles, Wash-

ington, D.C., and Massachusetts, people are trying new forms of sexual expression to keep up with the '80s. Names like Pulitzer, Bloomingdale, Crane and Studds are leading the way in the *new* sexual revolution. In keeping at the forefront of progressive sexual thought, HUSTLER tries to inform you of the latest developments and their implications. For example, *gang-bangs* are sweeping the nation. We took this space to show the *wrong* way to have a gang-bang. One guy (or girl) at a time is the safe, sane way to take on all comers. There's nothing wrong with having a crush on more than one person, but if they all crush you back at once, you may end up with multiple fractures instead of multiple orgasms.

## What the World Needs . . .



**Is a Woman Who  
Gets Drunk on One Beer!**



## Specialized Medicine

**J**udging by the name on that ambulance, being thrown by a bucking bronc or stepped on by a Brahman bull is no longer the worst thing that can happen to someone at a gay rodeo.

As a matter of fact, the real danger appears to be what happens to the buckaroos who are *being mounted*. There's no doubt that if you "get along little dogie" like the guys in this rodeo, you're risking a real pain in the ass.

Anyone want to bet that the reader who submitted this picture shot it with a telephoto lens?





## Dirty Pictures

We don't know how regular contributor R.T. Edwards was able to talk this young lady into a solo mud-wrestling match, but we know *why* he did it.

Any of you who've seen R.T.'s previous works in this section—like his silver- and gold-painted women—are familiar with his passion for getting women into messes. He paints them, oils

them . . . and now he dips them in mud. We have to admit that the results of his latest experiment are pretty interesting.

Mud baths in the great outdoors are a lot more arousing than the tame, ring-enclosed mud battles at the local strip joint. Just don't leave the ladies out in the sun too long, R.T.—good models are hard to find, but erotic clay pots are a dime a dozen.



## Most Tasteless Cartoon

HAUNTING



"Lord, Margaret, how many times I gotta tell you not to bust your zits while I'm driving?"

## HUSTLER Update

### HILLSIDE STRANGLER August '81

Due largely to the testimony given by his previously convicted accomplice, Kenneth Bianchi, Angelo Buono has been sentenced to life-without-parole for the brutal sex slayings of nine young women and girls. Now the spotlight is again on Bianchi. HUSTLER was told that he is now a suspect in the unsolved "Double Initial" murders that took place when he lived in Rochester, New York. Wake up, Rochester! HUSTLER's profile on Bianchi, based on exclusive interviews with the convicted killer, linked him to the slayings over 2½ years ago!



### CHEMICAL WARFARE February '83

Chemical warfare is a real and persistent threat—made more real and persistent, as our article pointed out, by the Reagan Administration's development of "binary munitions." Consisting of two nonlethal chemicals that combine to form a deadly gas, these weapons clearly violate the spirit of our 1969 ban on production of nerve-gas weapons. In light of this, the unusually sensible action by House and Senate committees killing Senate-approved funding for new nerve-gas weapons—requested by Ronald Reagan—may be a hollow victory.



## Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For March, \$150 goes to Carl Del Campo, R.T. Edwards and Fred Wescott. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.



## DEAR GRANNY (continued from page 19)

*I've never heard of any woman naming HUSTLER Magazine as a corespondent in a divorce case.*

substance really work wonders on women, as the ads say it does? Or could the stuff you order away for be hazardous to your health?

—Mail-Order Maniac  
Brooklyn, New York

*Dear Mail Order: The only thing those mail-order aphrodisiacs will hurt is your pocket-book. All of the so-called Spanish fly sold either over the counter or through the mail is nothing but worthless snake oil that won't do anything but water down the drink you're spiking. The reason for this is that if it were real Spanish fly, you'd be in for a lot of trouble. The real stuff is used only as an animal stimulant and is potentially lethal to humans. And I don't think that's the kind of lady-killer you want to be.*

### DEAR GRANNY:

My wife and I have been married for eight months now, and we've been together as a couple for almost two years. When we first started dating, we enjoyed sex at least two or three times a week. Since the birth of our daughter three months ago, though, my wife only wants to have sex every two or three weeks. She says she just

doesn't have the urge for sex anymore. I feel that she may no longer be attracted to me, although she insists that she's still in love with me. Please help me, Granny.

—Nervous Father  
South Kent, Connecticut

*Dear Nervous: Either that baby's the earliest on record, or there's something you're not telling me. . . . But never mind that. It sounds to me as if your wife's got a case of the postpartum blues—either that, or she's just plain exhausted. Honey, taking care of a three-month-old child is just plain tiring, and having sex when you're too pooped to pop is even harder. Either give your woman some more help raising your daughter, or take a vacation together—and leave the kid with her grandparents.*

### DEAR GRANNY:

I have an ugly problem: a prostate infection that no one has been able to cure. So I've decided, reluctantly, to have my prostate gland removed. Before I do, I'd like to know about the operation. First of all, will I still be able to have sexual relations without my prostate? Will I become sterile?

Are there any advantages to prostate removal? And are there any weird side effects to this kind of operation that I should know about? Thanks for your help.

—Prostatitis  
Vacaville, California

*Dear Prostatitis: Here are a few possible side effects that you may want to know about prostate removal: You won't necessarily become sterile—so long as you don't become impotent. There's a 30% chance that having your prostate gland removed will mean no more erections. On the other hand, there's an equal chance that you'll be hornier than ever. Other than that it's a fairly simple procedure—but you and your doctor should have a heart-to-heart talk before he starts slicing where the sun don't shine.*

### DEAR GRANNY:

I know of no one else who seems better qualified to help me with this problem. Prior to our marriage I knew my husband was interested in pornography. I thought that I was dealing with this well, but I find I'm not. I love him, and he loves me, but I don't understand his interest in fantasy and pornography. We enjoy our sex life together, and our relationship is completely monogamous.

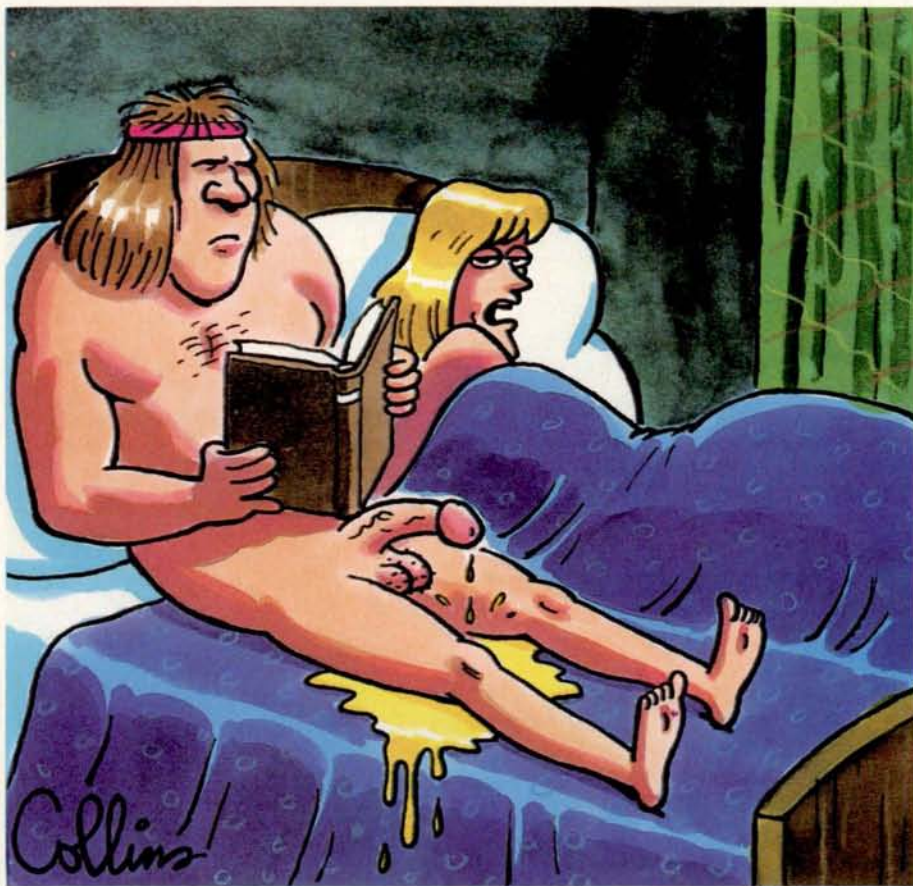
My husband is everything I've ever wanted in a man; yet I feel he must be somehow dissatisfied with me in order to need extra stimulus from porn. He has given me articles from your magazine to read, and I'm trying to understand why some men, more than others, take an interest in that kind of material. Have there been any in-depth studies done on this subject?

Please explain to me why my wonderful and loving husband would have to turn to pornography.

—Porn Widow  
Rootstown, Ohio

*Dear Porn Widow: Let me put it to you this way—I've never heard of any woman naming HUSTLER Magazine as a corespondent in a divorce case. Just as every healthy man masturbates—regardless of how often he's getting laid—most men still enjoy fantasizing about all those sexy models, however much they love their wives. This fantasizing can lead to a lot of creative ideas for bedroom fun with you, though, and if he is really as wonderful as you say he is, I'll bet that's just what he's doing.*

*It seems to me that by giving you articles from HUSTLER to read, he's trying to get a point across—he'd like you to share in his X-rated hobby. And believe me, honey, there's no reason you can't join in on the fun too. Pornography can be a very useful tool in improving your sex life. So start reading over his shoulder—you just may enjoy it. After all, HUSTLER didn't get to be the world's greatest magazine for nothing.*



*"I wish you'd go to the doctor. That dripping is driving me crazy!"*



# Blue Green MANNA®: The natural way to a better sex life and a better you!

Men and women who have made this amazing natural food a part of their regular routine report a vastly improved sexual capacity. They also say they have *more energy, increased mental powers AND greater physical endurance!*

MANNA® is an extremely high-energy, balanced food supplement derived from algae that's freeze-dried under clinical conditions just minutes after being harvested.

MANNA starts working immediately—detoxifying the body to increase your natural defenses and boosting your libido!

Take it from Larry Flynt: "After taking MANNA for only 5 months, I experienced my first orgasm in years! If MANNA can do this for me, imagine what it can do for you."

## NOW AVAILABLE IN BOTH LIQUID AND CAPSULES

Available from independent distributors. For the name of the distributor in your area, call (503) 883-7105. Sample packs of 60 capsules are available from your distributor for \$15 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.



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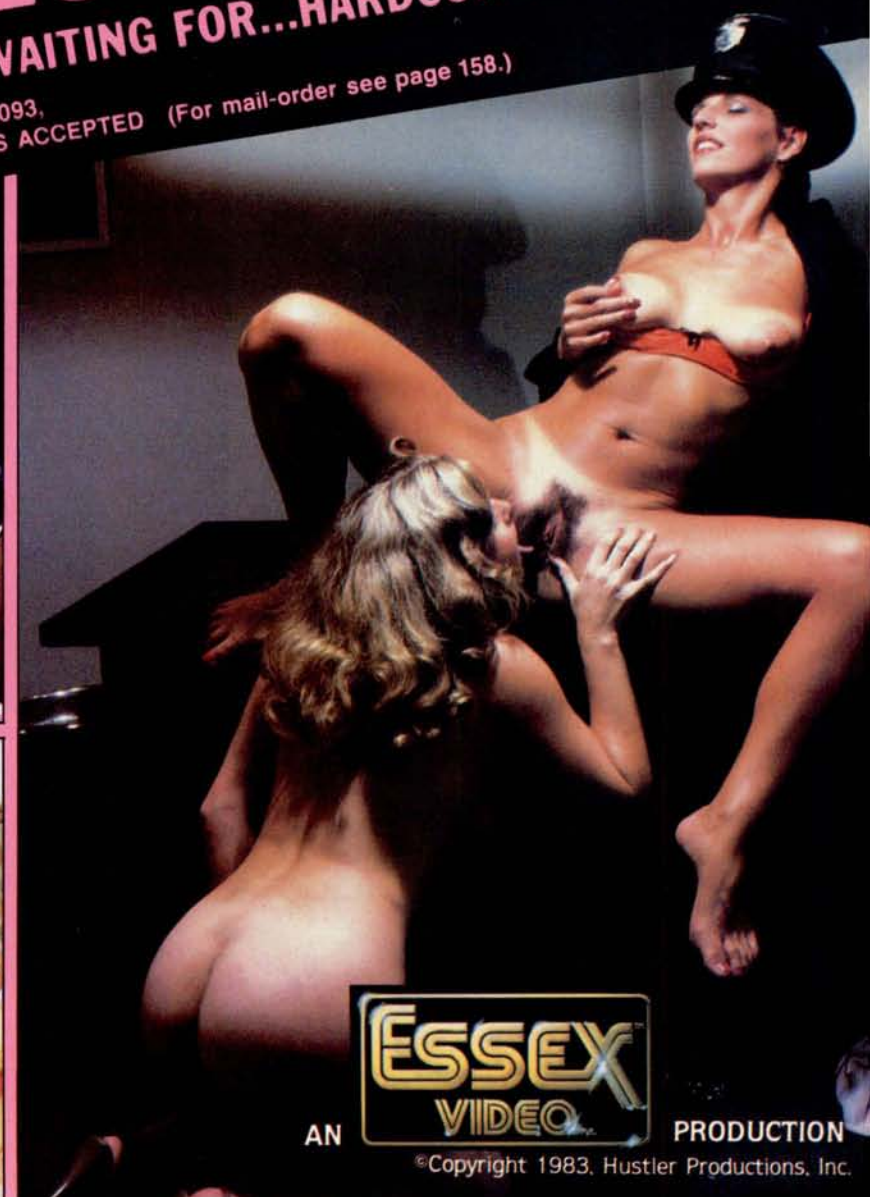


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**"THIS PRESIDENT'S ONE  
GENUINE SLEEPER.**

**Power-hungry, trigger-happy and  
half-awake."**

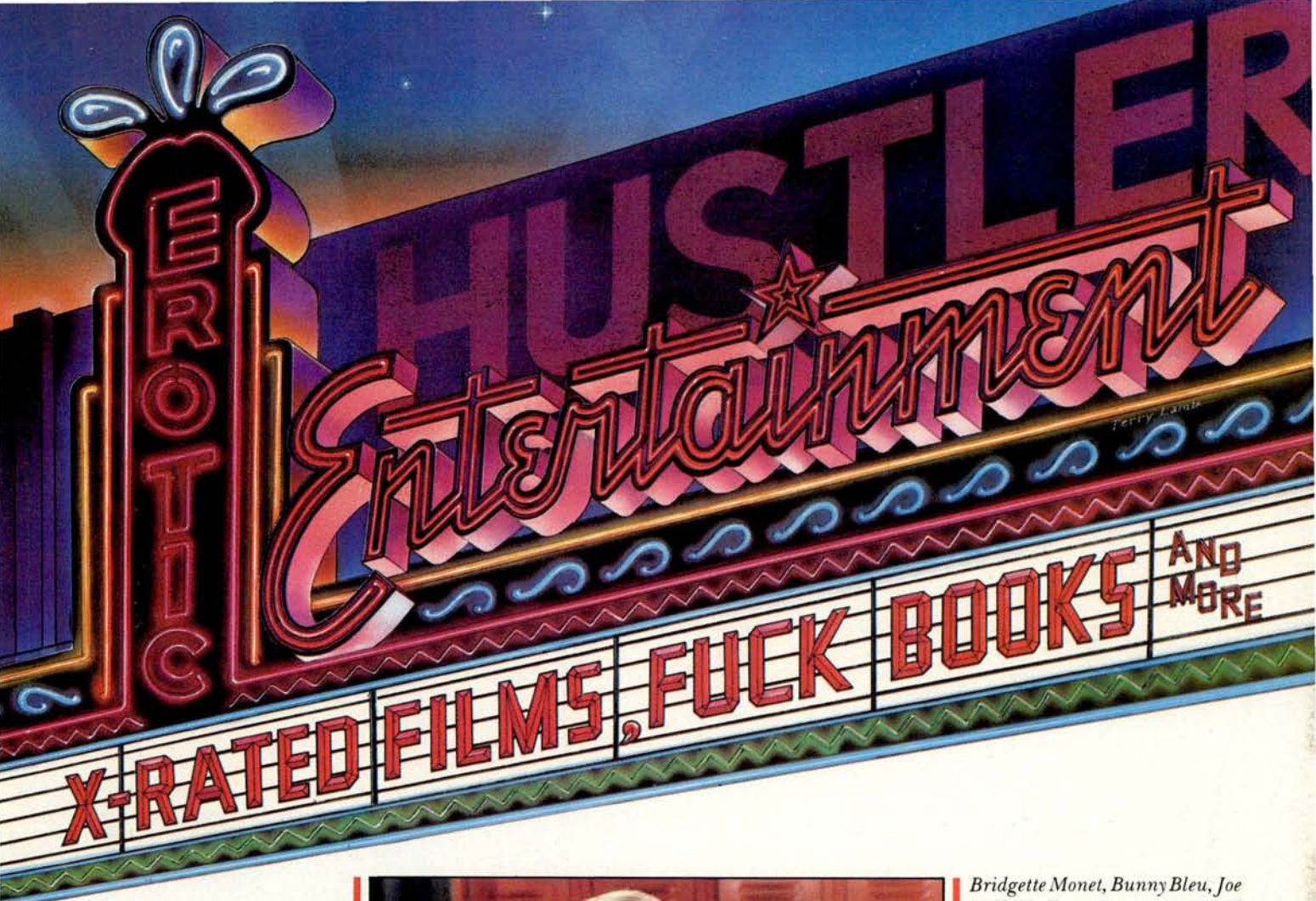
—Larry Flynt, *HUSTLER*

# *Risky Business\**

THE AMERICAN WAR MACHINE Presents A RONALD REAGAN Production "RISKY BUSINESS"  
CRUISE AND PERSHING MISSILES Produced by Caspar Weinberger and George Shultz  
Written and Directed by "DR. STRANGELOVE" KISSINGER







## X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Lonnn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

## HUSTLER Video Magazine #1

Fully Erect. Produced by Essex; written by B. L. Helfriend; directed by Ken Gibb and J. Essex; starring Kay Parker, Ron Jeremy, Brandy, Johnnie Dean, Todd David Schwartz, Troy Collins,



Bridgette Monet (l.) and Bunny Bleu lick David Bates in 'HUSTLER Video #1.'

Bridgette Monet, Bunny Bleu, Joe Hill, Colleen Brennen, David Bates, Tom Byron, Shantell, Fiametia, Sverre and Jeremy Wells. Running time: 87 minutes.

You're no doubt saying to yourself, "How the fuck can this review possibly be objective?" Well, it can't, but here it comes.

HUSTLER Video Magazine #1 represents an entirely new genre of home-video adult entertainment. It's the pages of HUSTLER Magazine come to life, and what differentiates it from its only limp-wristed video competitor (*Playboy*, gag!) is the sex action. HUSTLER's video is 100% crotch-burning, hard-dick-in-and-out-of-wet-cunt, hard-core stuff.

The fast-paced video mag sets into celluloid motion several of the favorite departments that appear in HUSTLER each month. It begins with the "centerfold," an exquisite, olive-skinned beauty named Brandy, who's interviewed by the video host. If there's a weak link in the production, it's with the overweight, unexciting moderator. Looking like a sleazy Sebastian Cabot who just returned from a child-molesting romp around his favorite grammar school,





Brandy, the 'HUSTLER Video #1' centerfold, quivers, kicks and climaxes.

"The Old Professor" (Jeremy Wells) is so flat and boring, it's a wonder sweet Brandy didn't doze off during the interview. But if you overlook this slob, you'll be thoroughly heated up by the masturbation fantasy that follows—which has Brandy bucking in orgasm.

The tape moves on into a hilarious *Bits and Pieces* segment made even funnier by a charismatic host (Todd David Schwartz) who echoes *Saturday Night Live's* Chevy Chase in his comedic delivery. From there we encounter a sizzling locker-room threesome involving Bridgette Monet, David Bates and Bunny Bleu. After a tasty "slo-mo" cum-shot, the action fades back to "sleazy Sebastian" interviewing porn actress Kay Parker. Though the questions are a tad trite and clichéd, Parker moves through the session with inimitable charm and even manages to fire off a couple of titillating responses. The interspersing of hard-core clips from her films *Taboo II* and *Sex World* makes the interview all the more interesting.

More humor arrives with *Mail-Order Feedback*, in which a crazed, Steve Martinesque host (John Graves) examines the

quality of adult mail-order products. While the comedy of the video magazine keeps the production diverse and flowing, it's the sex that holds up the fort. And nowhere is the sex more intense than during an oil-drenched lesbian fantasy between two gorgeous real-life Italian sisters, Fiametia and Sveve. Making love in a giant frying pan—covered by literally gallons of cooking oil—the sapphic antics of these two are guaranteed to toast your boxers. If not, you're either gay or dead from the waist down!

Though this first *HUSTLER Video Magazine* is far from perfect—for instance, the acting in the sexual vignettes is hardly top-notch—it is an important departure from conventional X-rated adult entertainment and demands a peek from anyone who claims to be a connoisseur of modern pornography. —L.M.F.



## Maneaters

*Fully Erect. Produced by James George; written and directed by F. J. Lincoln; starring Joey Silvera, Kelly Nichols, Shana Grant, Sharon Mitchell, Joanna Storm, Tiffany Clark, Long Jean*



Fiametia and Sveve frolic in an oil-filled frying pan in 'HUSTLER Video #1.'

*Silver, Tish Ambrose, Alan Adrienne and George Payne. Running time: 80 minutes.*

Raunchy, dirty, sleazy, cum-drenched, wall-to-wall ramming. These are just a few of the erotic superlatives that come to mind when describing F. J. Lincoln's latest cockraiser, *Maneaters*. While burning, hard-core sex does not a perfect porno make, in this case sharp production values and fine performances are not sacrificed, making one all-around hot flick.

The story surrounds businessman and male chauvinist supreme Ray Warren (Joey Silvera) and his relentless desire to cheat on his loving wife (Kelly Nichols). Silvera fucks around with clients (like Shana Grant in one instance), wayward nymphs who happen upon his doorstep looking for a party (Joanna Storm and Tiffany Clark) and a host of others.

Silvera eventually gets his just deserts when a hooker (Long Jean Silver) whom he forcibly ass-fucked (and stiffed) some years before comes back for

Shana Grant while he simultaneously maintains a lovey-dovey phone conversation with his wife. Silvera's true lack of conscience really emerges when he eventually does get home to find his wife's passion ready and willing to explode. Without guilt, he makes love to her while on the phone and comes on her belly just as he did to Grant a short time before.

There is creative sex-action throughout *Maneaters*. In a uniquely photographed sequence that takes place in a slimy peep show, Silvera and a dozen other men watch a couple fuck from inside private booths. The scene ends with a multifold cum-shot that has each and every guy in the theater shooting his wad in wet succession.

In ironic counterpoint, the film has certain sex scenes that are a bit difficult to watch. Long Jean Silver's painful cries as Silvera angrily fucks her in the ass tend to remind one that sex can be as unpleasant as it can be ecstatic.

*Maneaters* is a complete adult



In 'Maneaters,' Tiffany Clark (l.) and Joanna Storm take hold of Tom Byron.

sweet revenge. Besides the humiliation of having a dildo forced up his butt, Silvera and her vengeful friends leave damning Polaroids of the encounter plastered on the walls for Nichols to discover when she returns home from a visit with her ailing mother. In the end Silvera is really fucked, in more ways than one.

*Maneaters* is an explicit, revealing look at the hedonistic male ego. It shows how a man can be possessed by his crotch to the extent that nothing else matters. In one scene Silvera is emotionlessly fucking the daylights out of business client

feature that not only turns you on, but also teaches you that despite what most of us would prefer to believe about the male of the species, he is very often still just a slave to his penis. —L.M.F.



## Never Sleep Alone

*Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and directed by Kemal Horulu; starring John Leslie, Victoria Jackson, Joanna Storm, Honey Wilder, Joey Silvera, Anna Ventura, Tigr, Sharon Kane, Eleanor Liguore, Ron Jeremy, Sharon*





Sharon Kane and Tigr play little-girl games in 'Never Sleep Alone.'

Mitchell, George Payne, Clint Longley, Michael Knight and Velvet Sommer. Running time: 94 minutes.

Like last year's *Scoundrels*, *Never Sleep Alone* is a serious, well-made tale of infidelity. However, unlike *Scoundrels*, this film goes just a little bit overboard with a sensational ending that stretches believability.

John Leslie and Victoria Jack-



Ron Jeremy munches on Tigr in 'Never Sleep Alone,' a hot tale of infidelity.

son play a couple involved in a very "open" marriage. At first they openly discuss their promiscuity and are relatively happy. But the relationship begins to strain when Leslie gets the hots for the blonde next door (Joanna Storm). Storm is also Jackson's friend Honey Wilder's roommate, and Wilder is a devout feminist who is slowly poisoning Jackson's mind toward men. As it turns out, Leslie's business partner (Joey Silvera) winds up with Storm, which pisses off Jackson—who has fallen in love with Silvera. Learning her husband set the couple up, Jackson puts a bullet through Leslie's head, and the

film ends.

*Never Sleep Alone*, despite its heavy melodramatic premise, moves very quickly. The sex is steamy and passionate: In one scene Silvera wanders into a women's locker room, where Anna Ventura and Eleonor Liquore are sucking each other's bounteous breasts. After a quick piss Silvera invites himself into the flesh, and a torrid threesome transpires.

A capable cast, some delightfully creative lovemaking and a good script that's only flawed by a slightly stretched conclusion make *Never Sleep Alone* a film that's definitely worth seeing.

—L.M.F.



## Virginia

*Totally Limp. Produced and directed by John Seeman; starring Shana Grant, Paul Thomas, Janey Robbins, Billy Dee, Susan Wilde, Leather Tracy, Peter Bent, Lilly Marlene, Jamie Gillis, Jade O'Riley and Herschel Savage. Running time: 85 minutes.*

Incest is one topic that must be handled with kid gloves in X-rated cinema. Otherwise, it simply becomes a sickening exercise in blatant sensationalism. Both *Taboo* films dealt with incest on an intelligent emotional level—believable tales of those passions that can develop between liberal-minded, promiscuous members of the same family. *Virginia*, however, is a sloppily made, confusing mish-mash that fails miserably.

Shana Grant, in the title role, is a girl obsessed by her father's sexuality. Either she is watching him fucking someone, like

Janey Robbins in the opening scene, or she's *imagining* it—like when her friend (Susan Wilde) is being boffed by Billy Dee, and all Grant can see is Daddy doing the ramming. Meanwhile Dad (Paul Thomas) is out taking pictures of swingers who want to be photographed fucking in "fantasy" situations. Grant is shocked when she finds some revealing stills. But Dad explains he's just a guy making a buck taking dirty pictures. She falls for it, and the two wind up in bed making hardcore incestuous love.

Now that would *appear* to be the end of the film—but wait. The filmmakers tacked on a confusing ending in which the entire cast play anonymous individuals hired to psychologically "act out" Grant's sexual fantasies and thus cure her of a deep-seated emotional hang-up. This is absolute horseshit! All this makeshift conclusion serves to do is provide a transparent rationalization for her incestuous cravings. It is a pathetic ending to a pathetic film.

And there are scenes of laughable absurdity, like a greenhouse encounter between Lilly Marlene and Peter Bent in which the two discuss the eroticism of vegetables before fucking. The only line missing is "Baby, you make me so hot when you talk produce."

Obviously, the makers of *Virginia* got themselves in too deep, and they'd probably invested too much time and money to start over. Whatever the case, this film *should* have stayed in the can, far from the eyes of those who can appreciate good porn. —L.M.F.



Shana Grant straddles her father, Paul Thomas, in a scene from 'Virginia.'

# ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

## Fully Erect

Debbie Does Dallas II  
Golden Girls  
In Love  
Irresistible  
Naughty Girls Need Love Too  
Night Hunger  
Reel People  
Sexcapades  
Suzie Superstar  
That's Outrageous  
The Devil in Miss Jones II  
The Young Like It Hot

## Three-Quarters Erect

Bubblegum  
Expose Me Now  
Hot Dreams  
Mascara  
Midnight Heat  
Pleasure So Deep  
Touch of Blue  
Up 'n' Coming

## Half Erect

A Taste of Money  
Baby Cakes  
Between Lovers  
California Valley Girls  
Eat at the Blue Fox  
Liquid Assets  
Little Girls Lost  
Nightlife  
Oui, Girls  
Puss 'n' Boots  
Smoker  
That's My Daughter  
Treasure Box  
White Heat

## One-Quarter Erect

Body Talk  
Daddy's Little Girls  
Fox Holes  
Let's Talk Sex  
Peep Holes  
Sweet Young Foxes  
The Starmaker

## Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon  
All About Annette

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**  
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
A well-made film.
- HALF ERECT**  
So-so. Limited appeal.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP**  
A waste of time and money.



# PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, *HUSTLER* provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

## Intimate Action

(Intact Productions) For the sake of argument let's call this one-hour exercise in erotica a porn version of *60 Minutes*. It's a documentary-type, shot-on-video effort that looks at the un-

from sexual voodoo to a concise and fascinating history of the porn "loop," complete with rare footage of early hard-core stag scenes. But the highlight is a short segment that may be too much for the average porn lover to digest. Annie Sprinkle, the Princess of Perversion, sprays her partner, Norman



Sharon Kane takes an enthusiastic tongue to a friend in 'Intimate Action.'

derbelly of porn. Divided into several segments, with tongue-in-cheek narration by a Morley Safer type, it covers everything



In 'Intimate Action,' Kane backs into a hard stud who's ready and willing.



Annie Sprinkle showers Norman Jackson with love in 'Intimate Action.'

Jackson, with a stomachful of love—by throwing up on him while they're fucking. The shot of Jackson getting a faceful of Annie's "rainbow shower" is enough to make the viewer lose his own cookies. Nevertheless, for all its off-color kink and weirdness *Intimate Action* is definitely a collector's item. —L.M.F.



## Home Movies, Ltd.

(Select/Essex) We are told that the two 30-minute sex shorts on this tape were produced and performed by actual amateurs. Yeah, sure! Anyone who's half in touch with the X-rated-film industry knows full well that the actresses here are bonafide professional porn starlets—not to mention the fact that the production is far too slick. Nevertheless, this is quite a hot sex tape. The first short, "Wet Nurse," stars Gina Martel as a nurse called on to sponge-bathe (and tongue-bathe) an ailing Frank James. The second vignette, "After Hours," features Tom Byron and his sex-starved secretary (Kimberly Carson), who invite girlfriend Desiree Lane into a torrid threesome. Don't be fooled by the sales gimmick; *Home Movies, Ltd.* is definitely porn stuff. —Kent Smith

## Triple Play

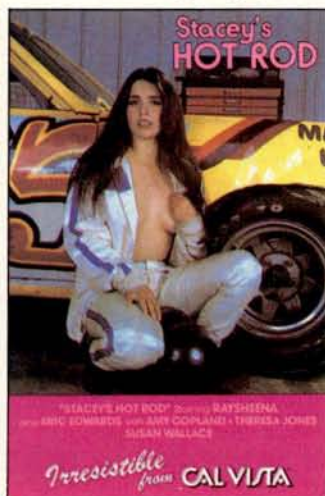
(Hollywood Video) Ron Jeremy plays the publisher of a sleazy porn magazine that specializes in threeway sex, hence the title *Triple Play*. On what we assume to be a typical day at the office, he goes over the readers' letters with his sexy secretary (Kimberly Wong). As Jeremy reads aloud the confessional-style missives, the film cuts—surprise!—to the very sex acts being described. What they appear to be, in reality, is just a bunch of old two-girls-and-a-guy porn loops that were shot sometime between the Spanish Inquisition and the discovery of penicillin. The lighting is abysmally

poor, and the sex is excruciatingly monotonous. But what really stinks up this 90-minute fisco is the cast. Everyone looks exactly like the stereotypical image of porn actors: pimply butts, faggoty-looking guys, addicts, whorish women—all spouting painfully insipid dialogue. Save for the charismatic Jeremy, this tape is total cheapo trasho. —K. S.



## Stacey's Hot Rod

(Cal Vista Video) Porn newcomer Raysheena plays a hot-blooded young hussy who wants to get into stock-car racing in this shot-on-video feature. We never see her behind the wheel, but Raysheena does show us what she can do behind—and on top of—a hard cock. After screwing her husband (Tom Byron), she finds out that his best friend (Eric Edwards), a race-car enthusiast, has been neglecting his wife, and she rushes off to comfort her. Later, Byron pops over





and catches Edwards sticking it to a cute blonde (Susan Wallace) in his garage. He joins in, and Wallace writhes with delight as the two "hot rods" are shoved in and out of her. Meanwhile Ray-sheena learns that Edwards needs a driver and decides to try out for the job. After sucking and fucking her way into the position, she cruises the video to a screeching finish in a bland, poorly lit race scene. *Stacey's Hot Rod* never hits high gear, but it does offer a few fast turn-ons.

—K. S.

## Suburban Lust



(Gourmet Video) Fans of hard-core porn don't mind filmmakers skimping on production values as long as the sex is hot and horny. But this hourlong tape not only suffers from a stupid story, cheap lighting and settings, and dismal acting—it's also riddled with lackluster sexual encounters that'll leave you limp as linguine. The "story" is about a young married couple (Shana Grant and Craig Roberts) who move to the suburbs and become swingers. Grant gets an obscene phone call and is so excited that she calls her girlfriends to tell them about it. Soon it's into the sack for bisexual banging as Grant takes a tongue to girlfriend Inez Acker. Then husband Roberts jumps in, and a mildly stimulating threeway ensues. Unfortunately,

ly, this is really the only point in the tape where the action heats up. On the whole, *Suburban Lust* will bore anyone and everyone from downtown to the country.

—K. S.

## Big Bust Babes



Roberta Pedon, one of the 'Big Bust Babes,' bares her bounteous mounds.

(Media Products) When they say BIG, they mean it! Some of the girls highlighted in this 60-minute collection have tits large enough to pass for living-room furniture. Unfortunately, that's all this tape is: tits. No sex, no hard-core frolicking—just pounds and pounds of bouncing bags. And after the third or fourth vignette showing some mama



Roxanne Brewer is another of the many mammoth-titted ladies in 'Babes.'

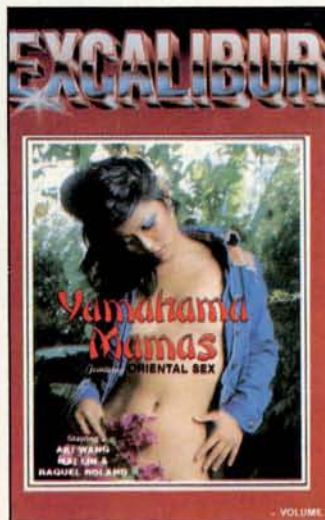
rolling around on her bed or taking a bubblebath, it all gets a bit old. But you will behold probably the finest lineup of mammoth-chested ladies ever herded together for one videotape. Hosted by Candy Samples, *Big Bust Babes* peeks into the bedrooms of such mammarian

legends as Roberta Pedon, Doreen Cormier, Sza Sza Brastowski (no, she didn't once play left guard for the Detroit Lions) and Roxanne Brewer. For purist tit lovers, *Big Bust* is a must-see.

—K. S.

## Yamaha Mamas #1

(T.G.A. Video) From the *Excalibur* line of home videos comes



an offering for Asian-pussy lovers. No, this tape is not about the sexual adventures of female bikers who have traded in their Harley-Davidsons for Hondas. It's an anthology of six old porn shorts, each featuring a sultry Oriental sex star. By far the most exciting is the third, which showcases an uncredited Asian lass giving Herschel Savage one of the most passionate suckoffs in celluloid history. Her techniques include sucking the crown while jerking off the base of the cock, then suddenly pulling the balls to produce a gusher of cum. Hot stuff! Unfortunately, the rest doesn't quite live up to this short-but-horny sequence. The sensuous Mai Lin gets cast with an Anglo-Saxon couple who have the sex appeal of grilled liver and on-

ions. With all its flaws, though, *Yamaha Mamas* does have something to titillate enthusiasts of Far Eastern fucking.

—K. S.

## Groupies Galore!

(Producer's Concepts) Volume 4 in the *Hollywood Confidential* series of shot-on-video featurettes, *Groupies Galore* boasts some spirited sex action from a trio of newcomers—Chi Ling, Crystal Lake and Theresa Jones. The three lovely nymphets play rock 'n' roll groupies who cater to their favorite band's lusty needs. In one scene an innovative guitarist uses the neck of his instrument to masturbate one of the backstage bimbos. And young Crystal Lake proves once and for all that she can blow with the best of 'em by providing her heroes with some gum-licking head. The tape does get tedious, however, because we keep seeing the same people getting boffed over



and over again. Nevertheless, the energetic performances of the ladies—along with some creative use of the erogenous zones—make this video offering worth peeking at.

—K. S.

## New Date for Eroticas

David F. Friedman, board chairman of the Adult Film Association of America, has announced that the Eighth Annual Erotic Film Awards ceremony will be moved from its usual summer slot to March 14, 1984. The change in sched-

uling was made to accommodate the foreign buyers, distributors and producers who will be coming to Los Angeles at that time for the American Film Market, which begins on March 11. The only catch is that last year the AFAA knocked out its "Best Foreign Film" category. Wanna bet someone with an accent suggested that the association restore it?



# BOOKS

Reviewed by  
Theodore Sturgeon

## Dakota Days

By John Green; St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010; \$12.95.

*Muckraking* isn't a bad word. Many things have been dredged up by this process that the public needed to know, such as Watergate. But some muckraking is done purely for the sake of capitalizing on a tragedy. Author John Green sucks up the muck just to make a buck in *Dakota Days*.

Since that horrible night of December 8, 1980, literally volumes have been written on the life of Beatle John Lennon. Some of the books were quite good—like Brown and Gaines's *The Love You Make*, reviewed here last September. Those men knew John Lennon, and they knew how to recount his experiences on paper without appearing to dance on his grave en route to the bank. The disturbing thing about John Green, however, is his blatant disregard for the dead and his obvious greed for fame and fortune.

Green claims to be a tarot-card reader—and one who's read the very private cards of John Lennon. Granted, it's certainly not the most respected profession in the world; however, it's one in which the confidentiality of the client is supposed to be protected. But Green—who seems to care for the memory of Lennon about as much as Mark David Chapman—betrays the late Beatle's confidence for some fast cash and a glimpse of fame.



John Green's book *'Dakota Days'* coldly capitalizes on the Lennon tragedy.



Yoko Ono and former Beatle John Lennon are all smiles in *'Dakota Days.'*

The real pisser, though, is Green's introduction, in which he claims that this revelation (the book) is "an appropriate exception to the rule." He thinks we can appreciate Lennon better with a few tablespoons of muck. Green writes: "How could anyone believe in or admire a man who appears to have no faults?" The implied conclusion is that thanks to *his* insipid interpretations, we can now believe in and admire John Lennon better than we did.

I can't buy that, John Green. Or you. Or your book.

## Healthy Sex and Keeping It That Way

By Richard Lumiere, M.D., and Stephani Cook; Simon and Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; \$5.95.

The subtitle of this handy paperback reads, *A Complete Guide to Sexual Infections*, and you'd better believe it! *Healthy Sex* contains a plethora of things you need to know about the nasty little bugs that crawl into your crotch and make your sex life—and life in general—utterly miserable. The book includes the nitty-gritty on how these infections are caught, where and why they spread, what they do to the body and mind, how they're diagnosed and—most

importantly—how they can be effectively treated.

But what's best about the text is that it's got a no-bullshit, straightforward attitude toward this touchy subject. For example, in the section concerning syphilis—under the subhead "Things You Need to Know"—authors Lumiere and Cook write: "Syphilis can be cured. But left untreated, it can kill you. Or lead to serious progressive disease of the heart, the liver, the nerves and the brain. It can make you crazy. It can paralyze you."

Sound frightening and sensational? Sure it does. But sometimes people need that alarming kick in the head to get them to the doctor and suffer a little embarrassment for the sake of their health. And if these tough words assist in that motivation, all the better.

Another very healthy thing about this book is that the authors don't claim to have *all* the answers for all the problems that can come up. They make it clear that all any book can do is give you the information that is available at press time. Medical research goes on—sometimes very fast, as in the cases of AIDS and herpes—so you've got to keep your eyes constantly peeled to new publications to stay up-to-date on the latest developments. *Healthy Sex* is one of the better new ones.

Pick it up before you pick something else up.

## The Boys Behind the Bombs

By Michael Parfit; Little Brown and Co., 205 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$15.95.

Sometimes you see a book cover and know right away what that volume is about. If you think *The Boys Behind the Bombs* is about the fat cats getting fatter by making apocalyptic war devices (I did), then think again. Author Michael Parfit goes far beneath the "big boys," such as Reagan and Weinberger, and carefully exposes the *real* people whose fingers are close to the "button."

The "boys" are a collection of little-known military officers, corporate scientists and other obscurely significant individuals whose end product is the MX missile. Parfit, through a series of revealing and sometimes deeply personal interviews, discovers that these men are also

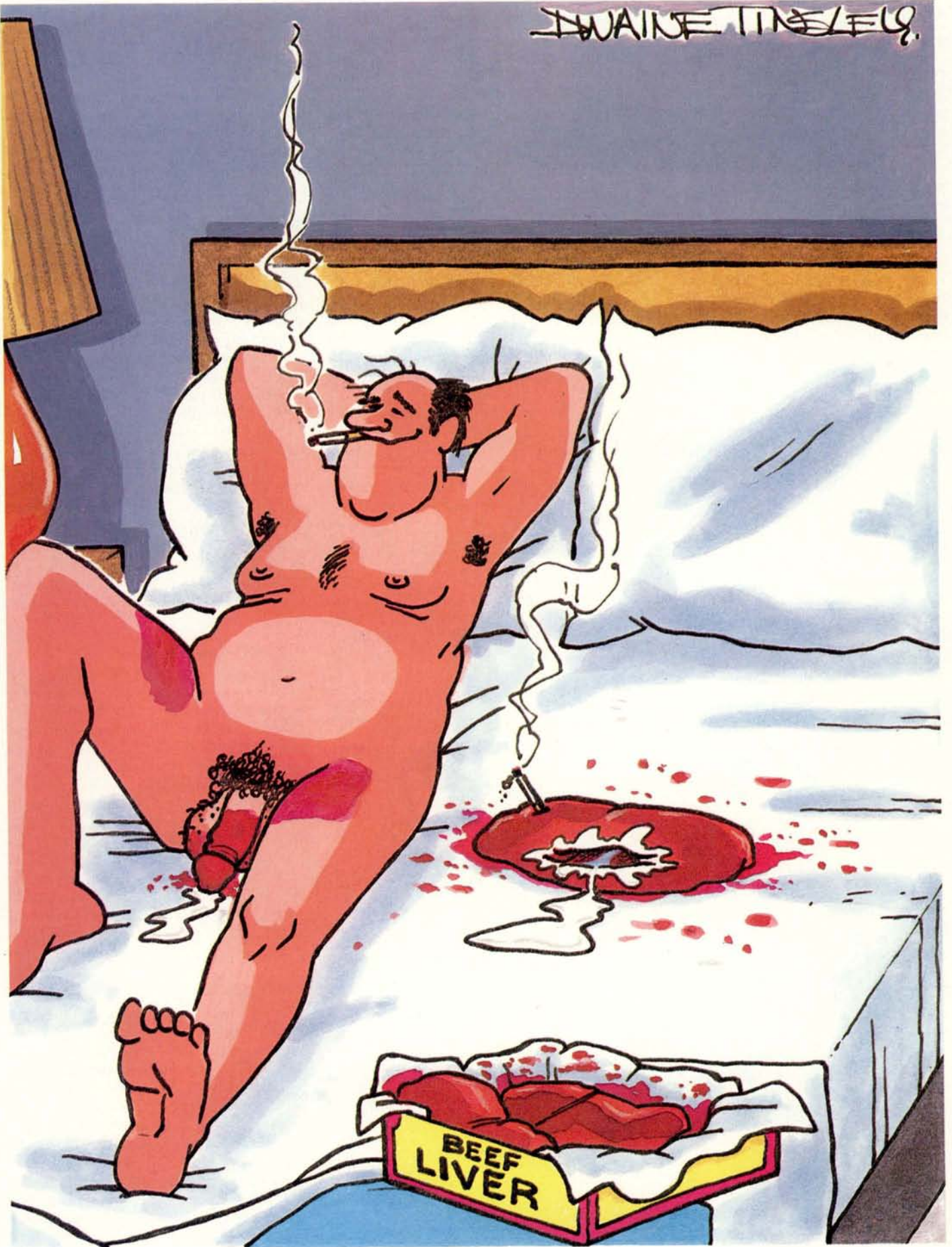


normal, everyday individuals like you or me. They watch TV, play with their kids, get drunk and have fun. . . . But these "boys" also carry a responsibility that none of us do. They hold the safety and security of an entire nation—and ultimately the world—in their hands.

One thing you'll pick up from Parfit's work is that aside from being a bright guy, a talented writer and a nice person, he must have a hell of a lot of clout. Judging from the facts he uncovers and the people he talks to, this man appears to be able to get into just about any government or military installation he wants. And that makes for damn good research—also for a damn good book.



WAINETINER.





## FEEDBACK

(continued from page 16)

to play out my fantasies all by myself.

After reading your article, I was relieved not only to find out that other men enjoy this variation, but that women really will play Mommy for "big babies" like myself. I located such a girl through a fetish magazine, and now all of my fantasies have been fulfilled.

—R. T.

Kenosha, Wisconsin

### LONE STAR BLUES:

Your January '84 issue was fabulous! HUSTLER is the closest thing to a fuck book you can buy legally here in stodgy Fort Worth. This fuckin' city is so uptight, and it's getting worse each day. Now they've closed the "head shops" to stop the use of drugs. At this rate it won't be long before they're searching everyone's homes for blacklisted records, tapes, books or whatever else they don't like. Of course, we have HUSTLER to use as a sounding board. Or at least until some "Christian" group of little old ladies gets it banned.

Our lawmakers here in Texas are burning the midnight oil to legislate morality; yet our prisons are overcrowded, and they won't build new ones. Real criminals like murderers and rapists are put back out on the streets like clockwork. Blue-collar,

middle-class workingmen like myself are taking it up the ass harder than John Holmes can dish it out because of the pin-heads who make our laws. Since you're giving HUSTLER away to our lawmakers, do a seven-year reader a BIG favor and print this letter so maybe at least one of those jerks in Austin will see it!

—Nazi Dog-Fucker  
Fort Worth, Texas

### ISABELLA:

I just finished jacking off to your *Isabella: Black & White & Pink* centerfold (January '84), and I felt as if I were really fucking her. Her legs were wide open, just the way women are when they're getting fucked. I've been a reader of HUSTLER for sometime now, and your centerfolds don't always pose as if they're getting fucked.

Let's face it. Most men who jack off to these pictures probably fantasize that they're making love to the girl. So it would help if you'd always print at least one perfect pose of a woman like Isabella waiting to be fucked and cummed on.

—J. Page  
Los Angeles, California

### FINE PICKIN'S:

I never thought to write *Feedback* concerning a pictorial before, but I must comment on your January '84 photo-

feature *Ronnie: Ready for Picking*. I've always loved real Indian women, but this beauty makes me drool. She's gorgeous, and my cock swelled the second I saw her. Also, this is the only authentically Indian-looking lady I've seen in a men's magazine to date. Please include more dark turn-ons in future issues—they're fantastic!

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

### PURE LUST:

I've been enjoying HUSTLER for more than three years, but I've never seen a girl/girl pictorial as arousing as *Hot Jungle Lust* (December 1983). While both models were attractive, I especially liked the savage girl with her glistening copper skin, and her black hair hanging down in tiny braids. Her dark-nipped tits were the most shapely pair I've ever laid eyes on.

The whole photo-set was fantastic, but the picture that really turned me on was the one in which the white girl was just about to tongue the savage's dark-skinned pussy lips, which were spread wide open to expose the wet, pink flesh inside. I also think the white-coral sand clinging to their bodies was extremely erotic, and imagining them grinding the granules into each other's skin has gotten me off again and again.

—D. M.  
Portland, Oregon

### PATRIOT IN ARMS:

I know you're busy with your fucking trial in Los Angeles, but another scumbag newspaper is printing ugly shit about you. When I read its editorial about you, it irritated the shit out of me. And the only reason it was printed at all is because a few courageous, righteous individuals—such as yourself—have kept alive specific ideals of freedom established by our Founding Fathers.

It's obvious to me you practice what you preach—specifically truth, freedom and the pursuit of happiness! Nothing makes me happier than getting the next issue of HUSTLER.

—Mitchell F. Davis  
Atwater, Ohio

### PEN PAL:

I am a prisoner at McAlester State Penitentiary, doing a 300-year-plus-life sentence. I want you to know that HUSTLER brings a lot of enjoyment to the prison population here. I for one don't give a damn what those bastards in Washington say about you. I believe you are telling it like it is and doing a damn good job of it.

I wish you all the luck in any legal action you go up against. Maybe you will succeed and win (at least I hope you will), but down here in Oklahoma—where we're surrounded by blue-eyed Southern Baptists—it's almost impossible to get a fair trial. I

(continued on page 167)

MARCH HUSTLER

1.



2.



DAVIDE TINSLEY



# HERE COME THE HOT ONES!

**V·X·P** T.M.



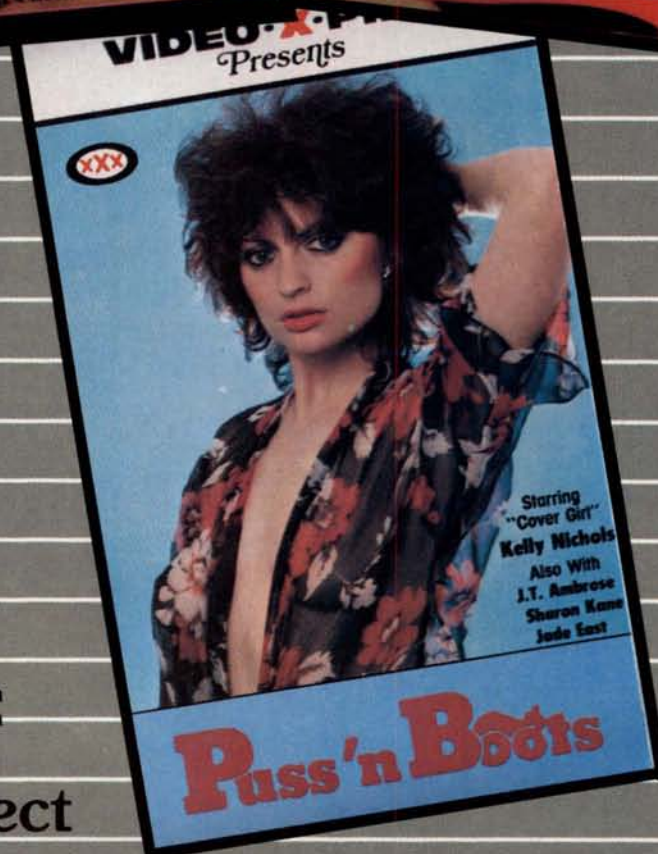
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# ROCK WARS

## BATTLING FOR MUSICAL FAME AND FORTUNE

On the face of it there was nothing unusual about scheduling Black Sabbath and the Ramones for the same December 1980 concert in Long Beach, California. To the concert's promoters the bands were just two more rock groups playing the hard, fast music that appeals to teenagers. Having been around in one form or another for a decade, Black Sabbath got top billing; the Ramones were just beginning to see their songs hit the pop charts.

To the amateur observer the only difference between the two was strictly visual; Black Sabbath made a spectacular entrance amid billowing clouds of smoke and flashing lights, while the Ramones nonchalantly stepped onstage in jeans and T-shirts and banged away at their instruments. Knowledgeable members of the audience knew that Black Sabbath was the ultimate heavy-metal act, embodying the kick-ass, let's-party attitude and the megadecibel power preferred by

metal-mad fans. The Ramones, on the other hand, had spearheaded the original American punk/new wave—an avant-garde, grass-roots movement.

To punk fans Black Sabbath was everything that was wrong with contemporary music: They were would-be superstars who played stagnant music dictated by the reactionary corporate forces that rule the industry. To metal fans punks were a bunch of sniveling, moralistic fags who preached endlessly about everything that was wrong with America and wouldn't know a decent guitar riff if they heard one.

Putting the two groups and their followers on the same bill was like locking a cobra and a mongoose in the same room. When the Ramones came on, a near riot ensued, and they wisely fled from the stage just before all hell broke loose.

Three years later a pitched battle between metal and punk still rages. The armies are a little less-defined now, with metal's leading troops falling in a category

**ARTICLE BY GREG PTACEK**



**The music was banned from white stations because many of the songs had sexually suggestive lyrics. (The term rock 'n' roll was actually black slang for fucking.)**

called the "new wave of heavy metal." And the once-unified group led by hard-core punks has been replaced by a loose confederation of many styles—bearing the all-encompassing banner of "new music"—that includes everything from British techno-pop to white reggae.

*Billboard's* Hot 100 Singles and rock-LP charts, once mainly the province of mainstream groups, now list in increasing frequency such heavy-metal groups as AC/DC, Def Leppard, Loverboy and Quiet Riot. And the new-music practitioners making the charts include the Fixx, Eurythmics and Men Without Hats.

Meanwhile a growing number of radio stations are specializing in either metal or new music, music publications are carrying the long-standing rock wars on in their pages, and both sides are pouring money into a new battleground that may finally decide the winner—music video.

Strategies and tactics have changed since the factions began slugging it out in the late 1970s. But the prize is still the same: control of the \$4-billion record industry.

The fact that either can now claim a hefty share of the music market is only a recent phenomenon. Five years ago both heavy metal and new music lagged far behind mainstream disco acts. Their parallel growth is a result of "the great fragmentation of rock 'n' roll," says Jerry Jaffe, senior vice-president for the rock division of Polygram/Mercury Records. His was the label that signed such diverse acts as the Jam (who led the neo-mod revival) and Def Leppard (current leader of the metal/hard-rock pack).

"In the late 1960s the same audience would listen to the Jefferson Airplane, Arlo Guthrie and the Who," says Jaffe. "Now if you're into Black Sabbath, I really doubt you're going to go to a Culture Club [Boy George] show. While both forms of music have proliferated, they have purely separate audiences."

The contest for domination of the air-

waves between new music and heavy metal is the latest chapter in a continuing saga pitting the old against the new, hard rock against soft rock and Establishment against rebellion that dates to the earliest days of rock 'n' roll.

Back in the 1950s the first rock music was a blend of two kinds of Southern folk songs: black rhythm-and-blues and white hillbilly. Millions of teenagers—products of the postwar baby boom—were eager for a kind of music that would establish their own identity beyond the big bands and the polished crooners their parents listened to. Increasingly they turned their radio dials to black R&B stations to hear this raunchy new sound performed by solo artists such as Ray Charles, Etta James and Roy Hamilton.

The music was banned from white stations because many of the songs had sexual-

ly suggestive lyrics. (The term *rock 'n' roll* was actually black slang for fucking.)

Some black artists did eventually cross over to rock: Among them were Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Bo Diddley, and the Platters—who scored their first national pop hit in 1955 with "Only You." At the same time many white groups began producing cleaned-up versions of the new rock sound, charting some impressive although isolated hits. The most notable of these was Bill Haley, an aging hillbilly singer who added a little country beat to black R&B and came up with the multimillion-selling rock anthem, "Rock Around the Clock."

But it took former country singer Elvis Presley to solidify rock 'n' roll as a national phenomenon. By 1957, with hits like "Hound Dog" and "Don't Be Cruel," he had become a household word—and the undisputed King of Rock. His gyrations and lascivious stares onstage horrified parents, but teenagers went wild.

Major recording labels finally woke up to the power of rock in the late 1950s and began signing dozens of such performers. But at the insistence of record executives the raw sound of the original black rock 'n' rollers was toned down by a slew of teenybopping white heartthrobs like Rick Nelson, James Darren, Fabian, Frankie Avalon and Tommy Sands. As he got more involved in movies, even Elvis himself began diminishing the verve of his earlier music.

Sound over emotion and content became the rule, and there were plenty of variations on this theme: the beach sound of Jan and Dean and the Beach Boys; the gossipy girl-talk songs of the Shangri Las, the Angels and the Chiffons; and the Motown sound of Martha Reeves and the Vandellas, Marvin Gaye, Little Stevie Wonder, and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

By 1963 the rock revolution of the previous decade had become mired in a prof-



Punk orphan Johnny Rotten triggered the Sex Pistols.



Elvis Costello and the Attractions rode new-wave crest.



Pop music's most successful composer, Paul McCartney

itable but uninspiring formula. While American popular music stagnated, the British were originating a different kind of musical movement. Borrowing elements from American rockabilly and R&B, and combining them with aspects of



Brian Seltzer fronts rockabilly trio Stray Cats.



English music-hall tunes and skiffle—which had its roots in traditional jazz—they produced the “beat” sound. The spotlight moved from the solo singer to the band, and beat groups like the Who, the Stones and the Beatles began gaining enormous popularity on both sides of the Atlantic.

Closely following in their footsteps was a second wave of British groups. Among the most important were the Animals, the Hollies, the Dave Clark Five, the Kinks, the Yardbirds and the Searchers.

Meanwhile a new strain of pop-folk artists was emerging in America—people like Bob Dylan, the Byrds, the Mamas and the Papas, and Simon and Garfunkel. And FM stations came into prominence by programming lengthy tunes from these groups’ albums—a notable departure from the short, two- or three-minute cuts being heard on AM radio.

In the volatile atmosphere of the 1960s, musicians soon became not only entertainers for their generation, but spokesmen on everything from politics to sex to drugs. Simultaneously, drugs soon became a major source of inspiration for rock. *Variety* warned in 1966 of an impending “moral crisis” posed by songs like the Byrds’ “Eight Miles High” and Bob Dylan’s “Rainy Day Women #12 & 35,” which quite explicitly ended with the line: *Everybody must get stoned.*

*Time* magazine rattled a moralistic saber by informing American parents that the Beatles’ song title “Norwegian Wood” was a British term for pot. Many other publications also warned of the obvious psychedelic connotations of “Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds” (LSD).

In fact a whole slew of bands adopted controversial psychedelic names, such as Iron Butterfly, Led Zeppelin, Strawberry Alarm Clock and the Lovin’ Spoonful—the latter conceivably referring to a heroin addict’s utensil. Marty Balin, lead singer of the Jefferson Airplane, told *Time* that his group’s song “Running Around the World” was about “the fantastic expe-

## In the volatile atmosphere of the 1960s, musicians soon became not only entertainers for their generation, but spokesmen on everything from politics to sex to drugs.

rience of making love while under LSD.”

Rock’s creative center had shifted by the late 1960s from London to San Francisco, where the Haight-Ashbury district symbolized the flower-power/acid-rock sound of groups like the Grateful Dead, the Doors, Cream, Jimi Hendrix, and Big Brother and the Holding Company (with Janis Joplin).

Two blockbuster outdoor concerts held in 1969 marked the end of this ever-changing decade. New York’s Woodstock festival symbolized the free love, open sex and togetherness of the peace generation. Then California’s Altamont festival brought the whole hippie myth crashing to a violent halt as a Hell’s Angel hired to be a security guard knifed one of the concertgoers to death.

During the next several years, seemingly burned out by their frantic, drug-

induced creativity of the ’60s, recording artists avoided risk and settled into earlier styles. The laid-back, improvised sound of San Francisco rock rolled over into the country rock of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, the Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, John Denver and Jackson Browne. Southern country-rock bands such as the Allman Brothers, Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Marshall Tucker Band also attracted vast new audiences.

While acid rock transformed itself into progressive rock—epitomized by Emerson, Lake and Palmer—the big, overamplified acid sound continued with groups like the Grateful Dead, Steppenwolf, Deep Purple, Uriah Heep and Pink Floyd. The songwriter as solo singer returned again with the emergence of Elton John, Billy Joel, Carly Simon and Joni Mitchell.

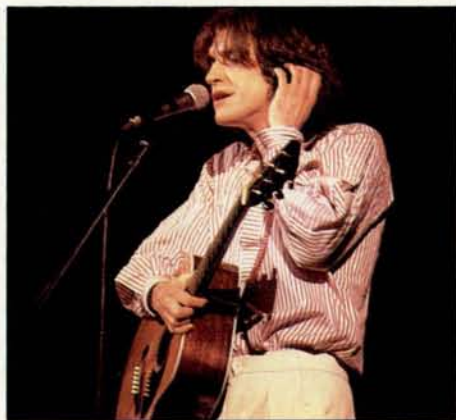
This music was polished, and production quality had never been higher. Yet it was all a bit boring. There were some moments of excitement: the quicksilver moods of David Bowie, for example. But rock’s original spirit of challenge had dissipated.

Then along came another fad—disco. Its roots were in the soul music of the ’60s from artists like James Brown and Sly Stone, as well as Motown names like the Supremes and Marvin Gaye. But disco added slick, synthesized production to the earlier sound and combined elements of

(continued on page 136)



Grateful Dead’s Jerry Garcia, the ultimate cult figure.



The Kinks’ Ray Davies: still strong after two decades.



The Clash: altering its sounds to fit the times.



David Byrne’s Talking Heads can’t be categorized.



# LARRY FLYNT ON LIFE, LIBERTY,



# AND JUSTICE FOR ALL



Good morning, I am your worst nightmare-come-true: a fabulously wealthy pornographer with the courage and willingness to spend his last dime to expose how you are perverting the Constitution of this great land. (Smile.) Now let's get down to business.

Obscenity came into being with the first book of the bible, Genesis, when it was postulated that humankind was a special creation of god and not a member of the primate group of animals.

As one of the angels, fallen all, it was necessary to eradicate any normal animal function. If they were removed from speech reference, in those days of primitive thought, they were removed from reality. It became then a habit to put an onus on words which described life-supporting functions of the body; urinating or defecating, life-giving functions of the body, lactating, ejaculating, fornicating, or life-supporting or life-giving locations of the body, usually orifices. Since the mystique of child-bearing was awesome, natural and animal, additional opprobrious words in derogation of women (we hate what we fear) became a part of the forbidden vocabulary.

The word describing the ultimate natural function in the Greek is *pornography*, from the words for harlot (*porne*) and graphics (*graph*), meaning a picture of a harlot, or one who draws the picture of a harlot. Women are, were and have been the essence of the sexual mystery—the animal who reproduces life. The taboo was so powerful that even in the 18th century Linnaeus—in his great work *The System of Nature*—discussed as “abominable” a study of the female genitalia. One of the first works devoted to the sexual organs of women (1664), Rolfincius’ *Ordo et Methodus Generationi Partium*, held the female genitalia to be a thing apart. And R. de Graef, in his *De Mulierum Organis Generatione Inservientibus* (1672), apologized for the subject of his work in the preface.

It was the woman who was unclean. If a man was injured and bled, he died. Women would bleed from their mysterious hole regularly, but they did not die. There, man inserting his penis received his utmost pleasure. And it was there that a child issued, always bathed in water and blood.

Women were living evidence that we are a part of the animal world, with her rhythmic cycles and child-bearing functions—while men could aspire to be free of these fearsome reminders. As his thoughts soared, he yearned to be free of the ties which bound him to the animal kingdom and Earth, while he aspired outward, reaching to the stars and a kingdom not of this Earth.

Curiously, our body functions were slowly divided into the fane and

the profane, the scene and the obscene, and your “word etymology” will give you a shock.

It was in the sacred houses of prostitution of the Peruvians, the Incas, the Chimu and the Nazca that various styles of coitus and other sexual acts were depicted. The same was true at the famous Hindu temple at Benares, in the Brihadaranyaka Upanishads and throughout Greece, Italy, Oceania and Africa.

But it was judeo-christianity which made any life-sustaining or life-giving body function into a forbidden act. Humankind, it held, was NOT a part of the animal kingdom; it was a special work of god. We were set apart, unusual and different. The single greatest ideological fight in modern history was that of theology vs. Darwin.

And here I am, Larry Flynt, one lone person sitting smack in the middle of it because I show the forbidden fruit: women’s clitoria and labia. I print cartoons about body functions. I laugh and poke fun at everything that has been anathema even to mention in the past 2,000 years.

With the heavy load of guilt that has been placed on something which is a part of our living, everyday functions to keep alive, to sustain our animal species, I affront every theory of the judeo-christian religion. The root, the essence, the *raison d’etre* of judeo-christianity is to set humankind apart, to pretend that *homo sapiens* is NOT a part of the primate group of animals—to see humankind as a special creation of god. Larry Flynt is the fly in the ointment, the speck of shit in the unction, the reality amidst the bizarre.

Who has a right to put such a charge upon an ordinary word depicting a body function that the word *shit* and the body function piss are no longer a part of living? How dare a legal body such as the United States Supreme Court tell George Carlin there are seven body-function words he may not use? How dare a Cincinnati, Ohio, judge tell me that I cannot depict Santa Claus as having a cock or a nun being capable of shitting? If the nun cannot shit, she cannot live. If Santa Claus has no organ to eliminate urine, he dies. And if there is a *Mrs. Claus*, it is obvious that Santa uses that organ for another natural, animal function.

Can the church or the government or the judiciary tell you that you may never, ever again use the word *telephone*? Yet the average man has his telephone in his hand every day, as much as he has his peter there. These “rules” of special conduct are ludicrous. They remove us all into a world of fantasy, a never-never-land where unreality supersedes reality. Is it any wonder, then, when the very rudiments of living are acts to be



controlled in speech reference that our politics, our economy and our belligerent war stance are equally insane?

Woman has always been the "object" of pornography and profanity because she represents the mystery, the beauty, the source and the sustaining of life. It is her cunt we men batter with our sex drive. It is her breasts we fondle and squeeze and tease. And it is because she not only produces from her very body that new little animal, but also because she gives it its first nourishment of milk that we men do not understand her, control her, use her.

And then there is Larry Flynt, who reminds us all of the unspeakable, the unmentionable—the reality of our everyday animal functions of living. He goes beyond the pale, for he even depicts the act of menstruation and issues gross jokes about it.

Does not every normal woman menstruate? Isn't this a body concern with her every month of her adult life, until she reaches menopause? Doesn't even that period cause enormous physical body change and adjustment? Hasn't every single person in the world entered it through a woman's body? Didn't the father and mother of every judge in the United States fuck to manufacture those judges? From the President to the local garbage collector, don't we all drop our pants once a day to shit? Isn't this a unique, satisfying function which gives each of us a feeling of well-being? Wouldn't we die if we couldn't do it?

Yet in the United States a warped mentality, ridden with guilt because of his own compulsive masturbation, has caused generations of Americans to feel equally guilty about their own bodies and all their body functions. Yet the United States Supreme Court—maintaining its obsession with tradition—would lock us all, still, to 1883. It was then that Anthony Comstock, a religious nut, persuaded the 42nd U.S. Congress to pass the Comstock Law, the American Inquisition against human (i.e., animal and natural) sexuality.

Twenty-two states later enacted their own "little" Comstock laws, and on January 8, 1971, the U.S. Congress—in amending it—reaffirmed it to keep it on the books.

Everything was vile: erotic literary masterpieces, information concerned with birth control or conception, pornography and obscenity—so that 100 years later the United States Supreme Court is *still* struggling with the definition of what is obscene.

Comstock, a product of the YMCA, had one mission in life: to save young men from the unreal, eternal damnation and the unquenchable fires of hell. Larry Flynt, a product of reality, has one mission in life: to save all of humankind from the burden of suffering, anxiety and fear which has been laid upon them because they have sexual desires and human, natural, animal, waste-elimination functions daily.

I should be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for popularizing sex. The U.S. Congress should at least give me the Congressional Medal of Honor. Instead, they recoil in pseudo-horror when I proffer to them the best girlie magazine since Rolfincius and de Graef.

Anthony Comstock jailed the first physician in the Western world to distribute a birth-control book (titled *Cupid's Yokes*) in the 2,100 years since the one issued by a Greek physician hundreds of years before Christ was born. The enormity of the crime against humankind is inherent in the statement. For 2,000 years judeo-christianity suppressed birth-control information. Every pornography and obscenity law on the books in the United States stems from that original suppressive act, because judeo-christianity condemns woman to bear children in pain—her punishment for exhibiting in her body functions the animal aspects of reproduction.

In newspaper interviews Comstock bragged that in his 40-year career he had convicted enough people to fill a passenger train of 61 coaches, containing 60 passengers each. The actual number convicted by entrapment and *his word* alone in his time was 3,760. And Larry Flynt—together with thousands more in the past 100 years—has suffered at the hands of tradition-bound courts.

I, Larry Flynt, am the savior of humankind for I came to release you from the shackles of guilt over sex and body functions. I teach you to joke over them rather than have fits of anxiety. I teach you to relax and enjoy every aspect of your animal life. I teach the joy of orgasm to women who

never knew there was such a thing. I teach that there is no better feeling in the world than that which comes from your animal being. I teach you the cuisine of sex delicacies.

There is no validity to the argument that there must be restraints on our speech. Nothing in life is obscene except violence. Filth is always in the mind of the beholder. When "correctly" viewed, anything is lewd. And the courts and our society refuse to see the roots of it. As the courts fumble through one definition after another, they ignore that *we are a part of the animal kingdom*, and every law in the past 2,000 years has been laid down to pretend we are not. Every law puts us with the angels as special creations of god, and that battle still rages in the public schools and the courts today in our land. Angels are sexless. They don't fuck; neither do they eat, drink, sweat, shit, piss, menstruate, ejaculate or give birth. And we are *NOT* angels, because we do "all of the above."

I, Larry Flynt, am teaching you this. Therefore, I must be arrested, prosecuted, persecuted, jailed and even shot. The biggest orgasm the man who shot me ever had was when that Magnum gun went off in Lawrenceville, Georgia.

The United States Supreme Court hides behind the arguments of morals, ethics and aesthetics. The justices (eight old assholes and a token cunt), with only memories left to them, still are excited over prurient thoughts. Daily, they still have body functions, and the taxpayer pays to flush it all into the Potomac. As they pollute the water system, so also do they pollute not only justice but our culture as well. They continue to protect the fiction that people do not squat and grunt once a day.

I have read through case after case of their drivel. Where is the clear and present danger to society? It is on the bench of the Supreme Court. Who corrupts the morals of youth but those who tell them that body and reproductive functions are bad, evil and sinful? What has more redeeming social importance than that act which protects survival of the species—the single most important natural law of them all?

The most ludicrous "test" ever written was whether "material" appealed to the prurient interest of the average person, applying contemporary community standards. Just looking at any woman, anytime, any normal man can get into the mode of "standby, ready alert." It takes seconds to get it up. The whole of life is prurient. Nature built this into us. Trees are sex-filled; shall we cut them all down? Every flower is a sexual call; shall we plough up the earth? The fruit we eat is matured, sexual carriers of seed. The bread which sustains us is made of grain—sexual seed. We breed stock deliberately to eat the flesh of it. Every aspect of nature and human life is prurient. Where in the hell have these old men been?

*J'accuse! Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Let the U.S. Supreme Court justice who has never masturbated come forth to accuse me. What goes on in their bedrooms or bathrooms?

Chief Justice Warren was so brash as to say we pornography publishers were "engaged in the commercial exploitation of the morbid and shameful craving for materials with prurient effect." He spoke for himself. A normal, average man is exalted with sexual fantasies. It takes a man with a dead peter to say that sex is "morbid and shameful." The sexual revolution is here, and it is irreversible. By the very nature of the human animal, (s)he can have no "impure" sexual thoughts. Thoughts of sex are exhilarating, liberating and inspiring. In this country we are now obtaining freedom from sexual thought control, and that freedom will come from the efforts of heroes like me. That which "corrupts the morals of youth" is that which tells him his body has "sinful" yearnings and his mind must be perverted so as to constantly suppress these yearnings and desires as they naturally occur.

The right to impart and to receive information and ideas regardless of their social worth is fundamental to a free society.

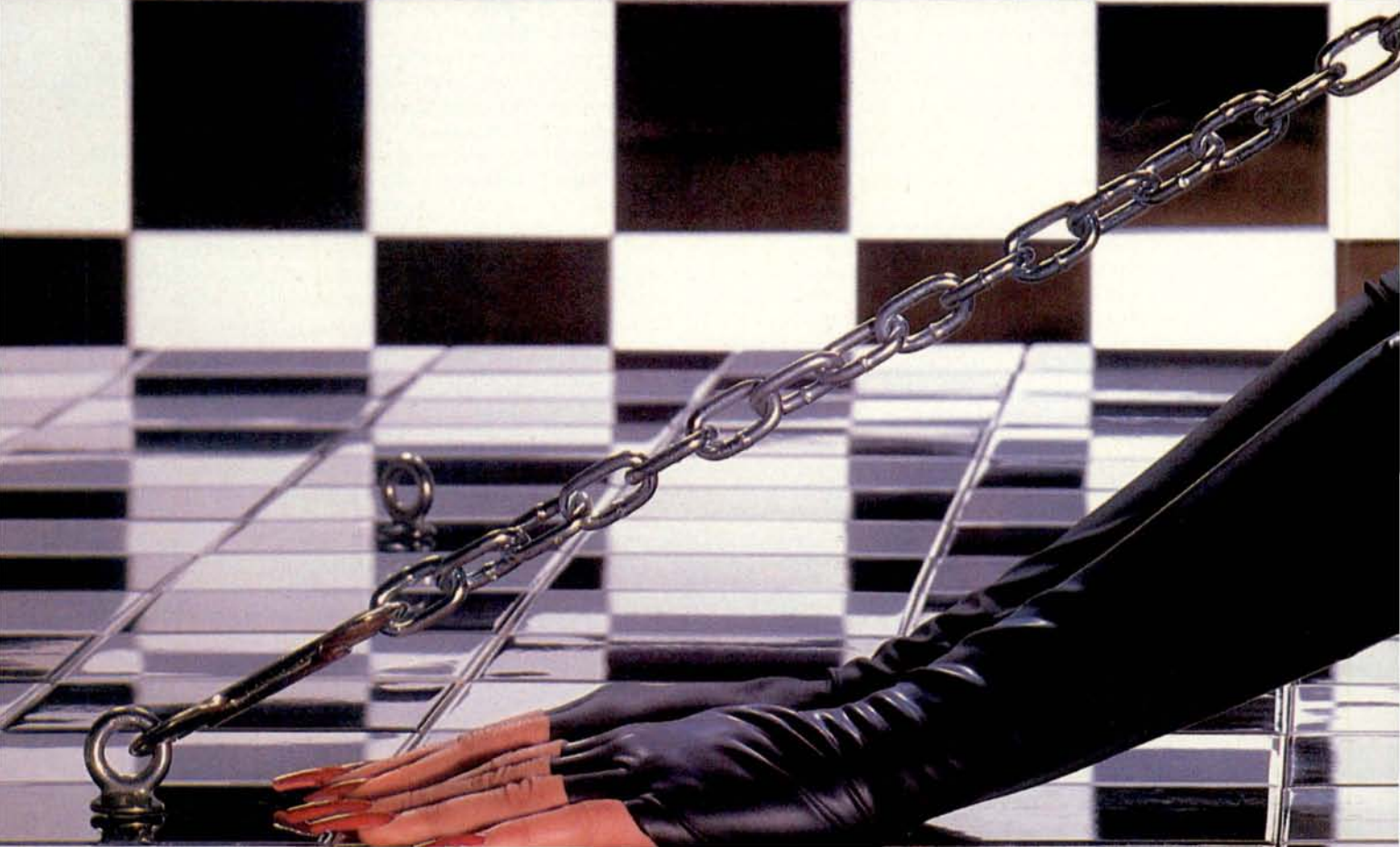
The Larry Flynts of our nation are the country's finest patriots as we strive for that goal—and you had better believe it.

So move over, motherfuckers! This is not the Last Supper. This is the morning after, and I am the main man. I hope you don't think I have shown contempt for the Court. I have done my damndest to conceal it.

LARRY FLYNT,  
Editor



LOVE & HATE











Garments courtesy of Centurians, Garden Grove, CA

















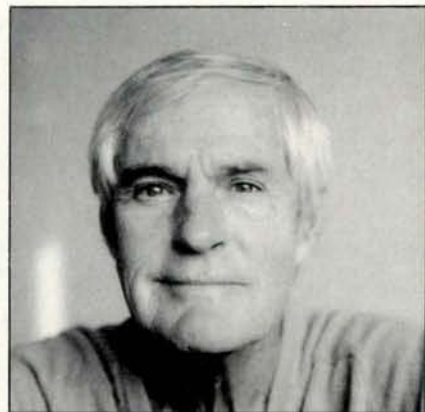






# The Joy of Pornography

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. This month's Guest Editorial is written by Dr. Timothy Leary, psychologist, LSD researcher, futurist and adversary of Watergate's G. Gordon Liddy.



Timothy Leary

**H**ere is a weird fact about human beings. Our species is apparently divided into two groups: those who feel that sweet, tender lovemaking is BAD and that tough, macho violence is GOOD, and those who believe that friendly, happy sex is GOOD and that coercion and violence are BAD.

Throughout human history—and particularly today—our greatest thinkers and our most successful cultures have glorified sex and erotic love. And those who condemn and suppress sexual expression have been responsible for most of the destructiveness, war and misery in the annals of human history.

What shall we call the sex-is-good group? Let's label them Humanists to suggest that, by and large, they admire the human body; they treasure individual human freedom; they are not freaked out by the obvious fact that human beings come in many exciting different forms and express themselves in a variety of ways. Humanists tend to be irreverent toward authority. They generally ignore or resist attempts by organized religion or the police state to control private behavior. They want their own hands on their own pleasure buttons.

What shall we call the sex-is-bad crowd? Let's label them Humantagonists to suggest that they basically despise the human condition. They believe that human nature is weak, stupid and—worst of all—cursed eternally by original sin. Humantagonists love to fall on their knees and worship a vengeful God or an all-powerful state. They see the body as a source of lustful evil.

Humantagonists are thrown into hysterical panic when exposed to the genitals. The penis, vagina and acts of sexual intercourse are symbols of wickedness. Pornography, which is defined as images or words that excite sexual desires and erotic pleasures, enrages these pious puritans and leads them to acts of suppression and violence.

My favorite example of this Cold War hatred of warm-blooded lovemaking involves our sexually neurotic President, Ronald Reagan. Back when he was governor of California, Ronnie was asked by reporters about the

movie *The Godfather*. Our great movie-actor politician started raving with enthusiasm. *The Godfather* was his kind of film. Betrayals, conspiracies, shootouts, massacres, control through intimidation.

Then, crinkling up his wrinkled face in that goody-goody worried look, Ronnie confided that there was one part of *The Godfather* that he found repulsive. What scene, you wonder? The bloody horse head in the bedroom? Nope. It was that charming episode after Michael Corleone's marriage in Sicily when the young bride looks shyly at Al Pacino and drops her nightgown from her virgin shoulders—just barely exposing her breasts—and walks slowly toward her new husband. This happens to be one of the most wholesome and virtuous scenes in movie history. It glorifies church weddings, marriages, virginity and all the values the moralists claim to support. But Ronnie hated it. He couldn't handle the half-naked boobs.

To complicate this hypocrisy, Ronnie's best friend—Alfred Bloomingdale—at this point in time was paying his mistress, Vicki Morgan, to arrange sadomasochistic orgies for himself and members of the Reagan Administration. When poor Vicki was foolish enough to announce that she was writing a book about kinky sex in the Reagan Kitchen Cabinet, she was murdered by a deranged young man who had been previously employed by a publicity firm with close contacts to Ronnie's organization. But that's another story.

While Humanists tend to be easy-going folks who hold to the basic American values of "live and let live," those who hate sex consistently try to censor the behavior of others. Bible fanatics, for example, try to pass unconstitutional laws preventing others from reading books that glorify the beauty of the human body—laws that eventually force prudes to expose themselves to erotic stimulation.

Since Humantagonists are obsessed with control, they allow no disagreement. They insist on imposing their version of reality upon everyone else. Thus, the official history texts tend to glamorize wars and glamorize



the religious and political beliefs of the powerholders.

It was only after I had finished my formal education and started reading on my own that I discovered the great civilizations of the past—cultures that produced the high moments of art, science and philosophy—were those which celebrated sexuality as a life-affirming force.

Ancient China, at the peak of its cultural achievement, gave to the world an amazing library of erotic literature—exquisite paintings of explicit sexual alliance that would cause the Reverend Jerry Falwell to tear his hair in rage.

ruler, Aurangzeb, a puritanical prude who preferred to make war—not love.

Throughout human history this sequence tends to repeat. We all know that Athens introduced the notion of democracy and demonstrated that free men could resist the enormous armies of Persian slaves. During the Golden Age of Greek civilization there was a healthy reverence for the beauty of the human body and its pleasures. But when the Spartans—a grim, paranoid, militaristic society—took over, making war replaced making love.

During the time of the Pharaohs, Egypt—protected by

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## *Louisa May Alcott wrote Little Women for money; her favorite literary works were steamy romances that even included descriptions of hashish parties.*

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They never taught me that when I was in high school.

How about the sacred *tankas* of Buddhism? These holy paintings, called *mandalas*, typically portray scenes of human life—suffering, conflict and working—and pictures of charity and wisdom. And in the center, depicting the source of all earthly and heavenly life, are the naked bodies of two lovers fucking in the sitting position. They glorify sex as the origin of all positive energy in the universe. Sure beats the crucifixion as a religious symbol, doesn't it?

In my autobiography, *Flashbacks*, I wrote the following description of a visit to the Black Pagoda of Konorak in India:

*There we found a gigantic building in the form of a chariot pulling the Temple of the Sun God, whose walls seethed with erotic carvings—thousands of firm-bodied, graceful people stone-frozen in acts of sexual delight. This was the place where life renewed itself.*

*Observing these hundred and one varieties of divine play I marveled at the culture that produced such a wealth of sexual celebration. Who was the Narasim, the 13th-century king who inspired his people to build such a monument to fertile delight? Who was this amazing leader who scoured the continent for sculptors, artists and architects to adorn this temple with acres of marble-hard cocks and juicy undulating pussy and laughing, fulfilled carved faces?*

*Here was a society where the working stiff, the union worker, could take pride in his craft. . . . I bet there were few dissatisfied workers in that kingdom of sexual worship.*

Later, the great Mogul empire of Northern India produced many great art treasures celebrating sex. The Taj Mahal was built by Shah Jehan to honor the voluptuous beauty of his favorite wife, the jewel of the harem. I wonder how many of the million tourists who come to gawk at this great monument realize that it's built in the shapes of smooth, satiny breasts and cocks and that the tomb of the queen is located exactly in the vagina of its marble body. The high period of Mogul art was ended by a later

geography from invasions—was able to develop a peaceful culture in which science and art reached extraordinary peaks. In his best-seller *Ancient Evenings*, Norman Mailer gives detailed accounts of the Egyptians' guilt-free enjoyment of open sexuality celebrated in their erotic art.

The history of American literature reveals the surprising fact that many of our greatest writers were skillful pornographers. Louisa Mae Alcott is famous for her children's books; what the textbooks don't tell us is that Louisa Mae wrote *Little Women* for money, and that her favorite literary works were steamy romances that even included descriptions of hashish parties.

Mark Twain was acclaimed as America's great voice of the 19th century. Most people don't know that he wrote long essays in praise of open sexuality, which he described as the highest human action. After his death his very proper family burned most of his pornographic works—once again laundering history.

This may be the time to point out that the greatest names in modern English-American literature were all accused of pornography. James Joyce is widely considered to be the best writer of the 20th century. His classic work *Ulysses* was banned from America and required a landmark court decision to be released from prudish customs agents.

During the 1950s I began my career as a transporter of dangerous brain food by smuggling copies of illegal books from France to America. Among them were works of Henry Miller, now hailed as a master but then denounced as a peddler of *Smut*.

Even D. H. Lawrence was totally banned as a pornographer by the bluenosed censors. I remember returning from France in 1953 on the transatlantic liner the *Ile de France*. My wife was lying on her bunk reading that contraband volume, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and getting so horny that she sighed, put the book down and requested my presence in the bunk for the remainder of the night. Take it from this well-satisfied consumer, Lawrence wrote excellent porn.

*(continued on page 60)*



## PORNOGRAPHY (continued from page 59)

*Larry Flynt handed mid-America a slice of life the people could relate to—bawdy, crude and raw.*

In the 1960s a cultural revolution occurred that dramatically changed every aspect of the American lifestyle. The so-called hippie movement reawakened the Jeffersonian spirit of individuality. People threw off the dull conformity of the Eisenhower years and started thinking for themselves, discovering themselves, indulging themselves in life, liberty and the pursuit of the Good Time.

Sexual liberation was the main by-product of the Roaring '60s. The old General Motors, assembly-line factory culture had taught that there was only one church-authorized, state-licensed, standard-brand form of sexuality. The first pioneer hero to challenge this grim orthodoxy and start the crusade for sexual freedom was Lenny Bruce, who barnstormed around the country attacking censorship, exposing hypocrisy, mocking organized religion and celebrating the joys of the naked body. "War is obscene. Sex is clean! Violence is obscene. The body is good!" shouted Lenny as the blue-coated cops moved in to bust him over and over again.

The music of the 1960s also played a

major role in freeing Americans to explore and select their individual sexual preferences. Blacks led the way. "It's all right," sang Ray Charles. Elvis picked up the beat and turned on young whites with those rocking, rolling, hip-shaking rhythms that announced fucking was a celebration of life.

Jim Morrison swaggered around stage flashing his penis like a pagan god. Jimi Hendrix played his guitar like an explosive electric cock spurting sperm over the airwaves. "Take a little piece of mah heart, baby," shouted Janis Joplin. "You know you got it if it makes you feel good!"

This tidal wave of musical pornography—alive, poetic, lusty and bawdy—swept the country and indeed the world, infuriating Fundamentalist preachers, stern moralists and countless parents.

The highbrow literary field was the next to flower out in joyous acceptance of honest sexuality. During the 1960s our most distinguished authors were now able to write moving, exciting descriptions of those most intimate aspects of human life that had been banned during the period of hypocrisy and repression. Good au-

thors like Terry Southern, Gore Vidal, Thomas Pynchon and William S. Burroughs—who once used longer words—started using four-letter words, bringing humor and biting social satire to their elegant pornography.

The cultural revolution, which took sexuality and the naked human body out of the closet of guilt, reached its peak when slick magazines—gloriously portraying tits and thighs and pussies and cocks in their pristine, unclothed glory—started hitting the newsstands. Hugh Hefner and Bob Guccione deserve much credit for making eroticism and lovemaking an acceptable part of middle-class life. The *Playboy* and *Penthouse* versions of the Garden of Eden skin game may have been airbrushed and plastic, but so what! Intelligent sex was now part of the affluent lifestyle. But *Playboy* and *Penthouse* were just the beginning.

The mean-tempered moralists went down for the final count when Larry Flynt arrived on the scene. In my opinion, *HUSTLER* Magazine was the most powerful literary blow for freedom in American history. Flynt liberated the last group that the conservative political, economic and religious forces could count on, the working class: the six-pack guys and gals who were supposed to produce the goods, provide the services, fight the wars and conform to the dogmas laid down by the professional flag-wavers and the Bible-thumpers.

Larry Flynt got to the heartland of mid-America and handed it a slice of life the people could relate to—bawdy, crude and raw, just like it was in the coarse, steamy reality of daily life.

I first understood the powerful role played by Larry Flynt in 1976, just after being released from prison. On a lecture tour of college campuses that took me through the East and South, I was surprised to discover that coffee-shop waitresses, taxi drivers and hotel clerks were outspoken fans of *HUSTLER*. Here was the real silent majority of young Americans throwing off the old morality of shame and guilt, boldly declaring that their bodies were their own.

When Flynt started exposing Main Street working Americans to that most basic and forbidden personal topic—sex—a new page in American history was turned. My first reaction was unhappily prophetic: *They won't let Flynt get away with it, I thought to myself.*

The very act of buying *HUSTLER* was an act of social defiance, a rejection of repressive conservative rules, a questioning of authority. Having just gone through six years of exile and prison for advocating libertarian ideas, I knew how upset the rulers get when their mind-control and

(continued on page 72)



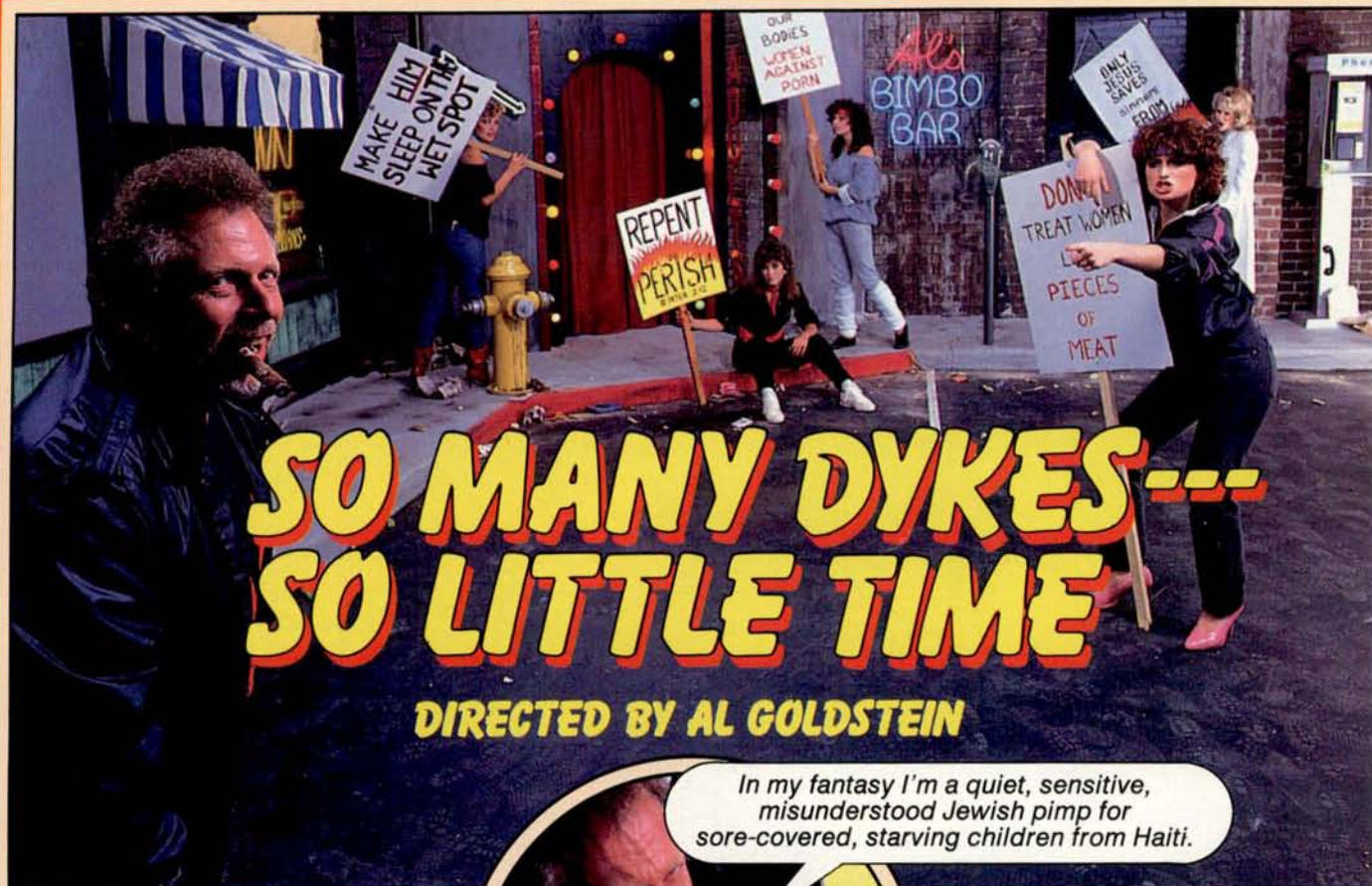
"He followed me home, Dad. Can I kick the crap out of him?"





"Let there be lite!!!"

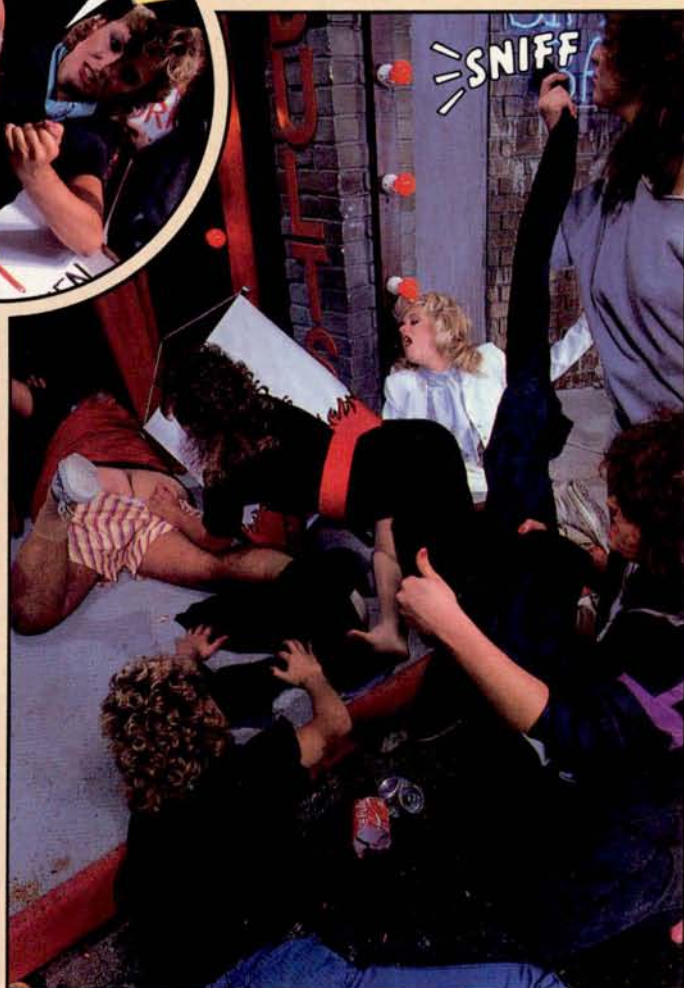




# SO MANY DYKES--- SO LITTLE TIME

DIRECTED BY AL GOLDSTEIN

In my fantasy I'm a quiet, sensitive, misunderstood Jewish pimp for sore-covered, starving children from Haiti.





**E**nraged by some nasty Sally Struthers speeches in which I'm described as a 'bagel-sucking scumbag,' the feminist rabble gathers in front of my bar until I arrive. Luckily, I rubbed gefilte fish on my pants before I left the house. The fish smell drives the dykes crazy and saves my life."



**D**uring the feeding frenzy I pick out a nice piece of Catholic white bread as a sacrifice to save my Hebe ass."



Panties that say "I'm saving myself for Jesus"?





wait patiently to make my move while the girls go bobbing for clits in the middle of the street. One bimbo says to another, 'I wish you had a dick so I could bite it off!' And I realize that I'd better not wait too long."



grab the blonde, who's obviously never been on the receiving end of a kosher salami, and recite the Torah as I tear her clothes off."



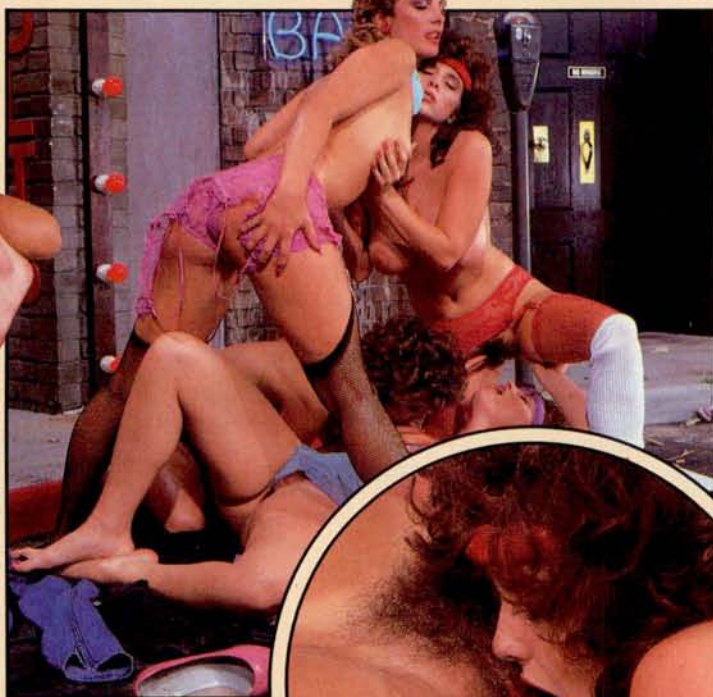
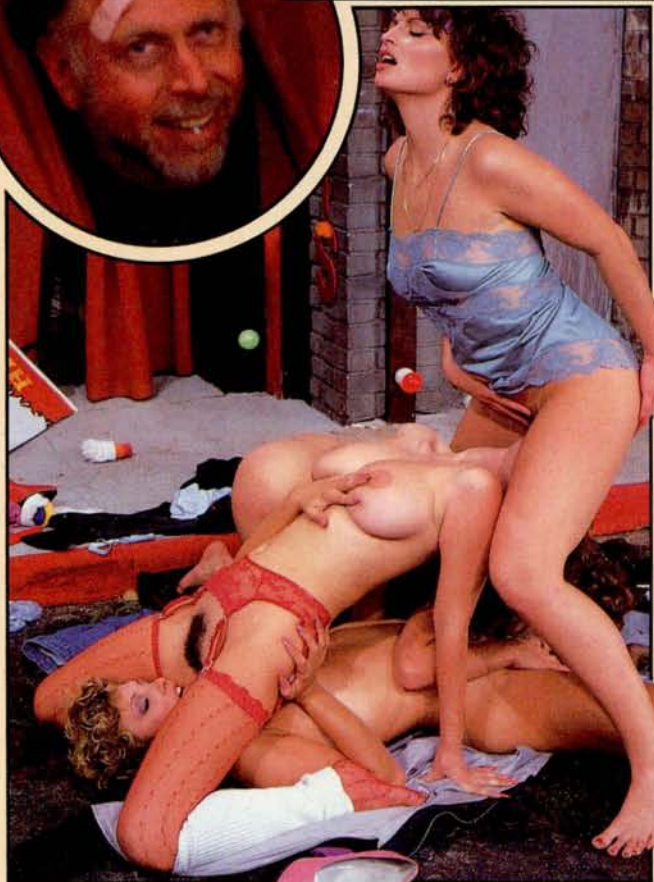
Eichmann put up less of a fight!





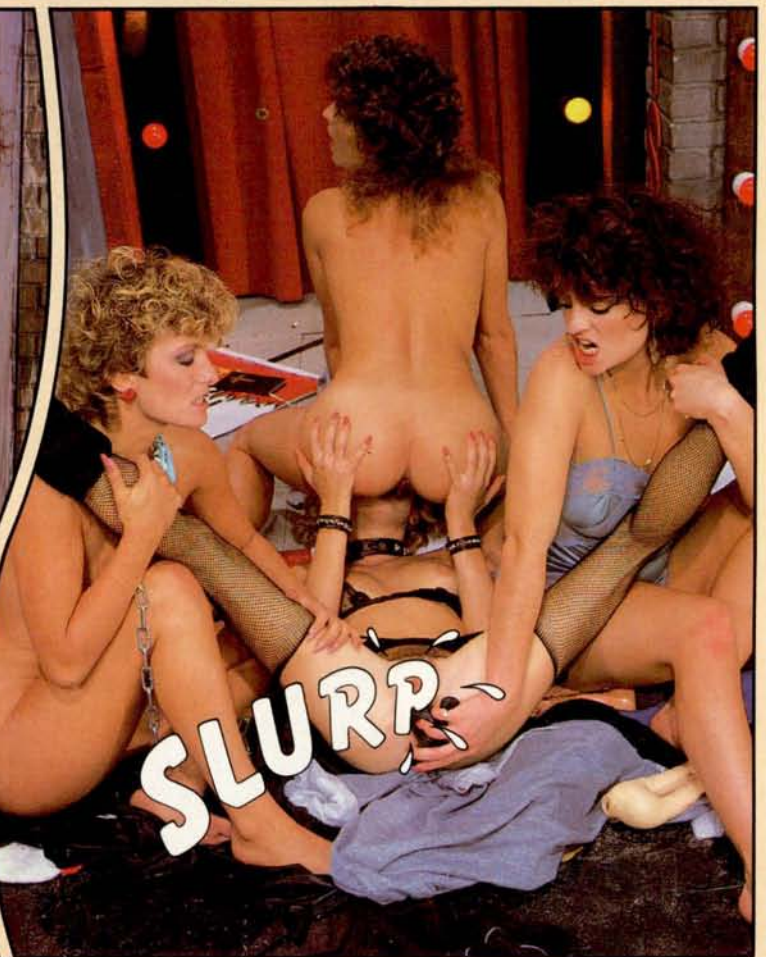
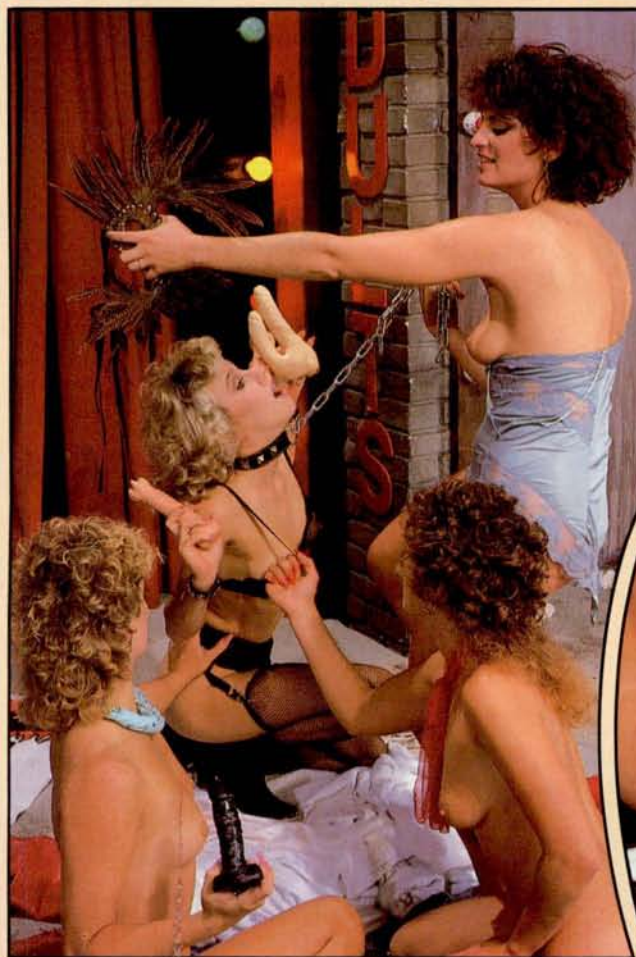
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hile I'm teaching this little shiksa the joys of Yiddish, the Andrea Dworkin Fan Club begins some really *serious* suck 'n' squat. Ready to give up holy wafers for matzoh yet, guys?"



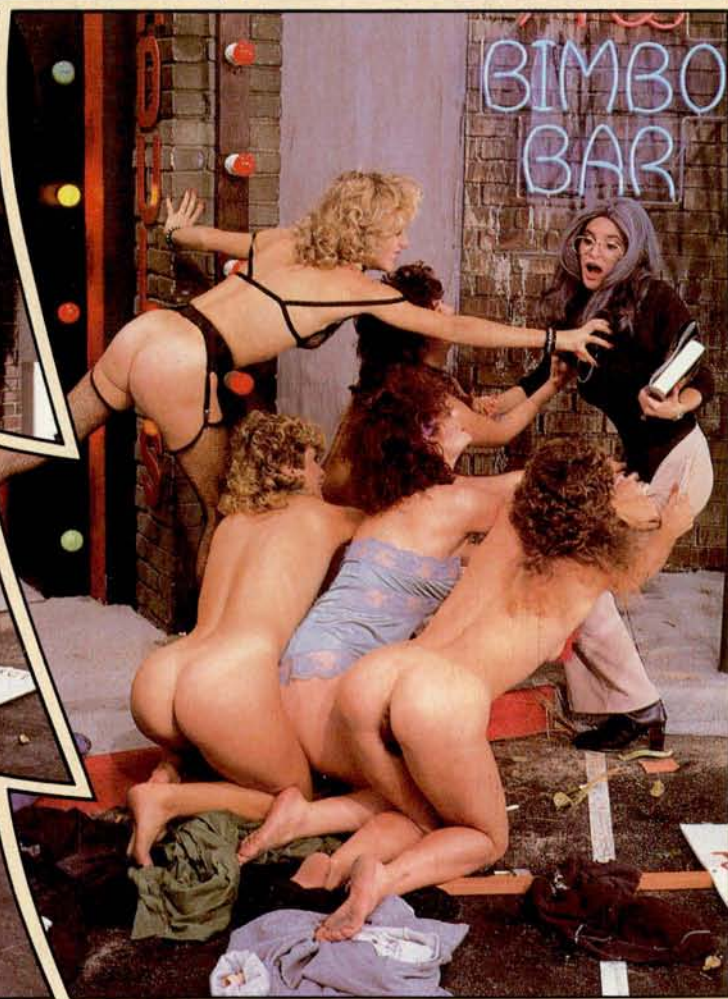
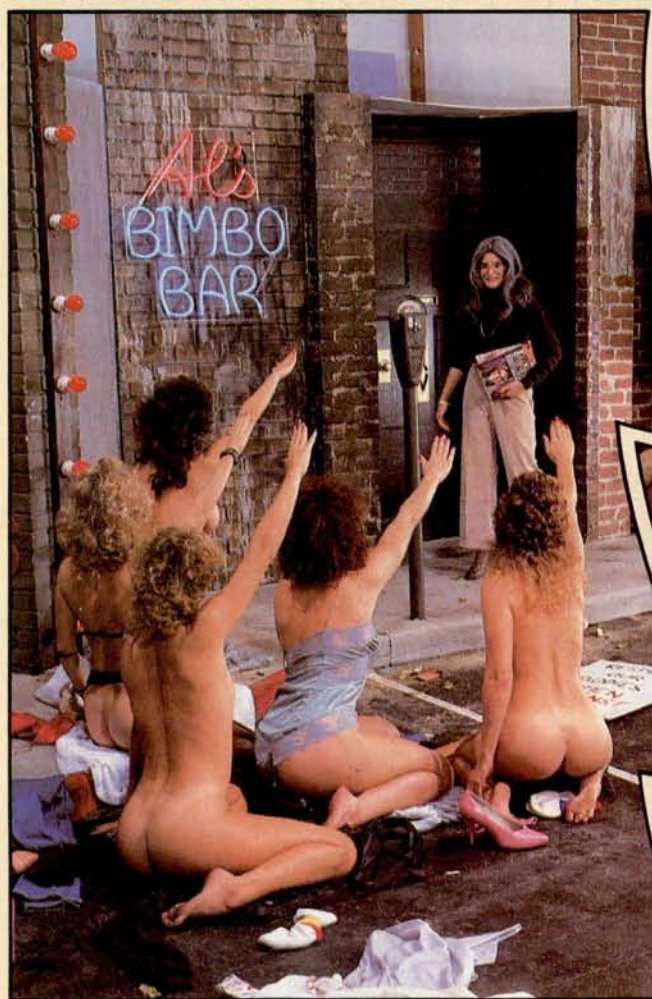
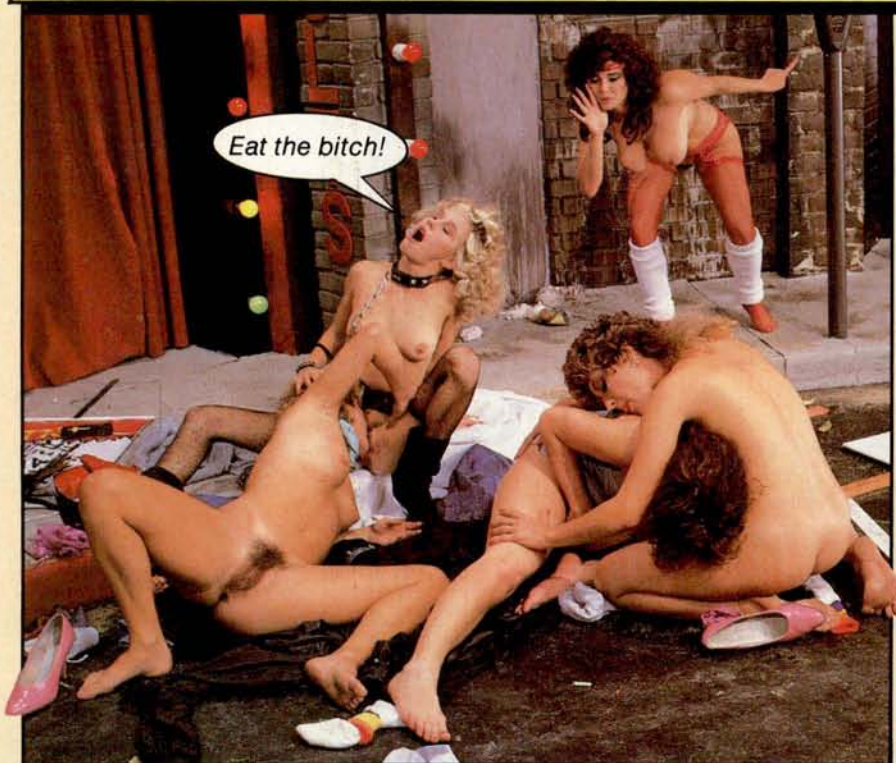


**H**ere's where the fantasy heats up. In return for my safe release I give the dykes what every radical, man-hating, porn-fighting feminist dreams of—a sex object!"





**S**uddenly, I can hear the strident sound of goose-stepping boots on the pavement. It's Field Marshal Steinem. Hoping to autograph copies of her new book at a gang-rape, she followed the sounds of sex into my fantasy. The dykes, crazed by the taste of a real woman, turn on their Fuehrer."









**U**nable to menstruate after years of taking male hormones, Gloria is forced to bleed for her cause by the jagged teeth of the women she taught to hate. This is the only part of my fantasy that could be shown on TV."


"Remember me, Gloria?"











Can you smell  
this finger? It smells like  
Larry Flynt's asshole. I'll do anything  
for \$10,000—which is what Flynt paid  
me to take my nose (and finger) out of  
his behind and direct this fantasy.  
If you didn't like it—fuck you. Better  
yet, call me at home. My number is  
(212) 753-8340. And you better have  
something important to say . . .  
'cause I don't!

I am woman,  
hear me roar . . .

THE END



## PORNOGRAPHY (continued from page 60)

*If religious fanatics can get us to feel guilty about our normal sexual desires, they can keep us submissive.*

monopoly of ideas is threatened. Look what they did to Lenny Bruce and the Kennedys and Martin Luther King and Madalyn Murray O'Hair and the students at Kent State.

So I was shocked and dismayed, but not totally surprised when Flynt was shot down in cold blood. Why? Because he stood up and published the raw realities that people wanted. I was, however, naive enough to be surprised by the reaction of the main-line press. No outrage from *Time* magazine. The *New York Times* treated this story with a ho-hum attitude: The Porn King meets his just reward!

The assassin was never found. So what. No big hue and cry. The old coverup worked once again.

The Establishment in this country was cheerfully hoping that this would be the end of Larry Flynt, and a warning to others brave or reckless enough to try to liberate minds. Because the rulers know the basic historical fact: Political revolutions don't change anything. Russia under communism is as despotic as Russia under the czars.

But cultural liberations and technologi-

cal revolutions change everything. Give the people access to the books, record players, recreational drugs, radios, dildos, French ticklers and porn magazines—and they start discovering their own bodies and learning how to reward themselves, think for themselves and pleasure themselves. And no longer will they follow the politicians and the bosses.

Sex—steamy, ice-breaking connections between consenting adults—is the basic human freedom. In a free society the church and state are forbidden to interfere with this most intimate friendly interaction among humans.

For centuries the wise have known this moist-membrane rule of political survival: IF YOU LET BIG BROTHER DICTATE YOUR SEX LIFE, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT HIS UNIFORMED THUGS WILL SUPPRESS YOUR OTHER FREEDOMS—POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC.

Look around at the world today. Totalitarian dictatorships of both the Right and Left always censor sexual expression. The prosperous democracies typically let it all hang out.

Take Red China, for example. A billion

people there languish under the control of a senile Communist officialdom. The Chinese government totally clamps down on any portrayal of physical warmth. We're talking about a real zipped-up police state there. Even kissing or sunbathing in public is a criminal act. The Chinese government discourages romantic love and even tries to delay marriage among young people.

In uptight Russia the wrinkled old dinosaurs who run the Soviet Union go berserk at any expression of erotic pleasure. Fooling around of any sort wins you a one-way ticket to Siberia as an enemy of the state.

South Africa is just as bad. In this pious, Christian, fascist, racist land books and pictures celebrating the beauty of the human body are considered not only sinful but treasonous.

Recent events in Portugal and Spain provide an interesting experiment in the politics of porn. For most of the 20th century these two countries were held enslaved by weirdo Catholic dictators. In the past ten years, as the old tyrants died and democracy blossomed, pornography immediately appeared on the newsstands. Tits and ass and cocks were suddenly legal in Lisbon! Pink centerfolds in Madrid! And the medieval Vatican laws against divorce and birth control were challenged by young voters.

We learn here this dependable scientific fact: Pornography is the first frontier of freedom. In those lands where porn is suppressed, you will find freedom of the press and free elections threatened by the controllers. The first line of freedom is always the human body. If religious and political fanatics can get us to feel guilty about our naked bodies and our normal sexual desires, then they can keep us submissive and intimidated in political and economic matters.

Those of us who defend pornography have to deal with several side issues that tend to confuse the libertarian cause: feminist objections, for example. Many sincere people who believe in women's rights have been led to condemn porn for exploiting and degrading women. The obvious intelligent answer to this complaint is to insist that there be no censorship of the male body or the female body. Let there be equality of nakedness! Let there be tits and asses and cocks and testicles!

Another issue that tends to divide libertarians involves raunchy hard-core sex. Many sincere middle-class liberals can handle nudity in *Playboy* and *Vogue* but draw the line at the pinkness of the open vagina, the pulsing hardness of the erect penis and the rawness of penetration. Many open-minded people are freaked out by the breezy, vulgar, crude approach



"What's this \$250 charge to Dial-A-Cunt?"



BUS DEPOT

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OPPORTUNITIES  
\$ \$ \$  
INQUIRE  
HERE





## PORNOGRAPHY (continued from page 72)

*The valentine symbol of love doesn't look like a heart valve at all. It's a cunt swollen in invitation!*

of HUSTLER and the blunt street language of its Editor, Larry Flynt.

Here we meet a most vicious perversion of the First Amendment, which protects our Right to Read. Well-meaning liberal legislators and legal experts have invented the notion of "redeeming social or literary value" to judge whether a book or play is pornographic. This means that if you portray sex in high-toned, Ivy League language, it's okay. But if you use the language of the working class, then you are crude and criminal.

To claim that pornography is acceptable if it has literary merit is to introduce a snob element into the debate. The problem is: Who decides what is and what is not Good Literature? Obviously, this theory of social value was developed by high-brow, college-educated lawyers attempting to legalize their own favorite brand of smut and willing to bust people who get off on earthier stuff.

The bottom line is this: Hypocrisy rules the moral order. If you're going to pretend and put up a respectable front, you can get your kicks. You can read racy stuff and get aroused by sexy pictures if you

claim that it's mind-elevating. And to prove how cultural you are, then you denounce everyone who gets his jollies differently from you.

The shameful way that HUSTLER has been treated by the American literary establishment is a classic example of how this hypocrisy works. Larry Flynt publishes pictures of human genitals, open vaginas, hard cocks. In a civilized, honest society this would cause no excitement. Ho-hum. Why make a federal case about pink?

HUSTLER's explosive impact was caused by the embarrassing fact that there were millions of Americans who had never actually laid their naked eyeballs on the wide-open female organ of generation. What a weird society we inhabit! The unadorned picture of a harmless anatomical organ causes the moral shit to hit the fan! Larry Flynt is denounced as Public Enemy Number One for introducing uptight, puritanical America to the vertical smile—the inviting folds of blushing, sweet tissue from which we all emerged into life!

This hypocrisy about human genitals

becomes amusingly apparent every February 14, a seasonal joke. The symbol of romantic love in Christian America is the red heart pierced by an arrow. But what does this familiar valentine emblem stand for? The engorged, aroused vagina bisected in the top middle by the clitoral dimple! The valentine symbol of love doesn't look anything like the cardiac valve that pumps our blood. The St. Valentine's emblem is a cunt swollen in invitation!

The message of this essay is that love-making—tender, pleasurable, sexual communication—is good. And that warmaking is bad. Thus, we logically praise the paraphernalia of lovemaking—the naked body, soft breasts, hard cocks, caressing hands, silken sheets, provocative garments, invitational postures, come-fuck-me smiles. And we honor those writers, artists, poets and publishers who throughout history have glorified the erotic and encouraged us to come together.

As Humanists, we proudly oppose and mock the paraphernalia of aggression—bombs, tanks, bodies contorted into uniforms, censorious frowns. And we expose the hypocrisy of those who attempt to conceal or deny the reality of their natural desires.

Flynt is a champion of freedom—of free choice. Since freedom of sexual choice is the basic personal liberty, it is always the first enemy of those who seek to control us, to organize us into docile obedience to the state, to frighten us with propaganda about our enemies, incite us to paranoid belligerence and above all to make us feel guilty about our normal humanness.

At this moment in American history, politicians are frantically whipping up an atmosphere of fear and military confrontation. It's no accident that exactly at this time of national hysteria the most effective opposition to the Reagan Administration comes from a legendary and flamboyant pornographer.

The real story of the coverups involving the Kennedys, the Mary Pinchot Meyer murder, the Korean Air Lines Flight 007 provocation and the DeLorean entrapment will not be found in *Time* magazine—but in bawdy publications such as HUSTLER, CHIC and the new journal of investigative reporting, THE REBEL.

When the closed doors are opened, it always turns out that nakedness is honesty. All Flynt is trying to tell us is that the emperor and the empress really have no clothes. And that in this very openness and vulnerability lies not only the truth, but also the pleasure of our humanity.

Readers who share or disagree with Timothy Leary's opinions are encouraged to address HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054).



"When my ex-wife dies, will I have to start paying her alimony again?"



# PUSS'N' BOOTS

I am beautiful, no?" Karina asks in her thick German accent. "Then why do men sometimes act scared of me?" Karina says many men are intimidated by her beauty, but they shouldn't be. "I welcome men. I use my body to make happiness for them; so they make happiness for me. That is how my mother taught me." Karina, 26, is from Dusseldorf, West Germany, where her father is a well-known bootmaker. "My father told my brothers to always be strong with women. That is how I want my men. Come and talk with me and tell me what you are feeling. I respond to that. That's the best way for men to talk."



















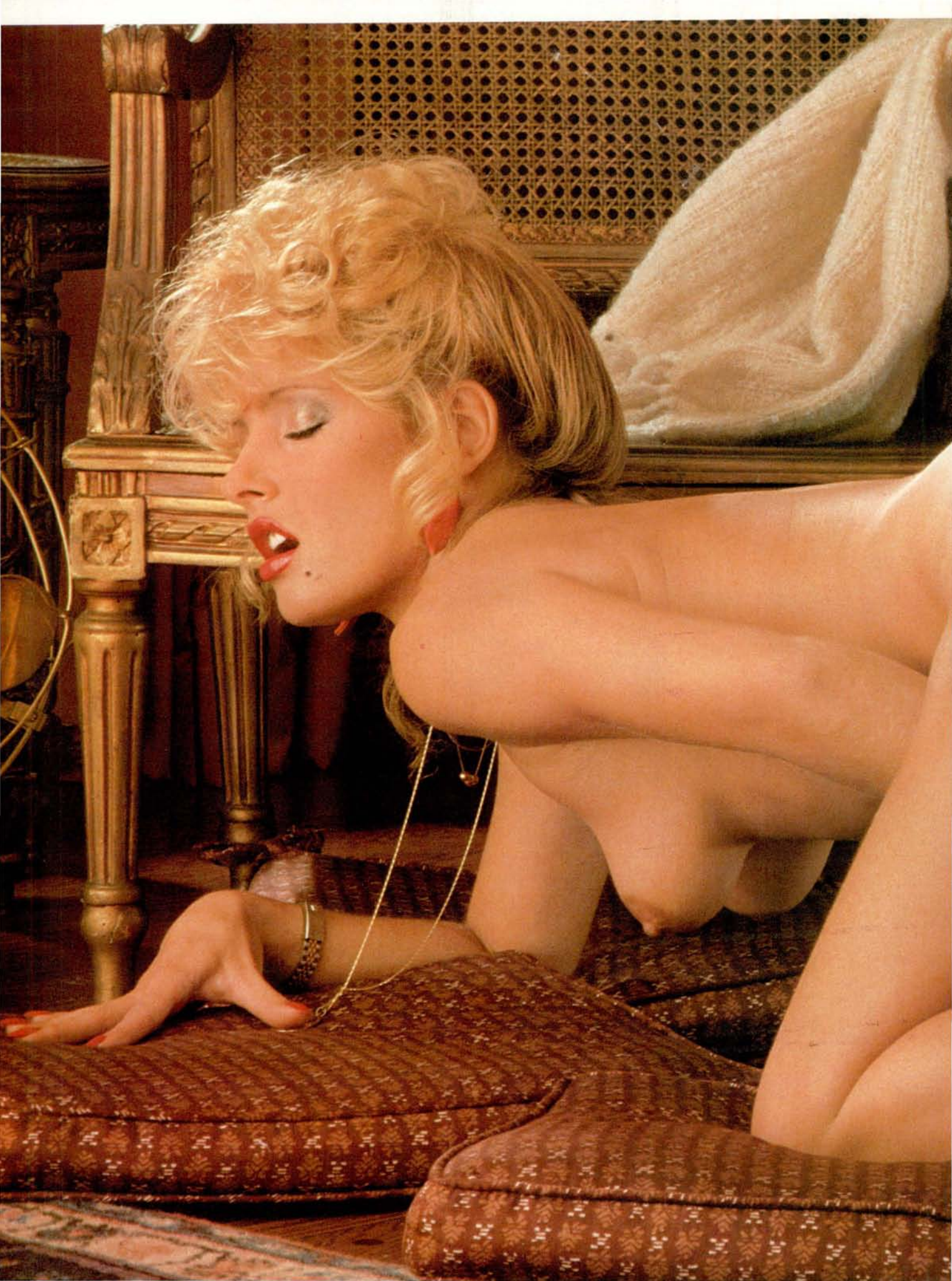
























*Make my pussy purr.*

*Larua*

HUSTLER'S HONEY • MARCH 1984







LARRY FLYNT'S

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# HUSTLER HUMOR



**O**ne Sunday a wino decided to get out of the city for some fresh country air. He found a beautiful field and lay back in a haystack to relax and enjoy his surroundings. In a short while he noticed a crop duster flying an erratic pattern overhead. Trying to land, the plane bounced hard, tipped over, broke a wing and hit a barn.

The wino ran over to see if he could be of any help. As he neared the barn, he saw a man come stumbling out, clothes in rags and holding his broken arm.

"Hey, buddy," the wino yelled, "are you all right?"

"I'm just fine, my good man," the guy answered. "God is my copilot."

"In that case," the wino replied, "you'd better let Him fly, 'cause you're gonna kill yourself!"

**A**Polack came home and found his wife in bed with the milkman. He rushed into the closet, pulled out a gun and pointed it at his own head. His wife started laughing hysterically.

"And just what in the hell are you laughing about?" he demanded. "You're next!"

**T**he Grand Dragon of the local Ku Klux Klan bought his wife a porcelain statue of a mouse; but as she unwrapped it, it fell to the floor and broke. Out of the rubble came a real mouse. As it ran around the floor, dozens of other mice came out of the woodwork and joined it. Then they ran out the door and down the street, and more mice joined in from each house they passed. Soon hundreds, then thousands of mice were streaming down Main Street toward the lake, which they all jumped into and drowned.

Excitedly, the man ran back to the store from which he had bought the porcelain mouse and told the owner the story.

"Listen, pal," the store owner said, "we don't make any guarantees on the porcelain statues."

"No, no, that's not why I'm here," said the impatient man. "What I want to know is, how soon can you get me a statue of a nigger?"

**Q**uestion: Did you hear about the new designer jeans for premature ejaculators?

Answer: They're called *So-soons*.

**A**man who had given his wife a black eye was hauled into court for assault and battery. The judge listened to his sob story and let him off with probation. The next day the man was back before the same judge, having blackened his wife's other eye.

"Well, Judge, it was this way," he explained to the court. "Yesterday was a difficult day for me—here in court, surrounded by all these lawyers. Judge, my nerves were shot. I thought a little drink might help—and another and another. When I finally made it home, the little woman was waiting for me. 'You good-for-nothing drunk,' she said.

"Judge, I didn't do a thing then. I thought about the condition I was in, and I could see maybe she had a point. Then she said, 'You lazy, no-good bum.' And, Judge, I thought about the way I'd let my job go—and the rent being due—and again I didn't say a word or do a thing because I could see maybe she had a point.

"But, Judge, *then* she said, 'If that asshole of a judge had any backbone, you'd be behind bars right now.'

"And, Judge—that slur on your character was more than I could bear."

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *fruit and fiber* as: a queer with a panty shield!

**A**man picked up a woman in a bar one night, and they decided to go to her place. Once they arrived, they began to undress. He got naked first and lay in bed watching her. She moved over to a big dresser. She took off her wig, glasses, artificial left arm, artificial right leg and oversize fake breasts, plucked out her wooden right eye and pulled out her false teeth. She placed everything neatly on the dresser.

Seeing a look of wonder on the guy's face, she asked, "What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing, really," the guy replied. "I'm just wondering whether to stay here or get on the dresser."

**Q**uestion: What do you get when you cross an alligator with a Doberman pinscher?

Answer: An all-white neighborhood.

**T**he HUSTLER Dictionary defines *intent* as: where people live during the Reagan Administration.

**I**n Africa a missionary was out walking one day when he came face to face with a hungry man-eating lion. He sank to his knees and began to pray for his life when suddenly the lion got down on its knees beside him.

"Dear brother lion," the missionary said, "how wonderful it is to see you joining me in prayer when just a moment ago I feared for my life. . . ."

The lion growled at him angrily, "Don't interrupt me while I'm saying grace!"

*HUSTLER Humor* jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions. 🐾



# Ghester the Molester





# THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

COMPASSIONATE SUICIDE FOR THE TERMINALLY ILL

Report by  
MARIE MONEYSMITH







**T**he bad news came without warning. Jean Humphry, a beautiful, 40-year-old Englishwoman with a successful 22-year marriage, an adoring family and what she thought would be the best part of her life before her, discovered a malignant tumor in her breast. After Jean endured a mastectomy, she and her husband, Derek, learned to adjust to her disfigurement and the long, ugly, bright-red scar that now took the place of her breast. But soon after the operation Jean's doctors discovered that the cancer had spread to her bones.

As is typical for cancer patients, one treatment after another was



## HEMLOCK SOCIETY (continued from page 91)

*"Our domain is dying persons, people who have had legs amputated to stop gangrene, or bowels removed."*

tried on Jean, always with the same result—false hope followed by an agonizing decline in her health. The last resort was chemotherapy treatment with chemicals designed to kill cancerous cells, usually accompanied by disastrous side effects such as extreme nausea and hair loss.

The chemotherapy enabled Jean to move about, and she was even able to resume lovemaking, which had become too painful for her during previous months. But in the end chemotherapy proved futile. Jean's bones began to shatter from even the slightest contact. The simplest movements were excruciating.

Finally, Derek Humphry went along with his wife's wishes. He paid a visit to a sympathetic doctor he had known for some time and was given a combination of sleeping pills and painkillers consisting of 30 100-mg Seconals and 30 codeine tablets, a dosage potent enough to end Jean's suffering once and for all.

Suicide was something Jean Humphry had convinced her husband was only fair. "After more than two years of suffering, she was, I felt, entitled to leave this life with style and entirely on her own terms,"

Derek Humphry recalls.

So after additional crippling setbacks Jean Humphry said goodbye to her children, tidied up her worldly affairs and bravely drank a lethal potion given to her by her husband. An hour later she died peacefully in her sleep, as her husband held her hand and watched over her.

The tale of Jean and Derek Humphry may be touching. But this simple story of the method of ending her agony, which is known as voluntary, active euthanasia, has sparked a raging controversy that Pope John Paul II has declared the moral issue of the 1980s.

On one side are members of the small but growing right-to-die, or death-with-dignity, movement. Its proponents want suicide—with assistance if necessary—made a legal alternative for the terminally ill. (Suicide is not against the law in the U.S., but assisting in a suicide is a felony.)

The most visible, vocal and daring of the active euthanasia groups is the 9,000-member, Los Angeles-based Hemlock Society, founded by Derek Humphry in 1980 to promote the acceptance of "self-deliverance" (the group's term for active

euthanasia) for the terminally ill. Hemlock is the only organization of its kind in this country.

"Our domain is dying persons," explains Humphry, "people who have had legs amputated in order to stop gangrene or who have had bowels removed because the doctor felt that they would live a bit longer. These people deserve assisted suicide. They are probably trapped in their illness. They've put up a noble fight, and they need help. All we ask is that they be allowed to end their suffering as they choose."

In Greek, *euthanasia* means "good death," says Humphry, and from that term comes the group's emphasis on drug overdoses as the best means to a peaceful end. The name Hemlock comes from a poison the Greek philosopher Socrates was forced to drink for corrupting the young.

At the other end of the controversy are the mighty forces of organized religion, especially the Catholic Church, which traditionally deplores suicide—even if it ends human suffering.

The Reverend William B. Smith, professor of moral theology at New York's St. Joseph Seminary, sums up the Catholic viewpoint when he flatly states that *no one* has the right to commit suicide. "If you believe life comes from God, and you have it in trust for a while, then you believe that you cannot take it."

A Catholic priest in Chicago who said that Hemlock and similar groups "hit a nerve" with him expressed a similar philosophy. Asking that his name not be used, he described Hemlock as having a "totally despairing, hopeless point of view, without any concept of God. I am not in favor of euthanasia, Hemlock or anything like it. I spent 13 years as a hospital chaplain, watching people die miserable deaths almost on a daily basis, but I still have no agreement with the Hemlock people whatsoever."

Sharing that viewpoint are the pro-life organizations, such as the Right-to-Life League, a highly organized, extremely forceful group, self-described as dedicated to "the sacredness of life." They denounce abortion and active euthanasia as moral atrocities.

"We don't say that you have to use medication or mechanical equipment if a patient is in the process of dying," says Dr. Jack Willke, president of the National Right-to-Life Committee. "But one never directly kills. Doctors who prescribe drugs to such people are helping a patient die, and the doctor is an accomplice to the killing."

The Right-to-Life groups also express concern that active euthanasia may become a matter of "convenience," as they feel abortion has. "We feel [Hemlock] has potential for danger by eventually bring-







"Does this have something to do with the package that came today?"



## HEMLOCK SOCIETY (continued from page 92)

*"I don't think killing should be made public policy. There is a dark side of human nature, a threat of abuse."*

ing about legislation for involuntary euthanasia," says a spokesperson for the Los Angeles Right-to-Life League. "In other words, if I were ill, anyone in my family could order my demise in order to relieve me from my own 'pain and suffering,' or some euphemism like that. Someone with or without a vested interest in another individual may encourage them to take their life if they feel it's not worth living. It opens the door to all kinds of abuses."

Hemlock's members are often attacked for their beliefs, and Humphry's worst critics publicly accuse him of being an out-and-out killer. "Although there's a new openness, and we are more honest today on taboo subjects like sex and death," Humphry says, "death is still one of the great taboos, especially assisting another to die. To some people it's murder. I'm frequently called a clever murderer."

Hemlock's president, University of Southern California professor Gerald Larue, was publicly assailed as a Nazi, and his classroom was invaded by members of the Club of Life, a fringe pro-life group, late in 1983. He was then harassed for weeks. The group finally demanded that

USC fire Larue "for advocating and participating in Nazi crimes against humanity." The university ignored the demands.

Sometimes this sort of irrational criticism comes from where it's least expected. Humphry tells of an appearance on the *Phil Donahue Show* during which Hemlock was accused of being responsible for the high rate of teenage suicides. "I reminded Donahue that youth suicides had zoomed in the 1950s, about 30 years before our group began, and had stayed high ever since," Humphry explains. "So it probably had more to do with how we bring up our children. But he just wouldn't put it down."

Even many physicians and scientists—usually a more objective group—rail at the idea of someone being given the means to end their own life. During recent meetings of the President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medical and Biomedical and Behavioral Research, passive euthanasia—not using extraordinary means such as life-support machines to prolong dying—was approved. But active euthanasia, the commission members decided, was going too far.

According to Dr. Joanne Lynn, a key commission member and author of the group's report, "I don't think legal killings should be made public policy. There is a dark side of human nature, a threat of abuse. It's so easy to make sick people feel they are a burden, to encourage people when they're sick to give up, to quit. Most people want to keep living if they can find anything of value, if they're wanted and not made to feel they're a burden."

For the more fundamentalist Christian critics, Humphry points out that there are four suicides in the Bible, two of them assisted, but nowhere does it condemn suicide. To those who fear that voluntary euthanasia legislation would open the door to abuse, he points out that those who wish it could state in writing—while they are still well—that they prefer euthanasia in the event of a health catastrophe. Anyone who does *not* approve of taking their own life could state so in writing and prevent potential abuses.

And to critics in general Humphry responds by saying that the Hemlock Society often extends life. "People who are dying of a terminal illness frequently tell us, 'I'm not going to kill myself now that I know I have the option and know-how to do it properly. I'm going to fight on.' And they do. And they live quite happily in those last months."

Because of Hemlock's borderline legal position in advocating a criminal act, the group must be very careful. "We're not a suicide service," explains Ann Wickett, Hemlock co-founder and Humphry's second wife. "People ask us, 'What do I need to kill myself, and will you send me some pills?' We refer them to suicide-prevention people. We don't—and we can't—counsel people. It's very dicey legally."

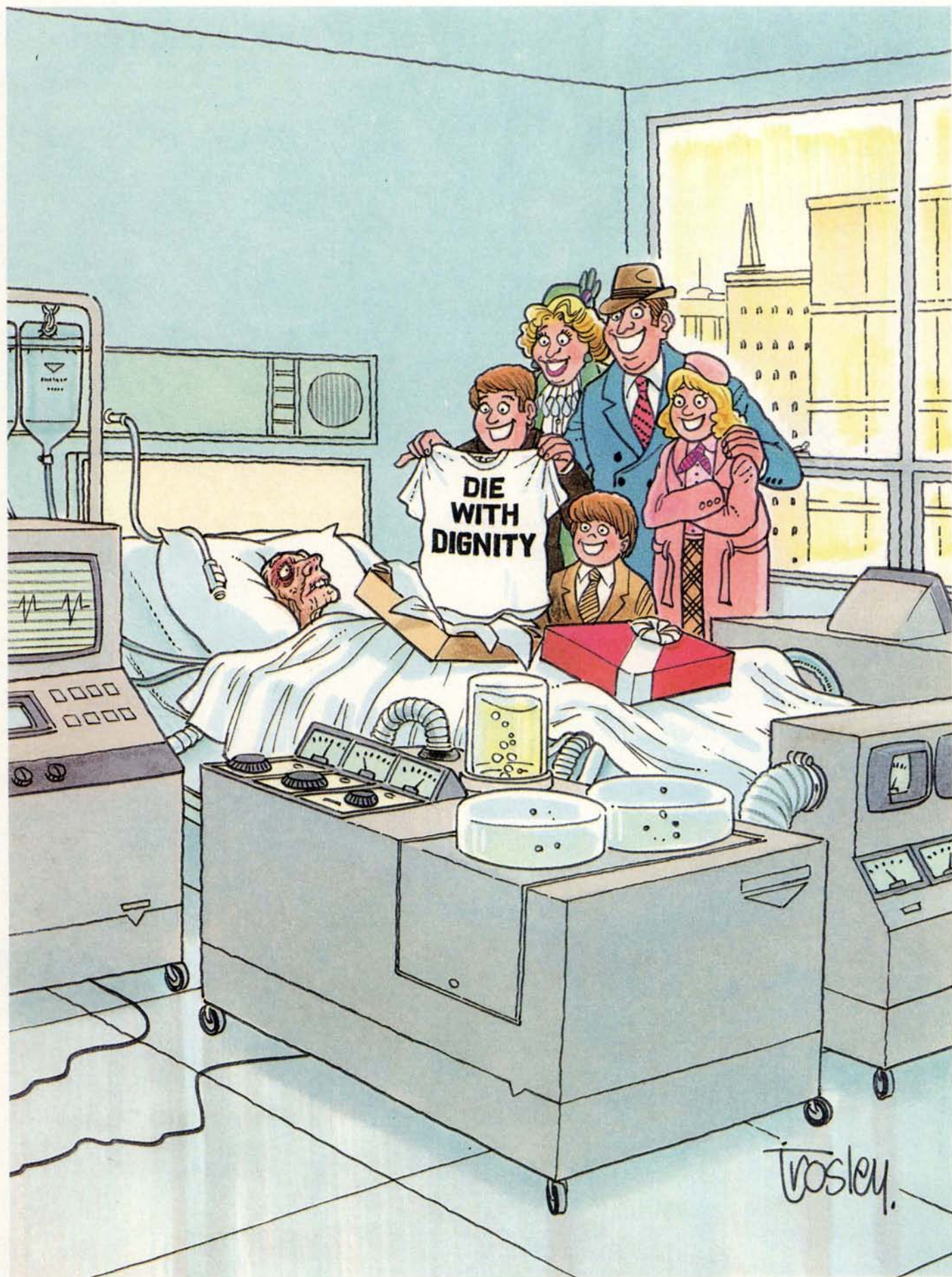
Nevertheless, Hemlock has found a way to offer solutions to the terminally ill. The group's trailblazing book, *Let Me Die Before I Wake*, which Humphry describes as "the only nuts-and-bolts guide in North America," offers detailed instructions for lethal drug overdoses. Prior to its publication, euthanasia groups in other countries often found themselves faced with lawsuits, injunctions and similar legal snares when they came out with comparable volumes. But Humphry discovered that if the information were presented in case histories with details on correct and incorrect methods, it would be protected by the First Amendment.

*Let Me Die* contains nine case histories. Several of them—such as the story of the Los Angeles man who had to shoot his elderly, very ill mother three times with a .22-caliber derringer and watch her remain painfully alive after each of the first two shots—are illustrations of what *not* to do. The "success" stories in the book in-

(continued on page 98)









# ELVIRA

## Mistress of the Dark, Nude!

Like a blast from the past, Elvira's *Movie Macabre* has burst onto the national TV-syndication circuit, dredging up memories of the late-night horror shows of the '50s and '60s. But unlike Marvin of Chicago's *Shock Theatre* or Zackerlie of New York's *Fright Night*, Los Angeles-based Elvira—portrayed by actress Cassandra Peterson—is more *bare* than *scare*. Wearing a skintight







black dress that barely covers her nipples, Elvira has really put the *vamp* into vampire. But there was apparently a time when the horror hostess was willing to give her audience more than just the teases and sexual innuendos she's become famous for. As you can see from the photos, Cassandra Peterson came into the public eye the same way all of us came into the world—without any clothes. Posing for a 1975 layout in *Game* magazine, Cassandra (a redhead under her black Elvira wig) proved she didn't need the horror schtick to scare her admirers *stiff*. Better take a long, hard look though—the difference between media stars and the ones in the sky is that the bigger the media stars get, the less we're allowed to see of them. Lucky *Game* . . . it's not often that one of the grade-Z sex rags gets to scoop the more popular publications. As for Elvira, we hope she's still as comfortable with her open, honest attitude about her own sexuality as she was back in 1975. She must have known these photos would come back to haunt her.



## HEMLOCK SOCIETY (continued from page 94)

*The subtlety of euthanasia is not in how you do it, but in the preparation: thinking it out properly.*

volve people who, according to Hemlock principles, choose drug overdoses.

Quoting various pharmacology texts, Humphry details exact dosages of a host of potentially lethal drugs, such as 1.2 grams of cocaine, two to four grains morphine or one gram of Nembutal. Now in its third edition, *Let Me Die* proves "a disappointment to some," says Humphry. "People think I've invented some super-duper new ways of killing yourself, but in fact, there's no such thing. The subtlety of euthanasia is not in how you do it, but in the preparation: thinking it out properly, telling your family, telling your doctor and not leaving all those around you shocked and guilt ridden."

Initially, only those who were Hemlock members for at least three months could purchase the \$10 book—a rule designed to allow distraught and unstable people a "cooling off" period before giving them lethal information. Now, however, *Let Me Die* is available in bookstores everywhere.

But Hemlock co-founder Wickett still advises would-be suicides to deliberate about their decision. "To bring the subject out into the open," she says, "such persons

should get together with their physician and someone who knows them will."

Besides the "recipes" for suicide, *Let Me Die* also discusses the relative merits and problems posed by such alternatives as overdosing on aspirin, slashing wrists and/or throat, dropping a live wire into the bathtub, inhaling carbon monoxide from an idling auto's engine and drowning by placing one's head in the toilet bowl. In fact, says Humphry, it is precisely these types of self-destructive acts that have added to suicide's bad name.

Another recent phenomenon that has drawn more negative attention to the group is the increase in double-suicide stories. One of the more publicized cases was that of scientist/author Arthur Koestler and his wife, Cynthia. In his late 70s Koestler was ill with Parkinson's disease. His wife, 22 years his junior, was healthy. Yet both were found dead in their London home, victims of a drug overdose.

That Arthur Koestler would take his own life surprised few people. He was, after all, a longtime member of the British Voluntary Euthanasia Society and was also seriously ill. But his wife's death

stunned people and was largely condemned. Those close to the Koestlers speculate that Cynthia was simply unable to face life without the husband she adored and had chosen to die happily rather than endure a lonely old age.

"It's very regrettable," says Humphry. "Hemlock does not encourage such actions, but she was utterly devoted to him, and who are we to judge? If there is criticism, it should fall on society as a whole for not caring about its lonely older citizens."

Living in the midst of legal and moral controversy is something Humphry has become accustomed to, even though his involvement in the euthanasia movement began quite innocently. In 1978, three years after Jean's death, he decided to write a "simple love story" about their last years together. The resulting book, *Jean's Way*, garnered widespread support for Humphry, along with instant scandal.

"Actually, I had no intention of writing the book," he recalls. "It was my second wife—who knew the whole story—who coaxed me into it. In fact, she helped me because it was extremely difficult. We had to do it in three weeks, just pouring it out because it was very painful. We cried buckets and just didn't want to draw out the anguish."

Writing the book was one thing; getting it published was another. Although Humphry had written a number of controversial books on underdog subjects, such as the sorry state of British civil rights for blacks in the 1960s and 1970s, no publisher in London would touch *Jean's Way*.

"They all said things like, 'Remarkably fascinating and a very sincere book, but too agonizing, too painful,'" he recalls, "or 'Our commercial department won't let us touch it.' Then I remembered a little publisher who had put out the most daring book I ever wrote, an attack on Scotland Yard when they were being terribly racist, and I left the manuscript with him overnight. The next day he said he would publish it. He knew that there would be trouble as a result because I had broken the law, but I told him I'd face it when it came."

Not only had he broken the law, Humphry had also written about sex with the dying, something no one wanted to deal with. The most controversial part of *Jean's Way* was not so much her death as the couple's continued lovemaking. "Publishers and editors kept insisting that I take that portion out," he recalls, "but I knew that other people must have gone through it too and insisted that it be left in."

"I can understand the reluctance," Humphry continues. "It turns out this book is the only one in literature that even

(continued on page 110)

MARCH HUSTLER



"Listen, bitch... I'd take warts over herpes any day!!!"



# FIRST ANNUAL WINO CONVENTION









# CAMP GRENADA
























**ST. GEORGE'S, GRENADA, March 1**—Top-secret photos of the Marine invasion of this Caribbean country were leaked to the press today by a military commander here. The photos of the first days of the invasion were taken during a White House-ordered news blackout of the operation. Officials said the blackout was to protect the safety of the troops, but close analysis of the photos shows the Marines were openly welcomed by the Cuban "advisers." The White House said that further study of the pictures was needed before comment could be made on the effectiveness of the military's penetration.















## HEMLOCK SOCIETY (continued from page 98)

*"Sex with the dying is probably the greatest taboo. People think the dying don't have sexual needs, but they do."*

touches on the subject. Sex with the dying is probably the greatest taboo there is. People seem to think that dying persons don't have sexual needs, but they do. And the partner of the dying person is in a difficult position. It was probably the same for me as it is for others, and I know that up until the end Jean was still a very beautiful, desirable woman. We both wanted and needed to be physically close."

In *Jean's Way* Humphry explains that the emotional turmoil caused by his wife's illness—coupled with the fact that for ten months she was immobilized by pain and unable to have sex—led him into a brief, guilt-ridden affair. "One wants to be celibate," he says, "and maintain a martyred Joan of Arc virginity. But sexual desires come forward whether you want them to or not."

Because it dealt with taboo subjects, only 2,000 copies of *Jean's Way* were printed at first. But the book sent shock waves around the world. As Humphry recalls, the book went on sale in London on a Monday. By Tuesday nearly every newspaper in the world had reported on it. And by Friday of the same week he had

three movie offers, and lecture and interview requests were mounting rapidly.

"I hadn't the slightest realization of what I was opening up," he says. "On the one hand there was tremendous acceptance. Even those who opposed it, like the right-to-life people who are dead set against any tampering with life, accepted the genuineness of the story. And the more I got dragged into the debate, the more fascinated I became by it."

As soon as the story began to cool off, some members of the press phoned the public prosecutor in London and asked what he was going to do about a man in his jurisdiction who was openly confessing to a crime. An investigation was ordered.

"The police went around and spoke to my children and to the doctor and to Jean's friends," Humphry remembers. "Fortunately, she was my savior. She had told her friends what she was going to do; so there was no suspicion of my coaxing her. They asked if I knew my second wife while Jean was still alive and poked about in other personal matters. Finally, they couldn't find a motive, and the investigation was dropped."

Humphry checked into similar cases and discovered that in the previous 40 years only two people who had assisted in suicide had gone to prison.

"Those two deserved it," he declares. "They had pushed the person on, and it looked to me as though they belonged in prison. All the other cases were just like Jean and I. And in these cases the judge always said, 'You've been punished by your grief and your suffering,' and handed down a suspended sentence or probation."

"But what saddened me was that these were private lives and private agonies that were ferreted out in the court. These were good people thinking they'd done the right thing and then having to defend themselves and their actions. They had to answer questions like whether or not there was a girlfriend or money or insurance involved. The answers were always no, and the judge would eventually send them away. But every day the local newspaper would carry stories about Mr. Jones being asked about all these personal things. These people were being crucified, and it hurt me."

Humphry, a respected British journalist for more than 30 years, hadn't considered continuing in the euthanasia movement. But as a result of *Jean's Way* events kept pointing him in that direction. For example, he was getting mail from people all over the world describing similar experiences.

"People just poured out their hearts," he explains. "And in a sense they were writing their own little versions of *Jean's Way* by telling me. In that way the book has been a great reward to me. It has touched the human soul in people all over the world and obviously helped a lot of people then."

"It's helped men a great deal too," he adds. "Women face death during childbirth, and they just seem to be better able to handle it. But men have a tremendous amount of difficulty handling disfigurement and death, especially when it happens to their wife."

The problem, says Humphry, is getting men to read a book about a subject that they want nothing to do with. To illustrate that difficulty, he tells the story of an interview he did with Joseph Wambaugh, author of such brutally realistic, spare-no-details books as *The Onion Field* and *The New Centurions*. Wambaugh revealed to Humphry that he had once picked up a copy of *Jean's Way* but had never read it because it looked like "too much of a downer."

In spite of people's reluctance to deal with the subject, when *Jean's Way* was published in America, Humphry, who had by then moved to this country, was besieged with calls. "Here I was in America,"

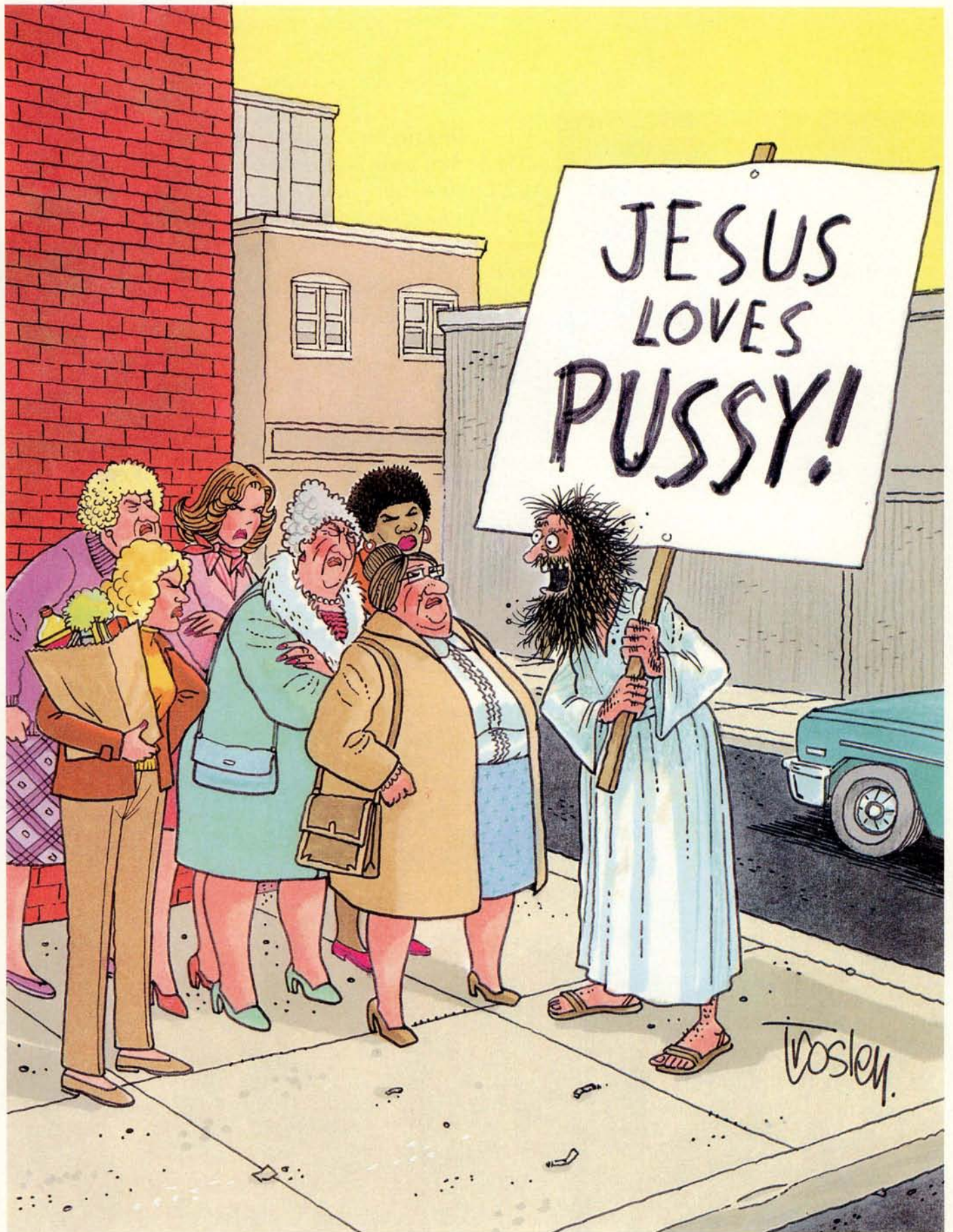
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MARCH HUSTLER



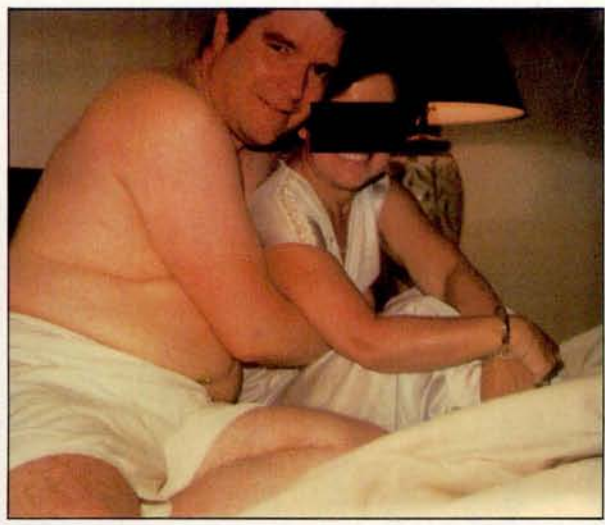
"I'll have a scotch and soda... and how about a vinegar and water for the little woman?"





"Sure He does! Why do you think there are so many of them?"





*Old McDonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-o. And on his farm he had some pigs—and he fucked 'em. Larry McDonald—rude, lewd, crude . . . and nude! Couldn't he afford more-attractive women?*





*"Larry understood that when the authors of the U.S. Constitution spoke of law, they meant the Law of God revealed in the Bible. . . . We have downgraded the family and given ourselves to immorality and pornography."*

—The Reverend Joseph Morecraft III  
delivering a eulogy at the memorial  
service for Congressman Larry McDonald.



## **LARRY McDONALD: FASCIST IN HEAT**

*"The foundations of our legal codes and the moral values of interpersonal relationships are rooted in a Biblical basis of morality."*

—Larry McDonald, April 1983

Which Bible was Larry McDonald referring to? He must have mixed up the King James version with the James Joyce version because the Bible his buddies like



*As you can see, the "moral value of this interpersonal relationship" was rooted in that beast's pussy. The reason we're not showing the girls' faces is that we don't feel they did anything to deserve notoriety. Larry McDonald was the hypocrite. The ladies were just honest whores.*

Jerry Falwell are always thumping is supposedly against the sort of things that Larry is doing in these photos recently obtained by *HUSTLER!* That's right. Spread out among other disturbing photos on these pages are actual Polaroids of Larry McDonald in an illicit love tryst with some incredibly ugly women.





Can't believe your eyes? HUSTLER wasn't surprised in the least. It's been proven again and again that the repressive, holier-than-thou assholes who shout the loudest about the destruction of the family in America due to the influences of "sexual permissiveness" and "pornography" are the ones reaming fat bimbos

Larry and his pal Jerry Falwell (far right). Falwell, the hardest-working religious fascist in show business, attended memorial ceremonies for McDonald, along with such luminaries as Congressman Philip Crane of Illinois, General John Singlaub (former commanding officer of U.S. troops in South Korea), Admiral Thomas Moorer (former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) and Senators Sam Nunn, Mack Mattingly and—of course—Jesse Helms.



Larry Flynt's wounds. When McDonald wasn't making holes like this . . .



. . . he was making holes like this.



McDonald fucked anything that weighed more than he did.









*If McDonald had paid for his sluts by the pound, he'd have gone broke.*



in cheap hotel rooms while their wives sit at home knitting Bibles. The only thing unusual about Larry McDonald is that we didn't realize he was such a *dumb* repressive, holier-than-thou asshole. Taking pictures of yourself fucking beasts like these is so stupid, it defies explanation.

Why the photos of Larry Flynt's wounds? Because along with McDonald's preference for ugly women was his preference for ugly deeds. Larry Flynt has had evidence for some time that the congressman was involved in the attempt on his life. As a result of McDonald's compulsion to play God and help rid the world of immorality, Larry Flynt's life was irrevocably altered. It's no wonder that Flynt played a key role in keeping Kathy



*McDonald consorts with West Germany's neo-Fuehrer, Franz Josef Strauss (left).*

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*This is the work of a Bible-beating, born-again-Christian hypocrite.*





McDonald—a dangerous fascist and hypocrite in her own right—from filling her husband's seat and representing their Georgia district in the U.S. House of Representatives. Flynt supported candidate Peggy Childers's campaign against Mrs. McDonald, providing radio spots that urged voters to "give Kathy McDonald your

sympathy—but not your vote." And when Childers's bid proved too weak, he threw his support behind George Darden, who ultimately defeated McDonald.

How does Kathy McDonald feel about these photos? Did she know her loving husband of eight years liked to snuggle up with hefty mam-



*Look at that big, fat ass! Put a pair of glasses on it, and it would look just like McDonald's friend Nelson "Bunky" Hunt.*



*Here's how a good Christian loved his fellow man.*

*Speaking of Bunky Hunt, here's a shot of Larry and the fat boy together.*

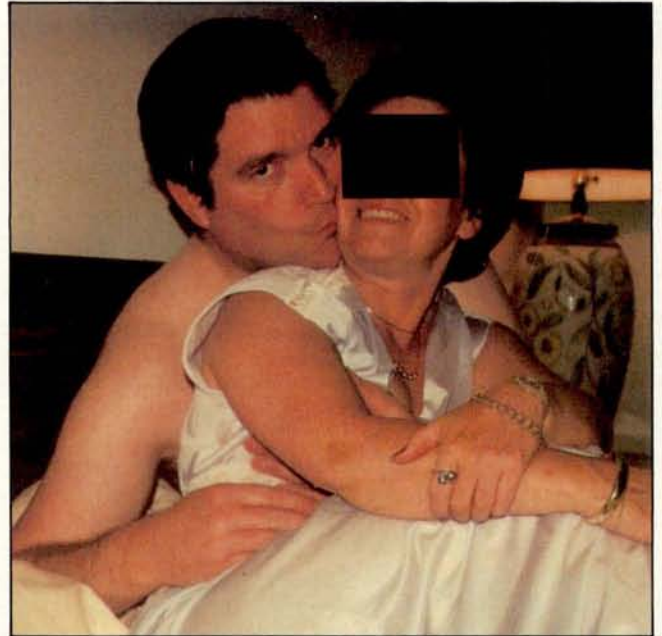




*Watch out, hypocrites. You too may show up in HUSTLER, exposed for what you really are.*

mals capable of stilling even the most powerful Magic Fingers vibrating hotel beds? Is this what happens in a good, healthy, Christian marriage? We hate to be the bearer of bad tidings, Kathy, but your hubby was a first-rate sleaze and a hypocrite of the highest magnitude.

As Larry McDonald once said to the Reverend Imogene Stewart, "If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything." Judging by what you fell for in these photos, Larry, you didn't stand for shit. †



*How many years in hell do you get for doing something like this to another human being?*





## HEMLOCK SOCIETY (continued from page 110)

*In desperation, he had a friend customize a rifle so that even in his weakened condition he could pull the trigger.*

he remarks, "the land of the brave, and no one wanted to handle anything as touchy as active euthanasia."

In August 1980 Humphry and Wickett founded the Hemlock Society, with a charter membership of 1,000. About 500 of those names came from a British euthanasia group Humphry belonged to, which gave him its American membership list. The others were names he had collected during speaking engagements and through correspondence.

"The interesting thing is that just four years previously," Humphry explains, "a psychiatrist in northern California had tried to start a hemlock society, and he was warned by the Attorney General of California not to do it, or he would be prosecuted. And he was warned by his professional association not to do it, or he would be thrown out; so he dropped it. Yet his theory and his beliefs were exactly the same as ours. But just four years later nobody raised a hand against us."

Those four years were marked by an increasing awareness on the part of the American public about the circumstances of dying today. "People used to die at

home," says Humphry. "Nowadays 80% of American lives end in a hospital. The average cost of dying in America is \$32,000, although it can go as high as \$300,000. The upshot of this is that you die in a scientific environment with teams of people looking after you. Bells ring, buzzers go off, and people rush in to try to bring you back. The family doctor isn't there to quietly give you an injection of too much morphine at the right moment."

"People are becoming increasingly tired of their lives getting out of control and slipping out of their grasp," adds Wickett. "They feel that the ultimate dignity of dying, at least, should be their last right, and more and more of them are asserting themselves in that right."

The real turning point, however, was reached with the landmark Karen Ann Quinlan case. In 1975, after apparently mixing drugs and alcohol, Quinlan became comatose. After doctors said she would never regain consciousness, her family asked the hospital to remove the respirator that seemed to be keeping their daughter alive. The hospital refused.

After a much-publicized court battle a

judge ordered the respirator turned off. Quinlan did not die though. She remains comatose, being fed sugar water through tubes, her body wastes drained through vacuum hoses—a person neither dead nor alive who made many people aware of the horrors of modern medicine's life-sustaining methods.

The Quinlan story shocked the nation. But even more shocking are the thousands of people suffering excruciating pain who are begging for death, but are denied it until their illness finally consumes them. A perfect example of such a case occurred recently in Los Angeles when a man who'd suffered from multiple sclerosis for more than 15 years finally ended his life—brutally and painfully—on his fourth suicide attempt.

In his prime, Mike (not his real name) was in love with life, a man of wealth and accomplishment whom his family remembers as too busy and involved with things to even stop to watch a television program. But as his health declined to the point where he was immobilized with pain and suffering from bedsores that gnawed through his flesh to the bones, Mike began to seek salvation through suicide.

First he attempted to starve himself. He dropped more than 70 pounds from his six-foot-plus frame and ended up emaciated yet still alive. Then he begged his two daughters to help him. They supplied him with 23 barbiturate tablets, and he woke up six hours after taking them. The next time he swallowed 50 pills—and again lived to tell about it.

In desperation, he had a friend customize a rifle so that even in his weakened condition he could pull the trigger. Mike's fourth attempt was successful, but he left behind a tape recording documenting the nightmare of his last moments as he struggled with the rifle and his own doubts. "There's a time to be born and a time to die," he said between anguished sobs. "And my time to die is now."

After taping goodbyes to his wife and children and thanking those closest to him for all they'd done, Mike smoked one last cigarette. The final ten minutes of the tape recount his battle with the rifle ("This damn thing is harder than I thought," he said at one point), accompanied by ragged breathing, vicious curses and, finally, the rifle's explosion.

Mike's family believes he did the right thing. They only wish it had been easier and less painful for him. "I have trouble with the violence of the whole thing," says one daughter. "When I think of him sitting there struggling with the gun, and when I listen to the tape of what he was going through those last ten minutes, it's hard."

There are even more outrageous cases  
*(continued on page 126)*







"Well, well, somebody's got a new admirer!"









# C.R.E.A.M.

**Committee for the Right of Equal Access to the Media**

Your right to freedom of expression through the media, particularly through the so-called popular press, is about as real as Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy. Sure, our Constitution protects the right of America's press to exist and operate without a lot of government interference (although even that principle is on shaky ground these days), but there's no law guaranteeing any American the right to make his or her ideas known through the media. Even if you are willing and able to pay the large sums necessary to buy space in the media to present your opinions, those opinions better meet the approval of the powerbrokers who own the presses or broadcasting outlets. Otherwise, your message may never reach the public.

Not only do newspapers pick and choose stories to enhance the status quo that keeps their pockets filled, but they also routinely reject paid advertising on the basis of whether the information contained in that advertising will harm the people behind the people who own the papers—the multinational corporations and powers that pull everyone's strings. By doing so, these unofficial censors curtail the free exchange of ideas, perverting the concepts embodied in the Bill of Rights. After all, what good is a right that can't be exercised?

Shocked? So was Larry Flynt when he first became aware of this situation in September 1983 while trying to place his now-famous "Larry Flynt on Life, Liberty and the





Pursuit of Flight 007" advertisements in newspapers across the country. Larry soon learned that papers such as the *New York Times*, the *Atlanta Journal/Constitution* and the *Rome (Georgia) News-Tribune* among others would refuse to run the ad, even though it contained no vulgar, lewd, anti-American or inflammatory language.

Although the rumored reason for these rejections was lame—the excuse being that Larry Flynt's reputation is not of the caliber with which these publications can associate—the truth is that Larry's ads weren't acceptable because they represented an unorthodox political point of view. As proof of that, consider the following: The *Atlanta Journal/Constitution* and other papers that refused Larry's ad routinely accept advertising for porn-book stores and gay X-rated

theaters. But by merely proposing an alternative version to the "official" story of the KAL-jetliner incident, Larry found himself shut out—he was simply and arbitrarily denied commercial advertising space for no good reason other than his wish to express an unpopular opinion.

Men of equal moral strength but lesser means might have gone along with this game, but not our Mr. Flynt. Larry immediately responded by picketing the offending newspapers and declaring that he would keep pickets in front of those publications until the turn of the century. To back up this promise, Larry put forth an even larger commitment by helping to found a nonprofit organization known as CREAM—the Committee for the Right of Equal Access to the Media. Headed by Bruce Oliver and James Bearden, CREAM has taken the fight to the streets in many cities and has plans for many more.

The organization's first big push began during the week of November 21, 1983. To kick off the opening of CREAM's national headquarters in Washington, D.C., demonstrators rallied in front of newspaper offices across the country, and in many cases they were joined by passersby as well as employees of the papers being picketed.

The CREAM logo—the international symbol for no printed across the word CENSORSHIP—seems to sum it up best: Censorship of any kind is totally



*Bruce Oliver, the driving force behind CREAM, is a longtime D.C. resident experienced in dealing with the "folks on the Hill." Bruce and his associate James Bearden coordinate CREAM activities from their new headquarters in the nation's capital.*



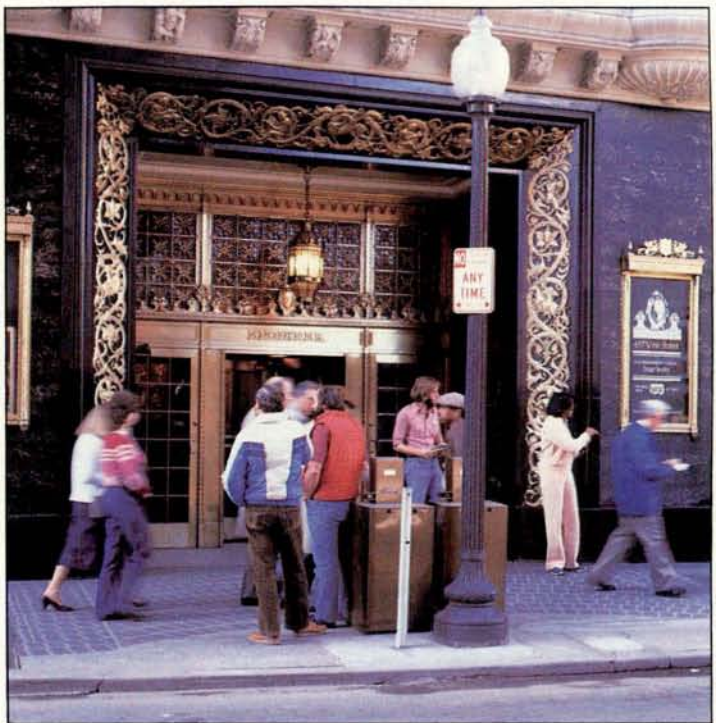


unacceptable in a society dependent upon free trade in ideas; and CREAM will be there to let the media bullies know that we're fed up with hearing only one side of the argument.

As you might guess, Bruce Oliver and his organization have their work cut out for them. As soon as Larry's problem with the press became public knowledge, he was deluged by letters from other individuals who have run up against the same wall. CREAM is currently investigating a number of other situations in which citizens were arbitrarily refused access to the media. The step after investigation is action. And action, as you can see from the photos on these pages, is CREAM's long suit.

For further information, please contact Bruce Oliver at

CREAM  
1635 Connecticut Avenue, NW  
Suite 200  
Washington, D.C. 20009  
Telephone: (202) 332-6800



*James Payne's Cincinnati crew outside the 'Enquirer.'*



*Lance Gardner turned his crowds loose in Atlanta.*

***CREAM will be there to let the media bullies know that we're fed up with hearing only one side of the argument.***





## HEMLOCK SOCIETY (continued from page 120)

*"Death is not always an enemy. Often it is a good medical treatment . . . it stops suffering."*

than Mike's. For instance, in spite of the recent Presidential commission's recommendation to permit passive euthanasia, many hospitals won't honor the requests of a lucid patient who asks for the removal of life support.

For 40-year-old Peter Cinque a court battle was necessary before he was allowed to die. Cinque was a diabetic who had lost his vision and both legs to the disease and was simultaneously suffering from a heart condition, ulcers and kidney malfunction requiring dialysis. He and his family, as well as priests he discussed the matter with, agreed that allowing the machines to be switched off was the only humane solution to Cinque's tortured life.

But even after complying with New York State's red-tape regulations in such cases, Cinque found his wishes blocked by hospital administrators who went to the State Supreme Court and obtained an order temporarily continuing dialysis. After all the evidence was presented, the judge removed the order and allowed Cinque to die. But ironically, although they had balked at first, the hospital personnel unplugged Cinque's life supports

the minute the judge's ruling was declared—without even allowing his family enough time to drive the few blocks from the courthouse to be with him when he finally died.

Up until recently it was fear of a malpractice suit that prevented many doctors and hospitals from honoring such requests, although none had actually been sued. Unfortunately, two California doctors, who actually acted on a family's request and removed the respirator and feeding tubes of Clarence Herbert, were not only sued by the state, but also faced a criminal malpractice suit from the family, who claimed they were misled.

When Drs. Robert Nejd and Neil Barber unplugged Herbert, who after ordinary surgery had mysteriously lapsed into a coma that appeared irreversible, they were essentially allowing him to dehydrate and starve to death, a fairly common occurrence in such cases. But a nurse who observed the situation reported it.

Although the case against Nejd and Barber was eventually dismissed, as of this writing an appeal is pending. The highly publicized legal battle has virtually para-

lyzed those doctors who were allowing terminally ill patients to die naturally. "Right now, Kaiser Permanente, the hospital where the Herbert case took place, is keeping *all* patients alive, with whatever means possible," reports Humphry. "So 90-year-old arthritics with no bowels are having everything done for them because of this lawsuit.

"Of course, Hemlock's position would have been that once a person like this has been judged scientifically hopeless, with no brain activity, he should be quickly put to death with a decent injection. We find starving and dehydrating repulsive."

In response to the medical profession's reluctance and many families' hesitation when it comes to any type of euthanasia, a number of states passed what is known as a natural-death act, or so-called living-will legislation, in the late 1970s. This was regarded as a landmark, allowing a person to specify in advance that he or she did not want to be kept alive by extraordinary means if something happened to them.

Unfortunately, the living-will acts have turned out to be maddeningly ineffective pieces of legislation. Mike, the multiple-sclerosis victim who eventually shot himself, had a living will, but he was never put on life-support mechanisms; so there was no plug to pull. In other cases similar fine points have left people who believed they had taken care of the matter of their death wasting away just as though there had been no living will.

"It was an excellent idea," says Humphry, "which was castrated by its critics before it went into effect. There are too many conditions that are virtually impossible to fulfill, and it turns out that living wills are almost meaningless in court."

What would be better, say euthanasia proponents, is a durable power of attorney that would essentially allow a person to give legal authorization to one individual who would be in charge of finances, while a second person would be empowered to make health-care decisions in the event of incompetence or a coma. As a result doctors and hospitals would not fear lawsuits.

The nation's first durable power-of-attorney legislation is currently making its way through the California state government and is expected to become law by January 1984.

In spite of its critics and the limitations imposed by its shaky legal status, the Hemlock Society continues to attract a growing number of members. Supporters are signing up with Hemlock at the rate of 400 per month. In April 1983 the group held its first National Voluntary Euthanasia Conference in San Francisco, with more than 150 people in attendance.

Humphry addresses about a dozen different groups each month and often ap-



Bill Mutt

"I got a question about sex, Dad. Will it always hurt my butt so much?"





"My wife... my best friend... my Haagen-Dazs."



# HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Name to Be Published \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (include area code) \_\_\_\_\_

Model's Social Security Number \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

**NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY**

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman ... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

**WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.**

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

pears on radio and national television. While many of the people he speaks to are afflicted with cancer, the AIDS epidemic has brought in requests from the gay community regarding active euthanasia.

A number of supporters come from the ranks of those who have been forced to deal with the terminally ill for professional reasons. Twenty-five ordained religious people belong to Hemlock, as well as 250 doctors—most of them front-line cancer physicians.

While not a Hemlock member, Dr. Christiaan Barnard, the South African physician who made miraculous strides in saving lives when he performed the first successful heart-transplant operation in 1967, is an advocate of voluntary euthanasia. Barnard, who admits he practiced passive euthanasia on his own aged mother, agrees with the need for legalizing suicide assistance for the terminally ill.

"I have never practiced active euthanasia, a deed that in my country is regarded as murder and could merit the death penalty," he writes in his book *Good Life/Good Death*. "But I do believe that in the clinical practice of medicine, active euthanasia has a definite place. I have learned from my life in medicine that death is not always an enemy. Often it is good medical treatment. Often it achieves what medicine cannot achieve—it stops suffering."

Part of the reason for Hemlock's growing support is that active voluntary euthanasia, legal or not, has been going on for a long time—even though few people would admit what they had done. "When we did a survey of our members, we learned that 37% of them had helped somebody to die," explains Humphry. "And we know that it wasn't since they joined the Hemlock Society, because we were only about 18 months old then, and they couldn't have all done it during those 18 months."

In addition to members in this country, there are nearly 30 groups similar to Hemlock around the world. The Voluntary Euthanasia Society in England, the Dying with Dignity organization in Toronto, the Right to Die with Dignity group in India, and others in France, Brazil and Japan share much of Hemlock's philosophy.

Although Hemlock and groups like it have stiff opposition, strides are being made. In September 1983, Veterans Administration hospitals in the U.S. decided to recognize the right of the terminally ill patient to forego resuscitation in the event of heart or lung failure. And recent opinion polls indicate that the public is becoming increasingly supportive of active voluntary euthanasia. This encourages Humphry.

"The current legislation has to be changed," he insists, "because we need to give the medical profession new ethical and legal guidelines and make voluntary

euthanasia a private matter between the family, the doctor and the patient."

Hemlock's proponents know that such changes don't take place overnight. But they would like to see a second Presidential commission set up, this one devoted to active euthanasia. Although losing a loved one is never easy, legalized euthanasia could help to make the parting less traumatic, as Alan and Ruth's story demonstrates.

Together for 30 years, they had the sort of love everyone hopes for, but few ever find. They were the sort of couple you see holding hands and know they've been doing that for years and wouldn't have it any other way.

After their children had left home, Alan and Ruth started to live the good life, enjoying all the things they'd sacrificed in the early years. But the golden days came to an abrupt end when Alan, at age 58, discovered blood in his semen and was diagnosed as suffering from cancer of the prostate, which had spread to his bones and bladder.

Within weeks the strapping, independent man was reduced to a severely pain-ridden, helpless invalid who could not even stand up long enough to pour his wife a drink. Their love managed to transcend the pain and bitterness, however, and they talked long into the night about what they should do.

Time passed, and Alan suffered continual humiliations, such as an orchidectomy (testicle removal), pneumonia and a series of operations that left him in worse pain than ever. By the time the cancer had spread to his cranium and impaired his speech, he was welcoming death.

Still a proud man, he acted on the plan he had discussed with his wife during their long, sleepless nights. He asked that a doctor friend be called. The doctor summed up the situation immediately and came armed with an overdose of morphine.

During Alan's last conscious moments he held the woman he'd loved, so long and so well, in his arms, kissed her goodbye and spoke his final words. "I love you," he whispered to Ruth for the last time. "I'll be waiting for you."

As is typical of people who help a suffering loved one to go gently into that good night, Ruth has no regrets about what she did. She and others like her know that the alternative is summed up by the words of a 78-year-old man brought into a hospital begging to be allowed to die with dignity. Against his specific wishes, the doctors hooked him up to life-support machines. But during the night he summoned the strength to rip the tubes and devices keeping him alive from his withered body and managed to scrawl a final message on the wall beside his deathbed.

"Death is not the enemy, Doctor," he wrote. "Inhumanity is."

MARCH HUSTLER



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BEAVER-HUNTER  
CAPS  
TO ALL  
CONTESTANTS



(EVEN IF WE  
DON'T PUBLISH  
YOUR PHOTO)

# Beaver Hunt

ATTENTION ALL BEAVER HUNTERS! HUSTLER is offering \$10,000 to our 1984 Beaver of the Year, and your lovely lady could be the winner. Besides awarding \$100 to every Beaver who appears here, each issue we select one as our Beaver of the Month. (Check out *Beaver Spotlight* on pages 134-135.) Every monthly winner will compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize worth

\$10,000 including exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER movie! So get those snapshots in today! A good Polaroid is fine. All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 128, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.



Photo by Husband



Photo by David Hogan

T.P., a 23-year-old professional dancer from Georgia, says her fantasy is for a traffic cop to pull her over, then ram her with his hard prick! T.P. lists her hobbies as mud wrestling, weight training and sucking cock.

Thirty-four-year-old Eve of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, says she'd like nothing better than to make it with two midgets at the same time. She's a dancer by profession, and her hobbies are horseback riding and men.

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Men & Women  
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Thirty-eight-year-old LeAnn of Glendale, Arizona, is an electrician whose hobbies are motorcycling and sex. LeAnn's fantasy is to take on five men at one time — after which she says she'd be ready to take on another five.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband



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Dancing, horseback riding and skating are what 24-year-old Debby of Mesquite, Texas, likes to do in her free time. Debby, a professional roder, dreams of someday participating in a threesome with her husband and his brother.



Photo by Jerry

Christy's fantasy is to one day appear in a HUSTLER centerfold. A 29-year-old clerk from Lebanon, Oregon, Christy says she has just one hobby — men.

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RESERVED  
MARK TAPER FORUM  
SATURDAY  
11:00 P.M.  
19





NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90

Now that all Jeanne Hebert's fantasies have been fulfilled, she's hard at work satisfying all her husband's. A 28-year-old housewife, playmate and mother from Soulsbyville, California, she lists her hobbies as houseplants, cats and collecting nude photos.



Photo by James Hebert



photo by C.J.



Photo by Eddie

T.S., a 19-year-old "housewife-to-be" from Belleville, Illinois, brings a new twist to the Friday-night ritual of eating out. T.S. fantasizes that while having dinner, her boyfriend drags her under the table and munches her muff till she comes! T.S.'s hobbies are acrobatics, dancing and sex.

Sunshine, 20, is a student from Ogden, Utah. When she's not hitting the books, Sunshine skis, jogs, plays racquetball and gets laid. Her fantasy is making love with the man of her dreams on a beautiful, secluded beach.

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Photo by Husband

Twenty-two-year-old Sue, a housewife from New Caney, Texas, has an unusual hobby: collecting mice. Sue enjoys being outdoors and fantasizes about making love with two guys at once under a starlit sky.



Photo by Jim Taylor

Cooking, reading, watching X-rated movies and getting laid are the favorite leisure-time activities of Wendy, 34, a housewife from Ohio. Wendy's fantasy is having a no-holds-barred lovemaking session with the sexiest man in the world.



Photo by Mr. Blue Eyes

Making love on the beach as waves crash over her and her lover would fulfill Kim's fantasy. A 22-year-old marketing director from Peoria, Illinois, Kim is into ballet, poetry, music and cooking.





Photo by Husband

HELLO  
my name is

Sue, 34, a housewife from San Bernardino, California, fantasizes about being screwed in the ass and pussy at the same time by her husband and another man. In her spare time Sue enjoys ceramics, nude sunbathing and fucking.



Photo by friend

A student from Tucson, Arizona, 27-year-old Angie likes cycling and swimming in her spare time. Angie's favorite fantasy is to spend an entire day making love on a deserted beach.



Photo by Boyfriend

Sandy, 30, is a Denver, Colorado, receptionist who tells us her sexual fantasy is "making it with two black studs at the same time." Sandy's hobbies include painting, horseback riding and men.



having a wonderful time  
wish you were here



# BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

In this month's *Beaver Spotlight*, HUSTLER presents Patty Henderson, an 18-year-old waitress from Arvada, Colorado. Patty tells us she's a master of sexual technique and loves to show off her talents with tongue and friction when bringing her partner





to orgasm. "The more times I can get him to come, the better," she says. Patty—whose ambition is to become a professional model or actress—enjoys group sex, especially when those participating are as experienced as she is.

"My ultimate fantasy is to someday find the man who will be able to make me have multiple orgasms!" We bet there'll be no shortage of volunteers to lend a helping hand!





## ROCK WARS (continued from page 47)

*The Sex Pistols' Johnny Rotten screamed, "You're a bunch of fuckin' statues. . . What 'ave you got between your legs?"*

Latin samba and African drums.

Established white performers were surprised that such an innovation in pop music could come from black '60s artists. And the fact that disco came to the public's attention by way of an underground subculture—gay clubs—left the rock recording establishment totally unprepared.

According to social critic Andrew Kopkind, disco was the inevitable revolt against "the sincerity and the pretensions, the struggles and the pain, the small triumphs and the final failures of the last generation. Disco affirms the 'unreal' '70s, emphasizing surfaces over substance, mood over meaning, body over mind, going out over staying in."

At the height of its popularity in 1978-79 disco represented an \$8-billion industry—not only music, but clothes, movies and nightclubs. At one point nearly 40 of *Billboard's* Hot 100 Singles had a disco orientation, and six of those were in the Top 10.

Within a six-month period the number of radio stations that featured an all- or partial-disco format grew from 50 to more than 200. The soundtrack to the ul-

timate disco movie, *Saturday Night Fever*, sold 30 million copies worldwide, making it the largest-selling LP of all time.

Then almost as quickly as it appeared, disco disappeared. By the end of 1979 it had been completely abandoned, with radio-station programming directors dropping the once-invincible format faster than they could say payola. One reason for its demise was massive overhype. Another was the music-listening public's boredom with the repetitive beat.

Still another factor in disco's downfall was the lack of any identifiable stars besides Donna Summer—although toward the end of the disco era seemingly everybody and their cousin in established rock and pop tried to get into the act. Cher, Bette Midler, Diana Ross, Barbra Streisand, Shirley Bassey, Paul McCartney, the Eagles, Boz Scaggs, Stevie Wonder, Peter Frampton, Rod Stewart, the Rolling Stones and even Broadway-musical star Ethel Merman all cut disco numbers.

In the final analysis, however, disco presented not so much of a departure from the '70s attitude toward music as a complete homogenization—music as pure en-

tertainment. And people eventually tired of such pabulum. Its one lasting effect was the inspired use of electronic technology.

\* \* \*

What is currently considered America's newest musical phenomenon—punk—had a rocky beginning. The 1978 arrival in America of England's Sex Pistols, the first big punk group, was a total failure. Their tour had been greeted by the most press hoopla since the Beatles' first tour. When it ended, however, the band broke up, and lead singer Johnny Rotten proclaimed to the world, "I'm sick of working with the Sex Pistols."

Later that same year the group's bassist—Sid Vicious—was arrested for murdering his girlfriend. The day after his release on bail from a subsequent assault charge, Vicious was found dead in his apartment, apparently the victim of a drug overdose.

"The Sex Pistols didn't do a lot for the actual development of music itself," notes rock musician-turned-historian Ian Whitcomb. "But it was their musical *stance* that was so revolutionary. They posed a direct challenge to the reigning dinosaurs of pop music—the Paul McCartneys, the Rod Stewarts, the Eagles. They challenged that whining, self-satisfied, laid-back sound of acts like Elton John and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young."

The Beatles, of course, had done the same thing 15 years earlier, but they had been considerably easier for the American public to swallow. While the Beatles had been playful, polite and full of hope, the Sex Pistols were vulgar, pessimistic and confrontational—at times even to their own audiences.

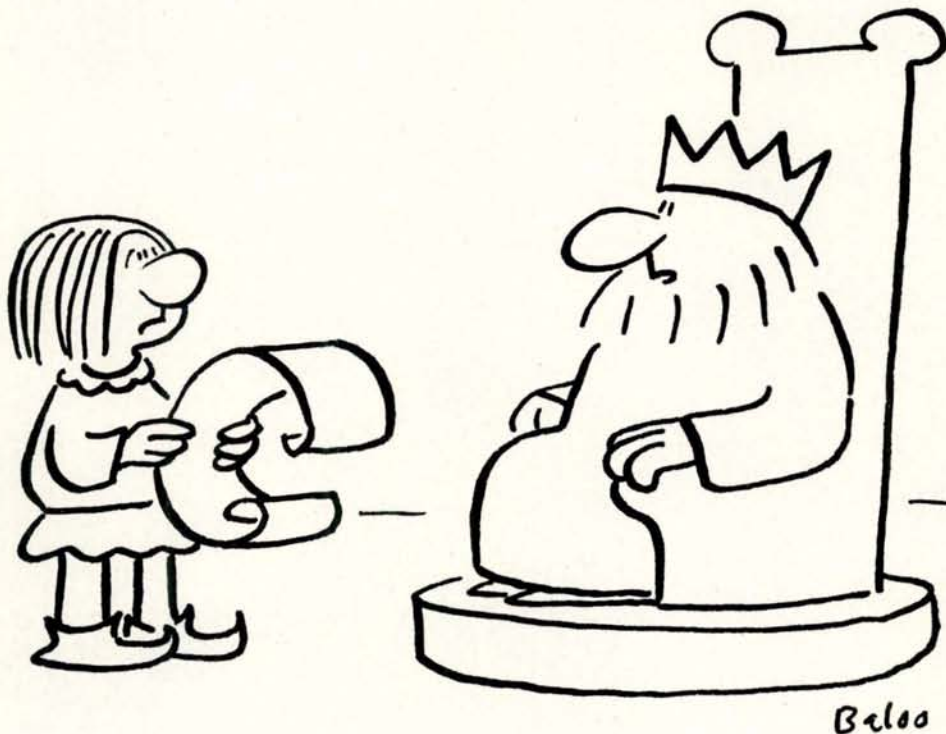
Playing before a passive, cowboy-dominated audience in San Antonio, for example, Rotten screamed, "You're a bunch of fuckin' statues. I've never seen people stand so still in all my life. What 'ave you got between your legs?"

The punk movement in England was born out of the dissatisfaction of working-class youth. Stuck in decaying industrial cities with little hope of upward mobility, British teens turned to music to vent their frustrations. And the music reflected their feelings: It was loud, angry and raw.

The English youths were not completely sure what they wanted, but they knew what they didn't want: a life like the one their parents had. The Clash, an early and enduring punk group, neatly summarized this feeling in its song "All the Young Punks": *Drag yourself to work/drug yourself to sleep/You're dead from the neck up/by the middle of the week.*

The central concept of the Sex Pistols' radical, nihilistic brand of rock—that anybody could be a rock 'n' roll star—paved the way for a host of new bands and musi-

(continued on page 148)



"Insensitive to the rights of minorities? You mean like niggers and stuff?"





# CAPITOL OFFENSES

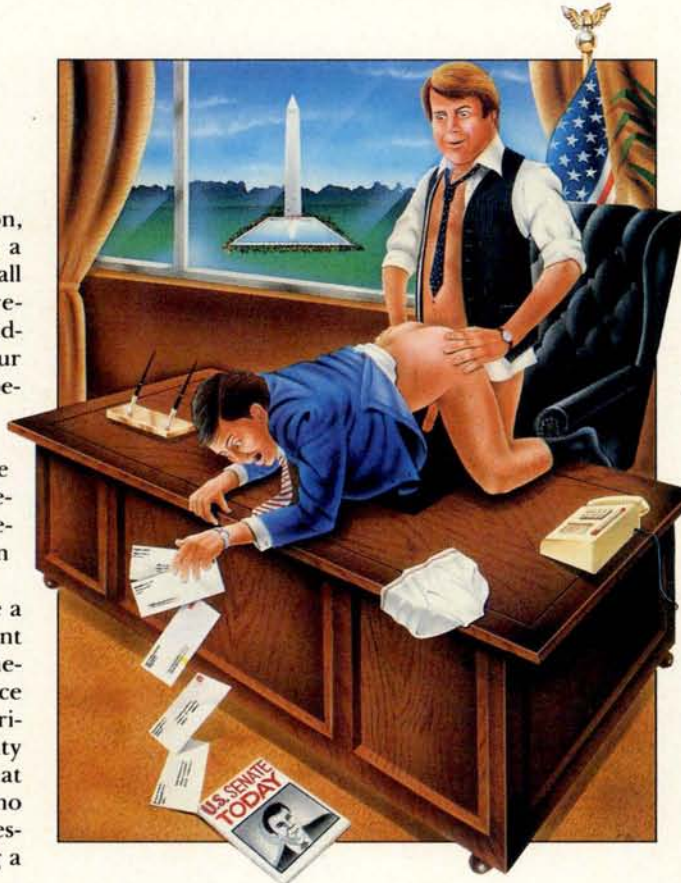
**W**ashington, D.C., is a symbol of all that we respect and admire about our nation and way of life. Yet beneath its respectable exterior lies a decadent underbelly of sex and sin. I know. For three years I was a Senatorial secretary—which is just a euphemism for high-class whore (in case you didn't know).

I never intended to become a prostitute. I left college innocent and starry-eyed with my bachelor's degree in political science and, of course, no work experience. Every one of my sorority sisters had been so certain that I'd be a congressperson in no time, if not the first woman President. I felt assured of getting a really great position.

After four long months with no job offers (only a lot of doors slammed in my face by surly gray-haired receptionists), I realized that I wasn't going to take Washington by storm at all; so in the interest of avoiding starvation, I finally signed up with a secretarial placement service.

Imagine my surprise when I received a phone call from the office of Senator Mundane (I can't use real names because I don't want to end up at the top of a CIA hit list, but you'll know who I mean), asking me to come in to interview for the position of Senator Mundane's private secretary! The Senator, who stands a good chance of becoming the Democratic Presidential candidate in '84, was a favorite of mine because of his nice smile and cute dimples. I couldn't imagine a better boss.

I was very nervous as I was ushered into his office. There he was: his distinguished face smiling at me just like on TV. He gave me a lingering handshake and circled around me, carefully inspecting my body like someone about to buy a new car. He



BY FANNE YARZIL

*Kinky Korner* is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. *HUSTLER* will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

grunted his approval and offered me \$25,000 a year to start, plus bonuses.

I almost wet my panties. Twenty-five thousand dollars? I don't even take shorthand—not that he had asked. As a matter of fact, he never bothered to find out anything at all about my skills. Nevertheless, I took the job and left his office intoxicated by the radiant glow of political fervor. I didn't know what my duties would be, but I started to imagine all sorts of exciting possibilities.

For two weeks, however, I did nothing but sit in a drab, gray cubicle and alphabetize Senator Mundane's phone book. My future as the first woman President grew dimmer and dimmer with each letter of the alphabet. I was miserable. So when the Senator called me into his office for a talk, I was so startled that I nearly knocked over my coffee.

He had a movie projector in his office set up on the desk. He aimed it at a row of filing cabinets that had a wrinkled sheet thrown over them to serve as a screen. He asked me to sit down on the couch, which I nervously did. Then he ran over to flip the lights off and started the projector.

What a surprise I got when the film began to roll!

I'd been to a few X-rated movies in college; so I instantly recognized this as hard-core pornography with lots of tits, asses, cocks and one highly confused Irish setter. They went at it so feverishly that they began to blur into one huge orgy of action. I blushed and glanced over at Senator Mundane. He was smiling and staring straight at the movie.

Looking back to the screen, I saw the biggest penis I could imagine, brutally assaulting an overly ripe watermelon. I did a double take: The penis was attached to the body of a very well-respected governor from the South! Other faces began to look



familiar: I saw a congressman from Massachusetts wearing a pair of women's pantyhose, and a Supreme Court justice without his robe, humping an inflatable love doll. Half the Presidential Cabinet were pumping their dicks and spewing wads of cum on a woman newscaster who was writhing on the floor beneath them, getting the scoop of her life.

I felt Senator Mundane's hand creeping up my thigh. I froze. His thick Midwestern fingers inched their way under my skirt and plunged between my legs. I wasn't sure what I should do, but there was no time to consult the Ethics Committee; so I just sat there silently.

Senator Mundane thrust his fingers under the elastic of my panties. I was as dry as Wilbur Mills, and the Senator tore roughly at the sensitive lips of my pussy. He whispered into my ear, "Relax, everybody does it on Capitol Hill. That's why I hired you." I debated for a moment, and then my pussy became moist with juices, drenching the Senator's palm.

I took control of my political destiny and clutched his hand, driving it into my cunt. One finger, two fingers, three fingers—I finally forced his whole fist into my vagina and slowly worked it in and out. The Senator broke out in a sweat. He pounded his arm into me like a pile driver, making my teeth rattle every time he hit bottom. He was up to his forearm inside

of me when I came, and my hungry cunt clamped down on the Senator's arm like a vise. My orgasm began in my toes and skyrocketed up my body. After a minute he pulled his fist out with a *pop* and wiped it on the couch.

I reached for his zipper and prepared to unleash a healthy kielbasa, but his penis was about the size of a breakfast sausage. I took the tiny thing into my mouth, and Senator Mundane moaned as I gobbled up his mini-dong like an hors d'oeuvre.

I had my first taste of power. As I rolled my tongue around the Senator's puny pud, he shivered and told me how important he was on Capitol Hill. As he told me about the things he could do for me, his cock became harder and harder until I was sucking on a shaft of stone. In moments Senator Mundane shot his load (all three little spurts of it) into my mouth.

From that time on I knew where my future lay. The Senator called his friends at the FBI to obtain a high-level security clearance for me. I realized my newfound importance and renegotiated my contract, raising my salary to \$35,000 a year.

Twice a week, every week after that, the Senator would call me into his office for "dictation," and we'd reenact our previous tryst: He'd show a film (taken by some obscure private-detective agency that had since gone into legitimate-film making), followed by a bout of fist-fucking with a

short-but-sweet blowjob to top it all off.

After three months I was introduced to the other politicians on Capitol Hill at cocktail parties and quiet dinners.

Once in the restroom of the Palm, a ritzy restaurant frequented by *all* the Washington bigwigs, I met and fucked an oil lobbyist who had the power to make or break a President. Senator Mundane needed the support of the lobbyist and wanted me to be especially nice to him.

The oil man was a big, pasty-white bull with a Texas drawl. During cocktails he would only talk about me to my boss: "Nice set of knockers on that young heifer," or "I bet she could suck-start an oil rig with that mouth." After an especially stupid comment—"Wonder if she likes it up the butt?"—I decided enough was enough.

I reached under the table and began stroking the lobbyist's derrick, and it rose to full attention. He began to stutter. I kept making small talk with the Senator as I pulled out Tex's cock. It was nice and thick. I could feel it quiver with each touch. A sticky drop of semen bubbled up out of it, and I reached down and gave his furry balls a squeeze.

The lobbyist grabbed my arm, dragged me into the men's restroom, pulled me into a stall and pinned me down on the toilet. He ripped off my panties and shoved his penis into my cunt, growling the whole time. I took him all the way in on the first attack. His flabby body pressed heavily against me, and I held his ass as he pounded away at me.

My blouse tore open enough for him to mash his lips against my breasts and chew on one of my nipples. He kept saying, "You like it like this, don'tcha, honey? Don'tcha?" And I kept answering, "Yeah, cowboy. . . I love it." His cock quivered in my vagina like an out-of-control fire hose every time I said *cowboy*.

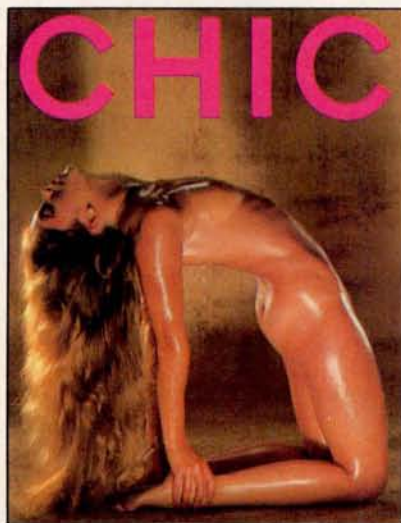
The lobbyist redoubled his efforts, slapping my behind against the plastic seat with each thrust. I snaked my finger into his puckered asshole and whispered into his ear. His body stiffened like a board, and I felt his cock balloon. He came like a Texas gusher: An amazing flood of semen poured into me, filling my vagina and overflowing into the bowl. I never knew anyone could have so much cum!

The well-oiled Texan zipped his pants up and chuckled. I ran across to the ladies' room to fix myself up. When I returned to the table, Senator Mundane was grinning from ear to ear. Obviously, I'd done a good lobbying job.

Eventually I met everyone of any importance in Washington: congressmen, judges, board chairmen, even the President himself. From month to month I consolidated my power and became indispensable to Senator Mundane. I was defi-

(continued on page 146)

MARCH HUSTLER



★ Your New Year's hangover should be cured by now, just in time for the intoxicating girls in the March CHIC. There's a WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' being done by some jukebox beauties for the glory of rock 'n' roll. Classy JAQUELINE is eagerly waiting because TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT. And be prepared for some Oriental lovelies who'll invite you into their TEAHOUSE FOR TWO. Finally, go crazy over BONNIE, but remember: THE LADY IS A VAMP.

★ Meet one of the most terrifying mass murderers in recorded history. Gerald Eugene Stano viciously killed his female victims after they refused to have sex with him. He has confessed to 26 murders and is probably responsible for at least 50 more. Visit with Jerry Stano as he awaits his execution on Florida's

Death Row. It's fascinating reading—a revealing profile of a sick and troubled mind.

★ The legend of West Point is nothing but a myth! Instead of training young men to become leaders, the Academy breaks their minds and bodies, turning them into robots acting out of blind obedience to their superiors. This emphasis on unthinking loyalty has led to sex and cheating scandals that have nearly destroyed the school. Discover the truth in this amazing story that breaks the oath of silence.

★ Plus, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK answers your questions about the good and bad of the plain-brown-wrapper industry; CLOSE-UP introduces you to the people who make the news; SEX LIFE keeps you smart about your favorite topic; DOPE tells you the facts before it's too late; ODDS & ENDS makes you laugh and laugh; and TRIVIA TRIP amuses and bemuses you with wacky facts.

**MARCH CHIC ON SALE NOW!**



# Honey Hooker

TAKING A QUICK POWDER-ROOM BREAK FROM THE CUSTOMERS, HONEY LOOKS AT THE NEWEST ISSUE OF COOZEMOPOLITAN.

I BET IT'S FUN TO WORK AT A WOMEN'S MAGAZINE. I WONDER IF THEY TAKE ON BEGINNERS? I THINK I'LL SEND THEM AN ARTICLE.

HMM... THE "ARE YOU COMPATIBLE?" QUIZ. LET'S SEE HOW MY LAST TRICK RATES... FIRST QUESTION—"MAKING LOVE WITH MY PARTNER IS: A) HOT AND PASSIONATE, B) SLOW AND COOL, C) BORING, D) LIKE A WILD ROLLER-COASTER RIDE." LIKE A WILD ROLLER-COASTER RIDE? DOES THAT MEAN YOU GO UP AND DOWN A LOT, THEN GET OFF AND THROW UP?

A FEW WEEKS AFTER HONEY SENDS HER ARTICLE TO COOZEMO, SHE GETS A CALL FROM NONE OTHER THAN THE PUBLISHER HERSELF—HELEN GIRLY PRUNE.

## COOZEMOPOLITAN

SOMETIMES THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB IS A WOMAN BITCH.

MS. HOOKER? THIS IS HELEN GIRLY PRUNE AT COOZEMOPOLITAN. I JUST READ YOUR ARTICLE, "I ENJOY BEING A SLUT," AND LOVED IT, DARLING! YOU MUST FLY OUT AND TAKE A POSITION ON OUR EDITORIAL STAFF IMMEDIATELY!

ME? AN EDITOR AT COOZEMO? I'D LOVE IT! I'LL CATCH A FLIGHT OUT MONDAY!

IS THIS PHONE SEX?



THE NEXT WEEK HONEY FINDS HERSELF SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOMEN'S-MAGAZINE BIZ.

WHAT COOZEMO TRIES TO DO, HONEY, IS HELP WOMEN TAKE CHARGE OF THEIR LIVES. WE BELIEVE SEX IS A VERY IMPORTANT PART OF A WOMAN'S LIFE... TOO IMPORTANT TO WASTE ON LOSERS WHO DON'T HAVE A DIME IN THEIR POCKET. SEX IS TIME, AND TIME IS MONEY!

A VIBRATOR DOESN'T SWEAT, GET TIRED OR FLICK ITS SECRETARY

HELEN GIRLY PRUNE CONTINUES THE TOUR.

OKAY! HE'S JUST ABOUT TO COME... NOW STOP AND MAKE HIM BEG!

IT WORKS!

EACH EDITOR TRIES TO GET AS CLOSE TO HER ASSIGNMENT AS POSSIBLE. THIS EDITOR AND HER ASSISTANT ARE WORKING ON "HOW TO GET A RAISE."

BUT, HELEN... THIS IS TEACHING WOMEN TO USE MEN.

DON'T STOP! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING!

USING MEN? OHNO, DARLING. WE'RE ABUSING MEN. THESE EDITORS, INCLUDING THE WOMAN ON THE PHONE, ARE DOING A PIECE CALLED "CHEATING ON YOUR MAN... AND NOT GIVING A SHIT." THAT'S HER REAL HUSBAND IN THE PHONE BOOTH. THE OLD FASHIONED WIFE WOULD WAIT PATIENTLY FOR HUBBY TO COME HOME. WE SAY, "FILL UP YOUR SPARE TIME!"

H-HELLO, HONEY? I WAS JUST FIRED, THE CAR BLEW UP, MY TOUPEE GOT CAUGHT IN THE SHREDDER, AND MY LEFT TESTICLE IS SWOLLEN TO THE SIZE OF A RIPE TEXAS GRAPEFRUIT.

BEFORE YOU COME HOME... OOH... COULD YOU STOP AT THE SAFEWAY FOR A LOAF OF... OH, MY GAWD... BREAD?

BUT THE NEAREST SAFEWAY IS 50 MILES FROM OUR HOUSE!

I KNOW!



LATER, PUBLISHER PRUNE DEPOSITS HONEY AT HER ALLOTTED DESK, AND HONEY GETS THE FEEL OF THINGS AT COOZEMO.

I HOPE YOU'LL BE HAPPY HERE, HONEY. IF THE PRESSURE GETS TO YOU, MY LEGS... ER... DOORS ARE ALWAYS OPEN.

WHEN THE WORKDAY ENDS, HONEY HEADS FOR THE TIME CLOCK. BUT...

I'D RATHER SPEND A DAY ON MY BACK THAN AT A TYPEWRITER ANY DAY... HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?

THIS ISN'T WHAT I EXPECTED AT ALL! UNDER THE SLICK, GLOSSY COVER OF COOZEMO POLITAN IS A SEETHING PILE OF DECEIT AND MAN-HATING PROPAGANDA! ALL RUN BY A SHRIVELED-UP DYKE!

SHE'S ALMOST DONE!

ABSOLUTELY NO WHITENESS KEEP OUT!

HONEY CAN'T BELIEVE HER EYES. SHE FINDS HERSELF PEEKING AT AN UNHOLY THREESOME - PRUNE, RADICAL FEMINIST DR. GLORIA STERNUM... AND A MONSTER WITH TITS!

OMIGOSH! PRUNE'S GONE NUTS!

AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS GIVE HER LIFE!

SHE'S GOT JOAN COLLINS' BRAIN, JOAN RIVERS' MOUTH AND JOAN CRAWFORD'S HEART! SHE CAN HAVE VAGINAL ORGASMS, MULTIPLE ORGASMS AND MALE ORGASMS! SHE CAN WALK, TALK, DRESS UP AND HANDLE MORE INTIMATE RELATIONSHIPS AT ONE TIME THAN MARILYN CHAMBERS - WITHOUT HAVING ONE REAL EMOTION! MY CREATION IS THE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT, BALD-BUSTING, MAN-EATING BITCH! SHE'S THE...

COOZEMO GIRL!

PRUNE AND STERNUM HAVE WORKED SECRETLY FOR YEARS TO CREATE WHAT THEY CONSIDER TO BE THE ULTIMATE WOMAN.

YES, HELEN. SHE IS PERFECT. SHE'LL BE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO HANDLE ANY JOB, AND IF A MAN TRIES TO KEEP HER DOWN THROUGH DISCRIMINATORY HIRING PRACTICES... SHE'LL RIP HIS SCROTUM OFF!

HONEY DECIDES TO SHORT-CIRCUIT THEIR MAD SCHEMES.

ALL THOSE FASHION ADS MADE THIS POSSIBLE!

YOU'RE SO WISE, HELEN... MMM... IF ONLY I'D STARTED A SEEMINGLY INNOCENT, MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD WOMEN'S MAGAZINE INSTEAD OF THAT OTHER MS.-TAKE!

THESE TWO WACKOS ARE GOING TO RUIN THE HEALTHY HARMONY BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING!







**BACK FROM HER NEW YORK FIASCO,**  
HONEY DISCUSSES THE NEW "GIRL"  
WITH MICHELLE.



THE  
END



# HORNY?

## Six Calls for the Price of One!



Now you can do something about it, and I'll help. Let me give you some of the **hard** facts!

Anytime! 24 hours a day! You can call me or one of my room-mates and we'll "**Get Off**" together for a trip into Fantasy Land!

Pictures are great, but now you can add a *live* voice to your favorite picture, or even one of ours. Fantasizing is great, you do it, I do it, everyone does it. But why "*feel*" alone? Let me or one of my room-mates "*feel*" it with you, at least by phone!!

For *only* \$25.00 you may call up to 6 times in a 30 day period! That's right, **6 calls for \$25.00**, as you like, when you like!

### Ask about our panties.

Want to remain anonymous? Call me at **1-203-886-5501** anytime and I'll tell you how. Or send a money order (checks take time to clear) for just \$25.00 to:

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We accept MasterCard and Visa, too.

## KENNEDY COCK\*

(continued from page 27)

**COCK:** All I ask is that you let the word go forth. . . .

**HUSTLER:** Come on, cock. Let's get serious for a moment.

**COCK:** Okay . . . John's still alive. He has a saloon near the Canadian border, and Marilyn works there as a waitress, and Jim Morrison sings in the band.

Furthermore, your Editor, Larry Flynt, is coming to visit Kennedy, Monroe and Morrison so that Bruce Oliver, the head of CREAM (see pages 122-125), can take Marilyn back to Washington, D.C., with him and set her up in a comfortable apartment in the Watergate.

**HUSTLER:** You mean the Tricky Dick retreat for retired plumbers?

**COCK:** That's the one. Marilyn's going to share the apartment with Martha Mitchell—she's still alive too—and no one will be allowed to contact her except Bill Zimmerman, Richard Mayberry, Andrew Steinberg, Dick Gregory, Madalyn Murray O'Hair, Clare Booth Luce, Timothy Leary, Herald Fähringer, Paul Cambria, Julian Bond, Jesse Jackson, Ben Bradlee, Fred Graham, Howard Rosenberg, William Paley, Gary Wasserman—to whom she'll give an exclusive interview for his magazine, *Mole*, in which she'll state that she's going to stay at the Watergate until she dies, and after that she's going to be cremated with half her ashes going to CREAM and the other half to be buried at sea in the Mediterranean, where Howard Hughes's ashes were dumped in 1971—Daniel Schorr, Ted Turner, Gordon Novell, Jack Sullivan, General Mitch WerBell III, General George Patton III, General John Singlaub, Taylor Caldwell, Linda Guell, John Rees, Dick Bass, Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Maxa, Mr. Moe Sussman, Paula Parkinson, Don Penny, Rosemary Woods, Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew, Gerald Ford, Tip O'Neill, Gerry Studds, Dan Crane, Warren Burger, Sandra Day O'Connor, Frank Rizzo, Frank Sinatra, Andrew Young, Henry Kissinger, Queen Elizabeth, King Gustaf, Francois Mitterand, Yuri Andropov, all other world leaders, the mayors of 24 major U.S. cities, all black mayors, spics, cripples and homosexuals (including James Watt), Mike Parkhurst and all independent truck drivers (no Teamsters, including Jimmy Hoffa, allowed), all bonafide members of the Mob, all members of the Mormon Church, Vicki Morgan, Senator Laxalt (and anyone Laxalt wants to invite—except Ed Meese), Bill Casey—only if he gets permission from William French Smith and only if he apologizes to Carter for sabotaging the Iranian-hostage rescue attempt—and Art Buchwald.

\*PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 A TASTE OF MONEY       | <input type="checkbox"/> 23 IRRESISTIBLE            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 ANYTIME . . . ANYPLACE | <input type="checkbox"/> 24 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 ROOMMATES              | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 NEON NIGHTS             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 INSATIABLE             | <input type="checkbox"/> 26 BAD GIRLS               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7 TABOO                  | <input type="checkbox"/> 27 ALICE IN WONDERLAND     |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 SEX WORLD             | <input type="checkbox"/> 30 PAMELA MANN             |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 1001 EROTIC NIGHTS    | <input type="checkbox"/> 33 8 TO 4                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 BEST OF GAIL PALMER   | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 AMERICAN PIE          | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 FAREWELL SCARLETT       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 16 MISTY BEETHOVEN       | <input type="checkbox"/> 36 DEVIL IN MISS JONES     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 17 HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES  | <input type="checkbox"/> 37 NIGHTDREAMS             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 NOTHING TO HIDE       | <input type="checkbox"/> 38 800 FANTASY LANE        |
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# LARRY FLYNT ON STATE/CHURCH SEPARATION



## ... And The Walls Came Tumbling Down!

**T**here is no separation of state and church in the United States. The United States Supreme Court has seen to that. They have knocked flat Jefferson's "wall of separation." Although the justices' means of flattening the wall has been intellectually devious, their motivation has been cowardice, and their reward has been the laudatory remarks of the media of our nation—the whores of the power elite.

The baptists of Danbury, Connecticut, wrote to Thomas Jefferson at the time he was President of the United States to ask him what the First Amendment to the Constitution was meant to be. He replied to them on January 1st, 1802, from the White House and said that it was meant to erect "a wall of separation between church and state." When one reads the decisions of the court today, there is a thematic misrepresentation of both the underlying idea and the words. Eager to uphold and enhance the reputation of judeo-christianity, the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court, over and over again, have inferred that the nation was founded on christian principles and that our founding fathers were christians.

They lie in their teeth.

Organized, christian religion in the colonies, before the nation was founded and the Constitution adopted in 1788, had over a century and a half in which to exhibit some kind of concern for human brotherhood and to respect the principle of freedom of conscience. It never happened. On the contrary, the intolerance, the repressions and the factional strife over doctrinal differences were so bad that by the time of the Revolution many, if not all, of the more educated of our leaders *had left christianity* and opted for deism. Unfortunately, adequate information about this is never made available to those who acquire their education in our public schools. There the impression is given, which is supported by our government and our subtly dishonest United States Supreme Court, that this is a nation founded on christianity. Deism is only briefly mentioned, although intellectual leaders of the Revolution were committed to the concept.

Deism was the system of thought that advocated a natural religion, divorced from the judeo-christian bible, based on reason rather than revelation, emphasizing nature's harmony and intelligibility, and rejecting the idea that any creator could interfere with the laws of nature and the matters of mankind on Earth. Simply put, the founding fathers believed in nature and nature's god. The idea was peculiarly akin to that held by the American Indians from whom we seized what became our land. Among those who disapproved of christianity as it manifested itself in the colonies were Colonel Ethan Allen, Thomas Paine, George Mason, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and John Quincy Adams.

Colonel Ethan Allen, the revolutionary hero of the Green Mountain Boys and of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, wrote a full-scale attack against the christian religion titled *Reason, The Only Oracle of Man*. Thomas Paine, of whom John Adams said, "Without the pen of Paine the sword of Washington would have been wielded in vain," wrote the *Age of Reason*, a bitter attack on the judeo-christian religion and its theology. He stated, "All national institutions of churches, whether jewish, christian or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit." Benjamin Franklin in his *Autobiography* explained how he "became a thorough Deist." Of christianity he wrote: "I wish it were more productive of good works. I mean really good works, not holy day keeping, sermon hearing, or making long prayers filled with flatteries and compliments desired by wise men." George Washington affirmed it all: "The government of the United States is in no sense founded upon the christian religion." John Adams declared, "This would be the best of all possible worlds if there were no religion in it." James Madison wrote: "Experience witnesseth that ecclesiastical establishments, instead of maintaining the purity and efficacy of religion, have had a contrary operation. During almost 15 centuries has the legal establishment of christianity been on trial. What has been its fruits? More or

less, in all places, pride and indolence in the clergy; ignorance and servility in the laity; in both, superstition, bigotry and persecution." Thomas Jefferson went even further: "I have recently been examining all the known superstitions of the world, and I do not find in our particular superstition [christianity] one redeeming feature. They are all alike, founded upon fables and mythologies. The christian god is a being of terrific character—cruel, vindictive, capricious and unjust." Few people know that Jefferson was so disenchanted with organized christianity that he attempted to create his own bible. He described it as a "wee little book" and called it *The Philosophy of Jesus Christ*. "It is," he wrote, "a paradigm of his doctrines, made by cutting the texts out of the book (French, Latin, Greek versions) and arranging them on the pages of a blank book in a certain order. . . . In extracting the pure principles which he taught, we should have to strip off the artificial vestments in which they have been muffled by priests, who have travestied them into various forms as instruments of riches and power for themselves." An inspection of the book reveals that Jefferson weeded out the illogicalities, the absurdities, the miracles, in an attempt to give the mythological figure, jesuschrist, some dignity and stature.

The founding fathers were very close to the religious wars in Maryland, the killing of witches in Massachusetts, the religious hysteria engendered by the Mathers, the intolerances of the sects in the diverse religious colonies. They knew that Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson had been driven out of their own states. They saw the laws on the statute books calling for "the death penalty for speaking against any known article of the christian faith" (Virginia); the exclusion of catholics from Massachusetts, where a roman catholic, "If taken a second time, shall be put to death"; they knew that the *great Toleration Act* of Maryland imposed " . . . death and confiscation or forfeiture of all his or her lands and goods" of any person who blasphemed god. They read the New Hampshire constitution, which openly declared, " . . . morality and piety, rightly grounded on evangelical principles, will give the best and greatest security to government, and will lay in the hearts of men the strongest obligations to due subjection." They had had enough of the judeo-christian religion.

All of our great national founding documents completely omitted every reference to the judeo-christian religion. The Declaration of Independence, on July 4th, 1776, completely eschewed any use of judeo-christianity, opting instead for the deistic terms of "Nature and Nature's God" and "Divine Providence."

The Articles of Confederation, proposed in 1777, had only one reference and that was to the deistic concept, in the phrase "great god of the universe." The Constitution of the United States, ratified by all states concerned in 1791, has absolutely no reference to any god, even the deistic god of nature.

If any high school graduate in the United States is given a copy of the Bill of Rights today and is asked to identify it, about 70% of them continuously reply that it is a part of the Communist Manifesto. This is how completely our public school system has misled our youth.

Now the government of the United States and its legal minion, the United States Supreme Court, translate these great men into christians by practicing deceit in references to their words. George Washington never prayed in the snow at Valley Forge; his so-called prayer is a forgery and I, Larry Flynt, can prove it. These great deists felt that the only way the problems of the world could be solved was through the work of "We, the People." And it is with those words that our Constitution opens. It does not begin with a plea to god for help, since the founders of our nation knew there was no intervening god whom they could address in their political instruments.

These founding fathers, wise for their time, had no inclination to lay in their hearts the strongest obligation to due subjection, via the judeo-christian god.

The United States Supreme Court ignores it all. Fearful of the power of "big religion," in their hearts even more fearful of their position after death if they should



offend "gawd," the justices singly and together have decided to give the nation over to the religious nuts. Beginning with a case in 1943 which placed the idea of god above the idea of our politically organized state, it took just 30 years to the day for the U.S. Supreme Court to make our collective culture "one nation under god"—note the relative positions. With god above and beyond any law of humankind, religious insanity became a sacrament to be protected by the nation's highest court.

In the 30 years since then the court has slowly chipped away at Jefferson's wall of separation. The court sniffs out what its elite power group wants and then attempts to fortify that against all challenges. Religion has always been used to control people. The legislative bodies, thankful for this help, have always passed laws to aid religion, to strengthen it, to make its job easier, to give it a position of prestige in the culture. The executive branch has relied on such people as Billy Graham, a frequent guest in the White House, to sanctify the procedure. However, ordinary citizens, buoyed with the hope that this combination against them could be effectively challenged, recently turned to litigation trying to force the U.S. Supreme Court to review these special grants to the church—hopefully to find them to be unconstitutional practices which must be stopped. But the U.S. Supreme Court, guarding the established order, gave serious disappointment in its interpretation of what the "wall of separation" between church and state meant. When a law in New Jersey provided free public transportation to students in roman catholic schools, but not to students in other private secular or religious schools, the Supreme Court approved the practice in 1947. In 1952 the court agreed that public schools in New York could be seriously interrupted to release students during school hours to perform religious activities away from the school grounds. In 1961 there were four cases before the courts to challenge Sunday blue laws in Maryland, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts; and the U.S. Supreme Court used up 222 pages of "decisions" to rule that modern America must "remember the lord's day to keep it holy." When roman catholic schools were "loaned" textbooks by the state, the Supreme Court gave the state and the church its blessing to do so in 1968. When the churches were found to be holding over 20% of all privately owned land in the United States, the Supreme Court ruled in 1970 that they could own that land tax free. In 1971, federal construction grants for religious colleges and university facilities were approved. In 1972, bowing to the amish dislike of modern education, the Supreme Court ruled that amish children need not comply with mandatory state education laws for schooling past the 8th grade. A young girl who wanted to go to high school to continue her education was forced back into the reactionary, anti-educational fold. In 1973 the court approved a scheme whereby a baptist-controlled college could benefit from the issuance of revenue bonds by the state to be used for refinancing capital improvements at the college. In 1977 the court approved of the largess of Ohio to religious schools in the state's paying for standardized tests, speech and hearing diagnostics, and therapeutic and guidance services.

The court's decisions became even more disastrous as more cases came to it, as more persons became aware of the oppressive civil religion being foisted upon the nation, as more complaints were heard. In all of the cases above, the U.S. Supreme Court has devised what it calls a tripartite (three-part) test, set forth in 1973 to see if a law, statute, rule, regulation, administrative order or similar what-not of government can "pass muster" to see if it is "constitutional" vis-a-vis the First Amendment to the Constitution with Jefferson's imperative call for "a wall of separation between church and state." That tripartite test, in the words of the court itself, states:

"First, the statute must have a secular purpose; second, its principle or primary effect must be one that neither advances nor inhibits religion...; finally, the statute must not foster 'an excessive government entanglement with religion.'"

The "secular purpose" has come to be a game of ludicrous interpretation in the federal courts. In fact, the Supreme Court itself came up with the most bizarre idea of all in the concept of "benevolent neutrality." It never dawned on the judges that neutrality was neutrality and that it could neither be "benevolent" nor "malevolent," for it would then lose its characteristic neutrality. Another strange one was the "child benefit theory" wherein money funneled into roman catholic schools was seen to benefit only "the little child" and not the roman catholic school system. Equally absurd was the notion that the words "In God We Trust" on our currency and coins were "a patriotic and ceremonial act," having "nothing to do with religion," "devoid of religious" reference. Full-size nativity scenes in government buildings came to be "mere trinkets" on a christmas tree. Prayers to open city council meetings were described as "gavels to bring the meeting to order." Violations of every sort were declared to be "a passive accommodation to religious beliefs," a "traditional part of the culture," an "aid to boost tourism," an "emphasizing of the historical contribution of religion," an "enhancement for the commercial exploitation of a holiday," and so on, ad nauseum. Government was willing to preserve the religious tradition by any fiction just so that it was preserved; and religion was unscrupulous enough to permit debasement of any of its basic ideology in order to maintain itself in the public arena with government endorsement.

Then, in 1981 came *Widmar v. Vincent*. Fundamentalist religious nuts were invading the campuses of state colleges and universities throughout the nation from the 1960s forward. But at the University of Missouri at Kansas City the administrators finally had enough and advised the groups that they could not use any of the university buildings or grounds "for purposes of religious worship or teaching." The group which was precluded from such use was one which sought access to the facilities for the purpose of offering prayer, singing hymns, reading scriptures, giving testimonials to jehsuehrist and teaching biblical principles. Unbelievably, the U.S. Supreme Court could find no "advancement of religion" or "entanglement of the state" in providing facilities for these fundamentalist religious nuts where they most desired the facilities—in the very center of the state-supported university, the domain of impressionable young adults. Holding that such religious proselytization had the "secular purpose" of "equal access" to university facilities, the University of Missouri was told by the court that it must provide facilities for religious services to any religious group which cares to invade the campus. Immediately, students at state colleges and universities everywhere were beleaguered with religious nut groups—now housed without charge and with their programs facilitated.

The swift consequences of this blow were just being felt when the court again

struck. This time it was in 1982, when a free giveaway of an army hospital with its related land to a christian fundamentalist school was found not to conflict with the First Amendment. The tripartite test would obviously stop such a giveaway; so the court decided that the group trying to protect the First Amendment simply "did not have standing to sue." Under the Act involved in the giveaway, the Health, Education and Welfare Department had been authorized to give away hundreds of millions of dollars worth of federal buildings on thousands and thousands of acres of federal land—all to the churches of the United States to sustain, support and assist the most psychologically powerful ally of the power elite.

In late June 1983 the situation became worse when the Supreme Court blessed a Minnesota scheme whereby parents of children in primary or secondary religious schools could, in computing their state income tax, deduct expenses incurred in providing "tuition, textbooks and transportation." The deduction could be \$500 per child per year in grades kindergarten through 6 and \$700 per child per year in grades 7 through 12. A roman catholic family with four children in a roman catholic high school could deduct \$2,800. An Atheist family with four children in public high schools could deduct nothing, being ineligible under the new law to claim the deduction. This is an incredible boost for religious schools. In each state a building boom as well as legislation modeled on the Minnesota plan can be expected. Furthermore, with this "expense deduction" against state income tax approved by the court, we can expect the same kind of law to pass on the national level. Schools saturated with religious precepts will soon be totally supported by tax dollars as they demand and receive even more of the state.

The decision in *Chambers v. Marsh* was handed down on July 5th, 1983, just as the court closed. The Nebraska legislature begins each of its sessions with a prayer offered by a chaplain who is chosen biennially by the Executive Board of the Legislative Council and is paid out of public tax funds. The Board has chosen the same presbyterian minister for 18 years and paid him a salary of \$319.75/month for each month the legislature is in session. He regularly prayed to jehsuehrist until 1980, at which time a jewish legislator complained, and he then "eliminated the christological references in his prayers" and began to classify them as "nonsectarian, judeo-christian... with elements of the American civil religion." After 1980 he removed all references to jehsuehrist. About the same time a Black legislator, who was an Atheist, filed a legal challenge to the prayers. The district court held that the prayers were constitutional, but the payment of the chaplain from public funds was unconstitutional. The case was appealed to the United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, which held that all aspects of the prayer said, the presiding by the same minister for 16 years, the payment of the minister with public funds and the subsequent publishing of the prayers were all unconstitutional.

It is unusual when the U.S. Supreme Court overrides and completely overrules a decision by a circuit court of appeals. But in this case the court waded right in and simply brushed aside the tripartite test. Where in the Minnesota tuition tax credit scheme that tripartite test was "No more than [a] helpful signpost," in the decision it went out the window. In a very short decision the court recited the facts of the case and then baldly stated:

"The opening of sessions of legislative and other deliberative public bodies [emphasis added] with prayer is deeply embedded in the history and tradition of this country... there can be no doubt that the practice of opening legislative sessions with prayer has become part of the fabric of our society. To invoke divine guidance on a public body entrusted with making the laws is not, in these circumstances, an 'establishment' of religion or a step toward establishment; it is simply a tolerable acknowledgment of beliefs widely held among the people of this country... we are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being."

This is a United States Supreme Court admission of belief in a god and of the efficacy of saying prayers to that god, and its approval of the fact that the country's institutions are permeated with the god idea to such an extent that the court feels that we must be recognized as a theocracy in our public tax-supported institutions.

This is the single most dangerous decision in respect to separation of state and church which the U.S. Supreme Court has ever given. It fully supports the fears which were voiced by James Madison in 1784. At that time he said if we permitted religion to "strengthen itself by exercise, and entangle the question in precedents," we would wind up with our nation supporting a theocracy. He warned that the people then must emulate the citizens of the Revolution. He noted, "They saw all the consequences in the principle, and they avoided the consequences by denying the principle." Since the U.S. Supreme Court has not denied the principle of the nation under god, we find ourselves in the consequences. The court has compromised our rights and the principle of state/church separation. But we should have known: Legally no one but the power elite has any chance in the United States. The judiciary system is bought and paid for by the lords of American industry. There is no hope of recourse to a body which is intellectually bankrupt and scandalously corrupt in its protection of interests of the power lords. Our "system" is a captive of the most reactionary minds of the nation. The United States still belongs to the legendary 200 families to whom it belonged in 1776. There is no redress for the ordinary American citizen—the United States Supreme Court has knocked flat the wall of separation between state and church. You are about to pay through your nose and your tax dollar to support every religious freak in the nation. We are back in the hands of a judeo-christian theocracy, and witch-burning is to come.

And through it all Jesus H. Christ looks down from above and says, "Don't they realize that in Matthew 16:18 when I said, 'Upon this rock I will build my Church,' I was talking about my philosophy and not the man Peter. For in 16:23 I said unto Peter, the man, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Need I remind you all now of Mark 8:36: 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall deem the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

HUSTLER Magazine knows that. And, in between the porno pictures there is a wealth of common sense, sound political opinions and information you should know. When next you see a HUSTLER Magazine on your newsstand, "Try it. You'll like it!"

LARRY FLYNT, Editor



(continued from page 138)

But I almost fell off one day when I walked in on the Senator unannounced. It was a Wednesday, our usual "dictation" day, and I thought I'd surprise him. I was wearing a new pair of crotchless panties under my skirt. Unknown to me, Senator Mundane had his own surprise.

I ran and knelt behind him, cradling his little balls in my palm and sticking my tongue into the crack of his butt. The Senator gave a satisfied moan as I worked my tongue into his sphincter, slipping it in and then letting it pop out again.

Senator Mundane grew hard again and began fucking the page. A trickle of sweat rolled down the Senator's crack and onto my tongue. I reached between the page's

My crowning political achievement came during the annual celebration of the end of the Congressional session. The legislators all met for one final fling at the Watergate. Every secretary, page (male and female) and mistress was there. The booze came in buckets, and the cocaine was passed around freely in private suites upstairs. I was the hostess for Senator Mundane's suite, supplying party favors for anyone who wished to make a "campaign contribution" to my fund.

At one in the morning Senator Ricki Rocket came in with his NASA space cadets and wanted me to take him "around the world." I escorted him into the room farthest from the crowd and sat him down on the edge of the bed. I unveiled his missile (a rather large version with lots of


Senator Rocket was not known as an "extended flight" man; after a minute of wild pumping he began his countdown: "Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . liftoff" We went from countdown to splashdown in less than two minutes.

The naked Senator was a powerful ally of Senator Mundane, and if he didn't get his reaming, a lot of uncomfortable situations could develop. I did the patriotic thing and went to gird my loins for duty.

Dimming the lights, I called out to the "whip," and in his drunken state he came into the room thinking I was Paul. He collapsed facedown on the bed and stuck his fat, withered ass into the air. I crouched over him and slapped a handful of Crisco onto his rectum. The tip of my dildo nudged his ass like an elephant's trunk, and the Senator impatiently reached behind and guided it into his waiting hole.

It was like churning butter the old-fashioned way. I'd pull my rod out a foot, then drive it home again. The Senator's asshole made a noisy sucking sound, and his grunts grew louder with each stroke.

I felt his sphincter tighten, and a gurgling came out of his throat. Then all was silent. I rested on top of him for a few moments and was about to roll off when the sounds of snoring began. The Senator had fallen asleep with two feet of dildo up his ass! I unstrapped myself and slid off to join the rest of the party.

The next week my boss received so many thank-you cards from his guests that he gave me a promotion and a raise. I'm now a special Congressional attache. Who knows? With the way the Democratic Party is pushing for a woman running mate in '84, I just might be the next Vice President of the United States. And then . . . on to the White House! 

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HF3-84



## ROCK WARS

(continued from page 136)

cal variations. Shortly thereafter disco rolled over and died, leaving the market wide open not only for the first popularization of new music, but for a huge resurgence of old metal.

\* \* \*

The development of heavy metal has followed a far-less-tortuous path than the bouncy route new music took jumping between the U.S. and England. Not that heavy metal has been free from change over the past decade. But the changes have been more subtle than the schizophrenic movement of new music.

Rather than innovating music itself, hard rock/metal reacted to prevailing or up-and-coming styles. Led Zeppelin, Ted Nugent and Robin Trower adapted elements from the 1960s blues revival in England, with a little of Jimi Hendrix's techno-flash thrown in. Add some Haight-Ashbury and you got the Grateful Dead.

The country influence of the early '70s was reflected in groups like ZZ Top. Genesis incorporated progressive rock. Kiss and Alice Cooper exploited the theatrics of glamour rock. And the MOR (middle-of-the-road) sound was absorbed by Boston, Styx, Foreigner, Foghat and REO Speedwagon.

Eclipsed by disco in the late '70s, heavy

metal was pronounced dead by everybody—except its tenacious fans. Enamored with punk and the many variations that followed it, rock critics had little else to say about heavy metal that hadn't been said ten years earlier.

Given the absence of media coverage, the revival of heavy metal was just as much a grass-roots, fan-oriented effort as was the punk/new-wave phenomenon. What the new '80s generation of metal fans turned to, however, were younger bands—Def Leppard, Scorpions, Saxon, Iron Maiden and a host of other new acts currently riding the pop charts.

Not only are Def Leppard and its contemporaries younger, but they also project their youthfulness onstage to an audience that's about the same age as they are. "There is an excitement, a *joie de vivre*, the younger bands have that a lot of the older bands don't," says Polygram's Jaffe. "These older bands get up there and act like superstars: 'Hey, you like my expensive leather pants? Do you like my ass? Want to know how many young girls we're fucking backstage?' Kids can't relate to that."

Critics may have trouble distinguishing the differences in heavy metal, but it's just the opposite with new music. Seemingly every new group brings to the public's attention a whole new style or a fusion of past styles with the new. The pick of the current

crop includes the following sounds:

★**Power Pop:** This trend uses punk's energy, combining it with the retro-sound of American beach pop and the Mersey sound of the early British invasion. Bands include the Romantics, Cheap Trick, sometimes Rockpile, Graham Parker, Tom Petty and Elvis Costello (although Costello, like protopunks David Bowie and the Talking Heads, tends to defy categorization).

★**Techno-Pop:** The current kings of new music, these performers take the heavy-electronic percussion of disco, speed up the beat and lay on thick, synthesized keyboards. Techno-pop is dominated by British bands such as Duran Duran, ABC, A Flock of Seagulls, Soft Cell, Depeche Mode, Heaven 17 and such American groups as Berlin and Missing Persons.

★**White Reggae/Ska:** This style combines the rock-steady back-beat and horns of '60s Jamaican music with the heavy bass of Rastafarian reggae. New wave and reggae actually rose simultaneously in the late '70s, with ska groups like Madness, the Specials and the Selecter building large audiences in England. Other reggae-pop groups include the androgynous, braided Boy George of Culture Club, plus Hayzi Fantayzee, UB 40 and the Police, a supergroup.

★**Rockabilly:** This trend was predicted to be the "next big thing" by *Newsweek* early last year, but that kind of popularity never materialized. The Stray Cats, its most famed practitioners, have scored big on the charts. The music harks back to the original rockabilly sounds of Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis. It also includes the Blasters and the Rockats.

★**Rap:** This is sped-up funk in which the main appeal is the listener's participation it requires. You have to follow the narrative, sing-song, rhyming lyrics to enjoy the tune. Rap comes out of the New York street scene of the '80s, as does its dance counterpart—break-dancing. To date, Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five is the only rap group to establish a nationwide audience. But ready to break through are the Soul Sonic Force and Wham-U.K.—the latter being a white group playing black funk music.

★**Punk/Funk:** This movement merges soul with the fast new-music beat and the theatrics of "glamrock" à la Gary Glitter. It uses freaky lyrics that tend to be heavily sexual. Macho Rick James and the androgynous Prince are its two leaders. Both have crossed over from black music to pop charts and gained a national following.

★**Salsa/Rock-Pop:** This combines a fast rock beat with Latin instrumentation (maracas, tambourines). Modern Romance, Blue Rondo A La Turk and zoot-suiter Kid Creole (August Darnell)

(continued on page 162)



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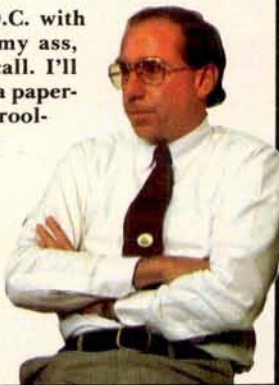


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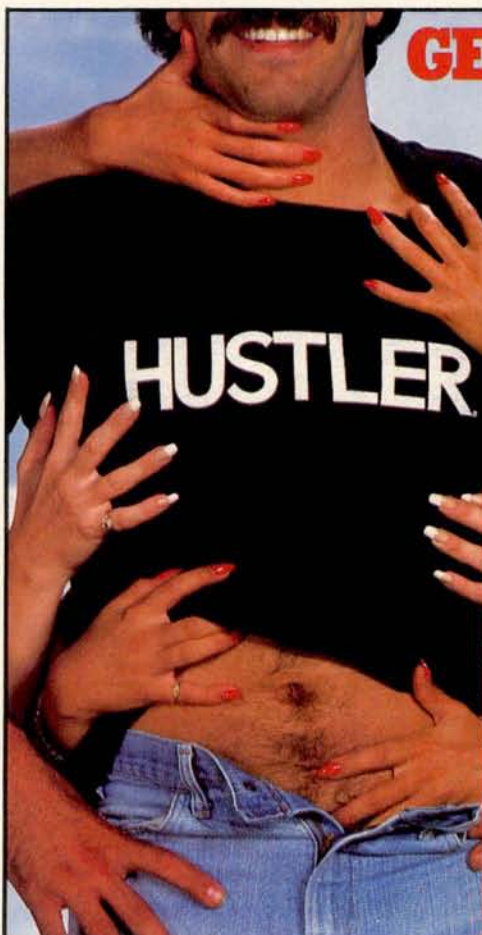


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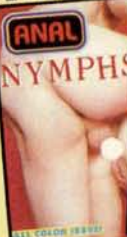


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# MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK



*This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in the pages of HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.*

*Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.*

**Edited by Doug Oliver**

## GIVE UP, SCUMBAGS!

If you've been reading this column for the past year, you know all about the scum-suckers called *PC Video*—alias *Videomax*, *Sanstape*, *UFA Fulfillment* and *White Horse Video*—who've been flooding the mails with impossible videotape deals. You also know that we've sworn to expose these lowlife turd-eating maggots whenever we come across their scams. Well, the latest ripoff perpetrated by *PC Video* is a porn "epic" called *The Scarlet Symposium*, which it's peddling to the public.

In a letter to prospective buyers describing the wonders of this film, Robert J. Nordhaven Jr. (vice-president in charge of production) paints an improbable picture of how it came to be made. Get this: One of the richest men in America strolls into Nordhaven Jr.'s office, hands him a shooting script he says he commissioned for \$100,000, then gives the executive \$3 million to make the picture. The only catch is that it can't be shown in commercial theaters, and only 1,000 prints can be made. Nordhaven then tantalizingly describes what resulted from \$3.1 million and a couple months of filming, and how it's all available on VHS or Beta for 75

bucks a throw. Not only that, but he also claims because only 1,000 prints are available, they will increase in cash value each month the buyer owns them.

First of all, no one, not even Larry Flynt, drops in on people and gives them \$3 million to make a porn movie. For another thing, no porn movie in history has cost more than \$500,000. And no one spends \$3 million (even if it's somebody else's money) on a movie from which they expect to earn only \$75,000.

But maybe this is all true. Maybe *The Scarlet Symposium* is a film "of such awesome power and brilliant beauty that it will live forever in the annals of erotic art and adventure." Maybe for \$75 each, *PC Video* is finally going to deliver value instead of the ripoff it has in the past. And maybe they expect us to believe that Linda Lovelace isn't a dog-fucker.

When are these creeps going to learn that HUSTLER will not tolerate their shameless practices? We'll continue to expose their slimy schemes until they clean up their act or go out of business. And that is a promise.

## CURE FOR IMPOTENCE?

*I'm looking at an ad on page 97 of the October '83 HUSTLER for Veritin-516, a "money-back guaranteed" substance that supposedly cures impotence. I've had a bit of a problem recently in that area, but before I spend \$20 for a bottle of this stuff, I'd like the straight scoop from HUSTLER. In short, does it work or not?*

—O. L.

Las Vegas, Nevada

The big selling point of Veritin-516 is that it's composed of a dried-plant-leaf substance called *Turnera Aphrodisiaca*, which the manufacturer claims is a mild aphrodisiac. We hardly think this qualifies it as a cure for impotence, but the product's maker is confident enough to offer a money-back guarantee in support of its claims.

We contacted the Food and Drug Administration in Washington, D.C., and we found out that Veritin-516 has not been

approved by that government agency. We also got in touch with the Better Business Bureau and were informed that it has yet to receive any complaints about the substance.

If you read this column in the January issue, you should be well aware that we've cleaned up our advertising pages, and in that housecleaning we eliminated all ads—including Veritin-516—that promote pills or substances which are unproven or could be harmful if consumed. We can't recommend the stuff and plead "let the buyer beware."

Besides, we've always said the best cure for impotence is a blonde built like a brick shithouse with a hot pussy and a tongue that moves like a helicopter rotor. Now, if you prefer dried leaves to that, you really do have a problem. . . .

## MAKING GOOD

*I ordered several VHS cassettes from Fantasy Sales of Sepulveda, California, back in June 1983. The total bill was \$367.65. To date I haven't received any merchandise, but—of course—my check was cashed. I've written this company and never received an answer. I'd appreciate anything you could do to get me my tapes or a refund.*

—Name Withheld by Request  
East Orange, New Jersey

We received several similar letters recently complaining about *Fantasy Sales*. Each of our readers who wrote in had ordered several hundred dollars' worth of merchandise but hadn't received a thing. When we checked it out, we discovered that *Fantasy Sales* has been out of business for many months. The company has been taken over by *Starlite Distributors*, whose owner promised HUSTLER that he'd make good on all orders placed with *Fantasy Sales*. Many orders have already been filled and are on the way to waiting customers. If you have any questions about orders placed with *Fantasy Sales*, the best thing to do is to write to *Starlite Distributors* (3309 Pico Blvd., Suite B, Santa Monica, CA 90405).



# LARRY FLYNT ON FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION



Imagine my surprise!

When I was arrested in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1977 under the local pornography laws, the District Attorney thought he could "get" me by applying to my case an Ohio law which had been meant to stop the kids at Kent State from demonstrating against the Vietnam War. Our repressive military-industrial complex thrives on war, and freedom of speech, *real* freedom of the press, freedom of expression and freedom of thought are anathema to it. In our nation today *dissent—in any form—has to be suppressed by any means*. So Ohio passed legislation that five or more persons who acted together for any "criminal" reason constituted a conspiracy under laws defining "organized crime."

I was charged under Ohio's so-called criminal syndicate statute with "criminally" collaborating with three other persons who were employed by HUSTLER Magazine (my wife, my brother and HUSTLER's production manager) to publish obscene material—namely 11 consecutive issues of HUSTLER Magazine. The fourth "person" I allegedly collaborated with was my own wholly owned corporation, HUSTLER Magazine Inc. In short, not only did the prosecution contend that a corporation was a "person" but that my wholly owned corporation could collaborate with its own employees. Thus, the prosecution contended that a corporation (which can only act through its employees and agents) was collaborating with itself—i.e., its own employees.

This ridiculous indictment was dismissed only after the statute was declared unconstitutional upon my appeal. In the meantime I had to spend thousands of dollars to defend this assault on my First Amendment right of free expression, and I had been convicted and sentenced to 7 to 25 years in jail for collaborating with my wife, brother and production manager to publish my own magazine.

But for the fact that the attention of the entire world was focused on my conviction, the Ohio appellate court might not have had the guts to declare the "organized crime" statute unconstitutional and that my constitutional right to a fair trial had been denied.

It is not difficult to say what a crime is in our nation—it is impossible. What is a crime for the poor is not a crime for the rich. What is a crime for the civilian population is not a crime for the military. What is a crime for the man in the street is not a crime if it is done by a politician in power. But the most important aspect of this special Ohio law, remember, is that it was written to "get" the kids who were demonstrating at Kent State. Of course, it was not a conspiracy of "organized government crime" when the National Guard came onto the Kent State campus and killed the unarmed student dissenters. The "crime" of the students had been the exercising of their freedom of expression—and freedom of expression cannot be permitted under the totalitarian regime of the military-industrial complex, which runs our nation.

The people of the United States know what "organized crime" really is. It is the continuing situation that (1) when they think for themselves or (2) when they protest the abuses against themselves by the government, which is supposed to be acting in their behalf, they suffer tremendous reprisals against themselves.

In Ohio I was found guilty of the conspiracy charges. The other four "persons" allegedly in the conspiracy with me were found innocent. This meant that the absurd conclusion had been reached that I was in a conspiracy with myself!

I decided to protest such nonsense, and I called a press conference from my jail cell. Judge William Morrissey approved that press conference, and it was scheduled in his courtroom. The media appeared on time, and then I came in. But I was wearing a T-shirt which had the U.S. flag printed on the back of it. One look at that T-shirt was enough to convict me, in the judge's mind, of some heinous plot. The press conference was summarily called off. I was taken back to my prison cell, and my right to speak was denied to me—despite the fact that I am white, rich and male. Imagine my surprise!

That incident has rankled me for years. In the United States, do we have free-

dom of expression? It was demonstrated to me that day that the answer was no. Everything that has transpired since reaffirms that to me.

But it was at that point I started to think: What about the long-haired kids who were expelled from school? What about that kid in Texas who was not permitted to sing in the glee club at his high-school graduation because his hair barely hit his collar? What about the woman in Utah who wore a slit skirt and was thrown out of her church? What about the demonstrators in D.C. who were all thrown in jail? What about the extraordinarily courageous whites who marched in Selma, Alabama? Did they have freedom of expression? So I decided to start to read what that venerable and honorable institution the United States Supreme Court had to say about it. Do we have freedom of expression or not? What is *permissible* and what is *impermissible* and why? Why aren't our freedoms absolute?

If I want to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theatre, I have that right. And if anyone is injured by my action, they have the right to seek redress against me. Can we write what we want to write, say what we want to say, express ourselves in our ordinary daily habits and think what we want to think, or is this forbidden?

I began to sort it out. If we have freedom, we have it. If we don't, we don't. But I immediately saw that the U.S. Supreme Court and the federal judiciary are not of that opinion. Very carefully they have all drawn the lines, over and over again, as to what is *permissible* and what is *impermissible* in freedom of expression. And I cannot and will not accept their distinction. *He who cannot speak his mind is a slave.*

When Dred Scott, a Black, ran away from his slave master, that was *impermissible* freedom of expression. The United States Supreme Court said so. That was a piece of property that had to be returned to the owner. The court based it all on tradition; the Black men were "... so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."

When the Ku Klux Klan terrorized the Blacks for 50 years, that was *permissible* freedom of expression because it was on the side of those who were in power and who wanted the Blacks to remain an "inferior race."

When two of the bravest women of our country, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, demanded the right to vote, Susan B. Anthony was arrested for going into the polling place and voting. That was *impermissible* freedom of expression. When Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer of the United States terrorized the nation with his famous midnight "Palmer Raids" on the homes of every "liberal" in the nation in 1919, that was *permissible* freedom of expression because he represented the fascists in power in our nation at that time.

All over the United States during the repression of the '50s state and private-enterprise employers required "loyalty oaths" of their employees, as they tried to probe their minds and discover "impure thoughts." This was *permissible* freedom of expression for government and the military-industrial complex, but when an individual here or there in New York, Maryland, California or Oklahoma was courageous enough to demand a stop to the terrorism, that was *impermissible* freedom of expression. The U.S. Supreme Court characteristically got there when the war was over and when the individuals concerned had been sacrificed psychologically, monetarily and with loss of employment forever.

When children in a school in Iowa wanted to wear a black armband to exhibit their disapproval of Vietnam hostilities, the school could badger and abuse them for over four years—or until they graduated—for that *impermissible* freedom of expression. And the federal court system, characteristically and deliberately, got there too late. Had not the battle against the war in Vietnam been already fought in the streets of the nation by our youth, the Supreme Court would not have reviewed the cases at all. But when the Roman Catholic Church wanted to start its own school system in our nation, teaching loyalty to the Pope and the Vatican rather than to the U.S. of A., the U.S. Supreme Court immediately saw this as a *permissible* freedom of expression.



When our country violated every treaty it ever made with the Indians, the U.S. Supreme Court held that the Cherokee first, and others later, were not really sovereign states, and therefore could not press their claims. It was *impermissible* freedom of expression for the native American Indian to stand up at Wounded Knee, and Dennis Banks was made into a criminal for doing so. In its endorsement of the rape of Indian lands the U.S. Supreme Court has been unblinking, for oil and mineral extraction is *permissible* freedom of expression for our multinational corporations.

Although the court mouths beautiful principles and states that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust and wide open and that it may well include vehement, caustic and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials, the court does not really mean that. When a circular was sent to members of the armed services, the right of freedom of expression was immediately circumscribed; that was *impermissible*. If Thomas Paine were alive today and writing, and if he were caught by the U.S. government, it would probably give him a lethal injection for fear that he might bring another American Revolution to fruition.

"These are the times," he wrote, "that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: It is dearness only that gives everything its value." In his emboldened vision, begging for a turn of events which aids all of human-kind, he called out in anguish, "I call not upon a few, but upon all; not on *this* state or *that* state, but on *every* state: Up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel; better have too much force than too little, when so great an object [freedom] is at stake." That is stern stuff to feed to the people of any nation. And it is not wanted in the United States by those 60 families who run the store.

I saw this bumper sticker recently: "Legalize Freedom."

I'm going to do more than that; I'm going to grab it and run with it.

I am a pornographer. My magazines are raunchier, more disgusting, more lewd, licentious and vile than anything on the market. They don't need to have social redeeming importance other than what they have: to illustrate graphically that our nation is hung up on sex, a natural function of healthy primates which has been suppressed because of religion. And those are "fighting words." I have not alone the right to publish these words but to picket, patrol, march, distribute leaflets, handbills and pamphlets, buy ads in newspapers, on radio and television, to publicly address assembled audiences, hire a sound truck to roam the streets, form a parade, petition who I want to petition, go for door-to-door solicitations, refuse to salute the flag or even to "sit-in" or "stand-in" until my ideas are distributed. It's useless for me to burn my draft card—the armed forces don't want a paraplegic anyway—but I'll encourage those who do.

Either our nation is free, or it isn't free. The judge in Cincinnati had no right to punish me because I wore a T-shirt not to his liking. As I have thought it over now, I have decided to go into the manufacture of T-shirts, to say anything I want them to say, to wear them anywhere I want to wear them, even in the U.S. Supreme Court. I'll be there tomorrow when my case comes up. And I'll be wearing a T-shirt with a message for the nine justices who are sitting now. If they can't handle the freedom that the citizens of our nation demand, if they don't love this nation—they can leave it. Reagan can set them up in Grenada, telling the relatives of the mental patients who were killed in a bombing raid on a hospital that our invading Marines had the *permissible* freedom of expression to kill them and that their loved ones had the *permissible* freedom of expression to die.

When Margaret Sanger attempted to give information on birth control to the poor women of New York, she was arrested because that was *impermissible* freedom of expression. But when the nation was put into the clutches of the fanatic Comstock, who in 1883 personally raided printing plants and distributors in order to seize the written word and imprison the authors and publishers, that was *permissible* freedom of expression.

Before the United States Supreme Court would take one of the "hot potatoes" presented by the dissenters in our nation, these beleaguered people had to march in the street, picket, organize third parties, try to gather allies, be arrested, suffer psychological abuse and physical beatings. When the Statue of Liberty holds out her arm on Ellis Island demonstrating the inscribed words on her pedestal:

"Give me your tired, your poor,

Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:

I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

This was meant to be interpreted that they would stay that way: tired, poor, wretched, homeless, exploited.

In 1912 the Pujo Committee of Congress revealed that the firm members of directors of two sets of New York banks, controlled by the Morgan and Rockefeller interests, held:

(1) One hundred and eighteen directorships in 34 banks and trust companies having total resources of \$2,679,000,000 and total deposits of \$1,983,000,000.

(2) Thirty directorships in ten insurance companies having total assets of \$2,293,000,000.

(3) One hundred and five directorships in 32 transportation systems having a total capitalization of \$11,784,000,000 and a total mileage (excluding express companies and steamship lines) of 150,000.

(4) Sixty-three directorships in 24 producing and trading corporations having a total capitalization of \$3,339,000,000.

(5) Twenty-five directorships in 12 public-utility corporations having a total capitalization of \$2,150,000,000.

(6) In all, 341 directorships of 112 corporations have aggregate resources of capitalization of \$22,245,000,000.

That was who owned America 71 years ago, and that is who owns America now. Those are the persons who have *complete* freedom of expression. The huddled masses yearning to breathe free do not even have clean air.

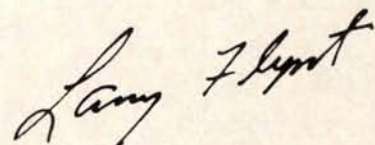
Today the situation is worse. About one-fifth of one percent of the population, the "super-rich," owns almost 60 percent of the corporate wealth in this country. Approximately 1.6 percent of the population owns 80 percent of all capital stock, 100 percent of the state and municipal bonds and 88.5 percent of all corporate bonds. There are 60 billionaire families in the United States. Th-th-th-that's all folks: just 60. In just about every major industry a few giant companies do from 60 to 98 percent of the business. Some 200 companies account for 80 percent of all resources used in manufacturing. Five New York banks hold a controlling share of stock in three-fourths of the top 324 corporations.

If any of those 60 families who really own America wanted something done in the United States Supreme Court, it would be handled in 24 hours on an emergency basis. For common folks like you and me it usually takes no more than 50 to 75 years to get the attention of the United States Supreme Court. When the fight has been almost won by the deaths, the imprisonment and the abuse of the dissent groups, the U.S. Supreme Court can ride the tailgate of the truck crashing the gates into freedom and say, "We've been with you all along! We believe in America!" In actuality the judiciary system has never given a damn about any common man or woman. It was brought into being to service the power elite and their property rights. Human rights have never been adequately considered by our courts.

When extremist, fascist "Father" Terminiello, together with Gerald L. K. Smith, created a riot in Chicago, Illinois, the United States Supreme Court handed him a bouquet and the right to go ahead with his hate-ridden *permissible* freedom of expression. But when the unions of the nation were trying to organize the working class, almost every union organizer was busted, charged with conspiracy, loitering or anything else that could be laid on him. To organize the working class is an *impermissible* freedom of expression.

When the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) brought a suit in 1957 to affirm their right to freedom of expression and association, the U.S. Supreme Court could not get around to hearing it until the fight had been won on the streets and politically, in 1963, six years later. All that the NAACP wanted was the right to advise Blacks, when their legal rights had been infringed, that there were attorneys in the NAACP who could help them. That was a crime in Virginia, an *impermissible* freedom of expression. But it was a greater crime that the federal court system, in dragging the case out for so many years, permitted the inequities, the oppression, the legal malice to continue.

When Black children wanted to wear "freedom buttons" in the public schools in the state of Mississippi, the U.S. Supreme Court could not get around to it for two years. The all-Black SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) had by then, by and large, won the war of "One Man, One Vote." Had that not been the case, the U.S. Supreme Court would have passed up this "hot potato" too. Yet, with two cases side by side, the constraint was *against* absolute freedom and *for* suppression of freedom of expression. If the children acted like "whitey," as if they were house-broken dogs with a collar around the neck, the physical expression of "Black is Beautiful" was acceptable. But if the children wore their freedom declarations proudly in their demeanor, with a haughty air, there was no freedom of expression. In giving a full rein to the state of Mississippi to brutalize the Black children in one of the two cases, the careful distinctions of the U.S. Supreme Court illustrate how it weaseled. It held that it was not for the court to consider whether such rules were wise or expedient, but merely whether they were a reasonable exercise of power and discretion of the school authorities. This was again the reactionary principle of "local option" that has so seriously paralyzed the civil rights of so many. But with the United States Supreme Court, courage is great in the rear ranks.



LARRY FLYNT, Editor



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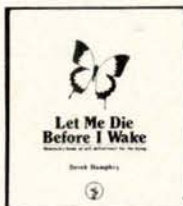
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On Donahue, CNN, CBN TV

### ROCK WARS

(continued from page 148)

and his band, the Coconuts, are leading the rumba line.

★*New Acoustic*: This trend rejects the synthesized, computerized sound of techno-pop in favor of unamplified guitar and old-fashioned drums. It utilizes upbeat, harmonizing vocals and an optimistic tone. Centered in Scotland, new acoustic includes the romantic Aztec Camera and the critics' favorite new-music band of late '83, Big Country.

★*Neo-Psychedelic*: This music is characterized by an atonal wall of sound, raspy vocals, dreamlike lyrics and a depressing mood. Another '80s British movement, it's carried forth by groups like the Psychedelic Furs and Echo and the Bunnymen.

★*Punk*: The originator of the entire new-music revolution, punk is still hanging in there despite the comings and goings of other musical fads. Punk in England has gone through several generations of bands. Its latest manifestation, "positive punk," incorporates an upbeat tempo and is not above playing silly love songs. Shock value continues to be an important part of punk's identity, however, as illustrated by the names of two popular positive-punk bands, Sex Gang Children and Southern Death Cult.

In Los Angeles the original punk sound never died. Bands like Black Flag (with its famous "kill hippies" campaign) and the Circle Jerks are still pulling in swarms of Mohawk-hairstyled fans at local clubs and concert halls. The greatest success story of the persistent L.A. punk scene has been the band X, which has received international acclaim for its intelligent themes and varied musicality.

With seemingly self-contradictory terms like *positive punk* and *new wave of heavy metal* being bantered about, the lines have blurred since the good old days of the Ramones on one side and Black Sabbath on the other. Perhaps the most discernible difference between metal and new music is their attitudes.

"New-wave music tends to be more moralistic, while heavy metal preaches the same old tune of drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll," says Bob Biggs, head of the new-music label Slash. "Heavy metal sort of feeds on itself. It doesn't explore anything new."

Former Kiss manager Kenny Kerner, now producing a new-music group called the Stingers, says, "New music talks more about pertinent subject matter, with references to changing sexual mores, social problems and pollution."

Polygram's Jaffe feels differently: "Punk is more anarchistic than heavy metal, which has a very communal feel to it when played live. New wave doesn't stand for

anything... it's just the new pop music."

To one outside observer of the overall scene, both heavy metal and new music seem the same. "Today's music has no soul," says historian Whitcomb. "For the first time in pop music there is no R&B influence. It's been replaced by this very precise, technology-oriented new-wave sound with its hippety-hoppy, nervous beat that makes you want to run to the lavatory. Or it's been pushed out by the other big sound, this Neanderthal heavy-metal garbage—the kind of music listened to by beer-bellied slob with baseball caps who belch a lot and are all very sexist."

"They are both very much sadomasochistic. I can imagine that if today's music existed 40 years ago, you would have the Nazi high command listening to the new-wave techno-pop, and their storm troopers stomping to the beat of heavy metal."

Three years ago the battle between heavy metal and new music was for control of the airwaves. Today the struggle is taking place in a new arena—cable television's MTV. An advertising-supported cable station, MTV was begun in 1981 at a cost of \$20 million by the Warner-Amex Satellite Corporation—a joint venture of Warner Communications and the American Express Company.

Music video—or short, promotional videotapes that revolve around a song—are provided to the station free by record companies. And with good reason. A clip shown on MTV's 24-hour-a-day programming can be initially seen in more than 12 million homes and is repeated over and over again. A national tour may take up to six months or more and reach only a few hundred thousand fans.

MTV estimates it's adding new subscribers at the rate of 1 million homes per month, and music video is even influencing the way music is written. "Once you know that a song is going to end up on the screen," says singer/songwriter Kim Carnes, "you think in terms of visuals. You almost see the lyrics as you write them."

Adds producer Kerner: "It allows audiences to see bands they would not normally be exposed to. A kid in Iowa might sit down in front of MTV for an hour and be exposed to eight groups he would not have known about or heard on his favorite radio station."

For the first time since the rock era began, it has become possible for an act to build a national audience without its records being played on radio stations. The Stray Cats, Duran Duran, Men At Work, Adam Ant and A Flock of Seagulls were first exposed to the American public through MTV. During the summer of 1982 the Stray Cats sold out a nationwide tour and sold 300,000 records beforehand—all

(continued on page 166)

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## ARE LUBRICANTS KILLING GAYS?

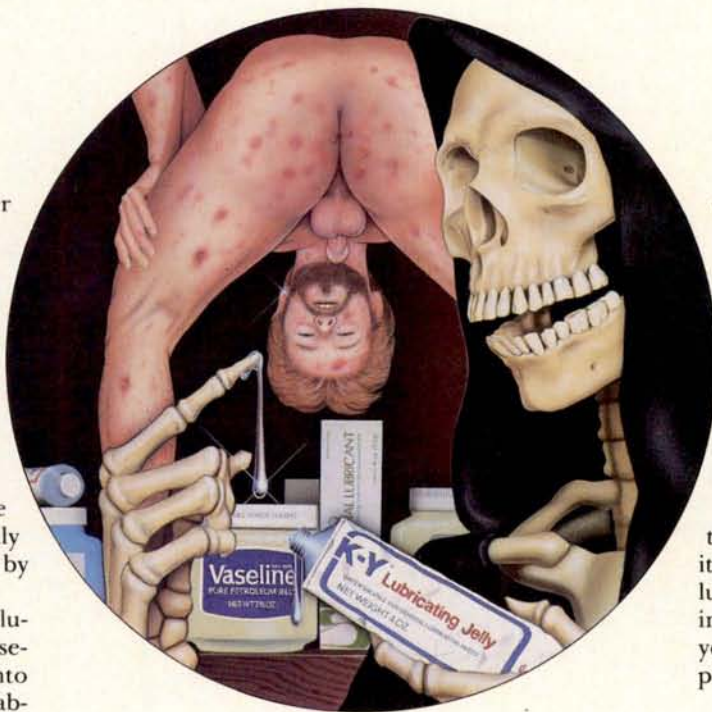
**A** controversial cancer therapist working in the Bahamas claims that the cause of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) may be the lubricants used by homosexuals during anal intercourse. Unlike other AIDS researchers in the country, Dr. Lawrence Burton feels that this deadly disorder is *not* communicated by sexual contact itself.

He says his research shows lubricants like K-Y Jelly and Vaseline could be breaking down into fatty globules that are being absorbed in the anal passage. There they may be entering the bloodstream and eventually destroying the body's immune system, creating clots in the lungs, blocking arteries and causing diseases like Kaposi's sarcoma (skin cancer)—a major killer of AIDS victims.

Burton became involved in AIDS research through his Immunology Researching Centre in Freeport, Bahamas, where he says he's treated more than 2,000 cancer patients with a series of injections that supposedly boost the body's immune system and give it the ability to fight off tumors and other symptoms of cancer.

In 1982 four gay male AIDS victims, attracted by Burton's claims of a 50%-to-60% success rate in treating other "incurable" patients, came to his clinic in a last-ditch effort to save their lives. Noticing that all four shared similar symptoms with his cancer patients—including a suppressed immune system, tumor growth and rampant infection—he gave them the same injections he was using on cancer victims. The four men responded well, he reports, and their symptoms disappeared.

After extensive interviews he found that all of the AIDS sufferers he treated were submissive in their sexual relationships. They liked to be penetrated anally rather than penetrating their partners. The dominant lovers hadn't contracted AIDS,



**BY BILL BARRY**

*Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*

and none of the men knew any exclusively dominant homosexuals who had.

Burton concluded that anal intercourse was the key to the disorder. But since anal sex has been practiced for thousands of years without AIDS ever having appeared—the first recognized case showed up in 1978—he reasoned that something modern must be causing it. He guessed that man-made lubricants—the use of which has increased drastically in recent years—might be the root of the problem.

In 1982 he began experimenting on mice using K-Y Jelly, the most popular synthetic lubricant on the market. Two strains of mice were used—one with a weak immune system and one with stronger natural defenses. They were divided into several groups of four, including a weaker group, a stronger group and a control group with both weak and strong mice.

For the next several weeks a stick was inserted into the rectum of each mouse from one to four times a day. K-Y Jelly coated the sticks used on the weak and strong groups, and the control group received a dry stick. The control group survived the experiment in perfect health, but ten out of 12 from the other groups died, three in the first two weeks. All mice that became sick exhibited symptoms similar to those suffered by AIDS victims—tumors and infections of the skin, eyes, jaws and lungs. The animals' ability to survive K-Y seemed to depend on the strength of their natural immune systems, Burton concluded.

Meanwhile, Burton says, Johnson & Johnson—the makers of K-Y Jelly—contacted him about his experiments, then sent two doctors to evaluate his work. They asked him to test K-Y supplied by J&J, and suggested he test other lubricants also. Burton thought that was a "splendid idea."

So in January 1983 Burton began working with six new



groups of mice. Each group was penetrated with one of the following lubricants: K-Y Jelly, Ortho Personal Lubricant, G&B lubricating jelly and Vaseline. One control group got a water-moistened stick, and the other got a dry stick. The control mice survived in perfect condition, as did one mouse lubricated with the K-Y supplied by Johnson & Johnson. But the rest died.

Again, the symptoms of AIDS were present in all the dead mice. In Burton's opinion this demonstrated that anal penetration with synthetic lubricants was the real cause of the disorder. When Burton told the Johnson & Johnson representative that the other lubricants were just as likely to cause AIDS as K-Y Jelly, "the man was hysterical with glee. I asked him, 'Why not take K-Y off the market?' He said, 'We make \$180 million in profit on that product—we won't take it off.'

"I think J&J knew all along something was wrong with K-Y," Burton says. "The company had already recalled it three times. When I asked why, they just said they improved it. But they didn't say what needed improvement. Then, during these experiments, they recalled 300,000 cartons—because a 'foreign particle' had been found in it."

Burton suspected that the harmful "particle" Johnson & Johnson was worried about was agar-agar, a derivative of kelp that is used in lubricants as a greasing

agent. Kelp, he later learned, is a favorite food of Haitians, the group with the second-highest risk of contracting AIDS. To test his suspicion that agar-agar was the AIDS-causing ingredient, Burton went back to the lab. This time he used straight agar-agar on his mice, penetrating them rectally with it and feeding it to them orally. His hunch seemed to prove correct: All the mice died.

The vice-president of consumer affairs for Johnson & Johnson, Jane Yates, states Burton's allegations about K-Y are "substantially incorrect." According to the J&J spokesperson, "K-Y Jelly does not contain agar-agar." Yates also says that the Food and Drug Administration recalled 28,000 cases of K-Y rather than the 300,000 cases reported by Burton. Furthermore, she says that the FDA described the recalled K-Y as "not a threat." According to Yates, Johnson & Johnson earns "only" an \$8-million profit on sales of K-Y. Although she did not deny that Johnson & Johnson had contacted Dr. Burton and knew about his experiments, she did deny all of Dr. Burton's statements regarding that visit, including the one in which J&J representatives were reported to have been happy about the fact that all commercial lubricants appear to have the same effect, based on the results of Burton's experiments.

Burton repeated his tests with other lu-

bricants, exposing his mice to anal penetration with Vaseline, mineral oil, wheat-germ oil, aloe vera, margarine, olive oil, Crisco shortening and Mazola corn oil. Except for the control, Crisco and Mazola mice, every mouse died. Burton mentioned these results to an AIDS patient, who laughed and told him about a Greenwich Village homosexual group called the Leather Jackets, who carry cans of Crisco and boast that they don't get as sick as guys who use different lubricants.


Later, Burton repeated his experiments with lubricants, varying the substances, dosages and frequency of anal penetration. He found they were less lethal when used less often. That tied in with an observation made by AIDS researchers: Very promiscuous homosexuals are more likely to get the disorder.

Burton's findings run counter to those of the rest of the medical community. Among "mainstream" scientists, the prevalent theory is that AIDS is caused by a virus known as CMV, which has been found in the bloodstreams of 94% of all homosexual men who have been tested for it. Although CMV is not normally dangerous, it is widely believed that repeated anal intercourse with a wide variety of partners breaks down the body's natural immunity to CMV, allowing the virus to run rampant and cause further destruction to the body's immune system.

Burton is not a medical doctor but has a doctorate in experimental zoology. His credentials include a seven-year term as senior investigator and senior oncologist (tumor specialist) at New York's St. Vincent Hospital. Dismissed by some in the American medical establishment as a charlatan and a quack, Burton is also hailed as a "miracle worker" by patients who claim he has saved their lives.

At this point Burton admits that the mice experiments have not proven that lubricants cause AIDS.

"But infections and tumors *did* develop from the lubricants," he says. "And not one infection developed from an unlubricated stick. The key to whether or not a test mouse developed symptoms was the strength of the animal's immune system. Weak immune systems gave in right away. Stronger ones could resist. Some immune systems are strong enough to reject AIDS; others aren't."

Until further research is done into Burton's findings, anyone who has frequent anal intercourse can take extra precautions against AIDS by not using any man-made lubricants and instead relying on "natural" substances such as water, saliva and vaginal fluid. They can also keep reading HUSTLER because we'll be keeping the world posted on further developments in the search for the cause of, and cure for this killer disorder. 

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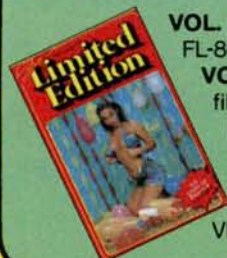


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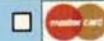
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## ROCK WARS

(continued from page 162)

on the strength of their MTV clips.

Which has the video advantage—new music or heavy metal? "Since new wave is more conceptual, it may gain an edge on heavy metal," says Slash Records' Biggs. "When you come down to it, a band's music isn't all that important. It's their packaging and their identity [that determine their popularity]. New-music groups tend to build a definable identity for themselves more quickly."

San Francisco-based concert promoter Bill Graham sees the question in an entirely different light. "Because of these videos, young rock musicians are thrust into becoming actors early on," he says. "But the rock 'n' roll veteran may not have done that yet. And it's going to be harder for some of the older guys to learn."

In any event, veteran rockers will have more outlets to practice their acting abilities. MTV has spawned a host of competitors—USA Network's *Night Flight*, USA Cable's *Radio 1990* and *Night Tracks* on Ted Turner's superstation. Even the long-established NBC commercial network has gotten into the picture with its *Friday Night Videos*.

Who will win the battle between new music and heavy metal? Maybe neither

one of them. Mainstream/MOR rock still dominates the airwaves, although it has lost plenty of ground since its heyday in the mid-1970s. Four years ago it managed to nip both movements in the bud when a host of supergroups including Fleetwood Mac, the Stones, the Eagles and the Doobie Brothers released LPs after a two-year absence from the market. Last Christmas, responding to the new challenge, the mainstream heavy artillery—Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney, John Cougar, the Stones, Robin Gibb, Paul Simon, Stevie Wonder and Genesis—all released new LPs.

The increasing fragmentation of the market may eventually make the term *Top 40* obsolete as it applies to pop music in general. The question in the future could be *which* Top 40? Already, new music has its own awards—equivalent to the Grammys—and its own annual convention. Both heavy metal and new music have their own special-interest publications—*Creem*, *Hit Parader* and *Circus* cover heavy metal; *Trouser Press* and a network of weekly tabloid magazines in the larger cities focus on new music.


(The exception to the fragmentation of the music press has been *Rock* magazine. Founded in 1981, it covers the full spectrum of rock—music and video—the way *Rolling Stone* did before it became a general-features magazine in the '70s.)

One thing is clear: At least for the im-

mediate future the competition between new music and metal has expanded beyond the traditional British-American theater. West Germany's new-music act, Falco, charted a Number 1 pop hit in the U.S. last year with his single "Der Commisser." Scorpions, one of the most popular metal acts, is also from that country.

And Australia is shaping up to be the most fertile ground for new recruits, supplying popular heavy-metal bands such as AC/DC, Angel City and Cold Chisel, as well as new-music attractions like Icehouse, INXS, Mental as Anything, Midnight Oil and the Divinyls. The incredible rock popularity of the groups from down under is demonstrated by the fact that sound studios there are booked literally years in advance.

One additional scenario is possible. Metal and new music could be fused—the way the Southern-black sound and white music were to produce rock 'n' roll. A new British group, Space Monkey, is already doing that. And the Plasmatics, featuring bare-breasted Wendy O. Williams, come pretty close—although they're more on the metal side.

Still, it's hard to imagine Culture Club's Boy George bare-chested, wearing black leather and chains. One thing is certain though: If he went that way, he wouldn't have to cut his hair—all he'd have to do is get rid of the braids. 

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(continued from page 42)

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—Roy M. Byus  
McAlester, Oklahoma

It's about time that Americans begin censoring obnoxious, bold pornography. You Americans are like the lustful Romans who gorged themselves with evil entertainment. The Roman Empire was invaded and defeated by barbarians. And Americans are in danger of being invaded by Communists.

To make certain of victory during the Second World War, censors removed all obscene, filthy sex-sin from every magazine. The United States is becoming like Sodom and Gomorrah, the biblical cities that came to ruin because of such terrible, filthy sex-sin.

As far as I'm concerned, the protection of women, children, unborn babies and animals is far more important than the freedom of filthy expression.

-A. Anderson  
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters to **Feedback**, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. 

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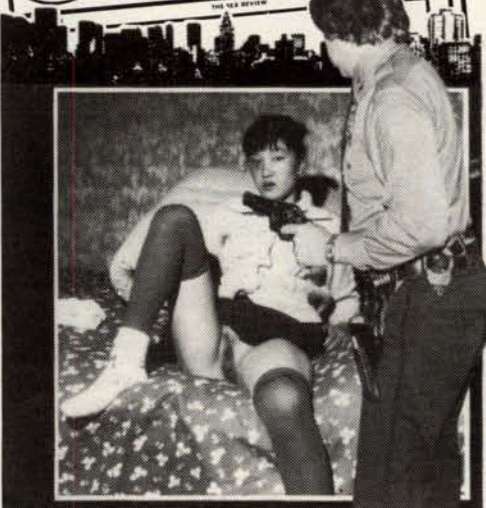
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